

126 = 146

Swatantra

1955 - December - 10-44 to 48



JL/
ma, N46
NES. 10.44.
93769.

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. December 3. 1955. No. 44.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	5
SIDELIGHTS	7
INDIAN AFFAIRS	9
S. R. C. REPORT	12
RURAL MEDICAL RELIEF	15
TURNING POINT AT GENEVA CONFERENCE	17
THE RUSSIAN VISIT	18
OUR PRESIDENT	20
THE VISION OF SRI AUROBINDO	22
THE ELUSIVE MADAME TITO	26
SHORT STORY: LALI	29
THE ART OF HOGARTH	32
BOOKS AND WRITERS	35
FILMS	39
SPORTS	43
CORRESPONDENCE	47

ON THE COVER:

Kumari Vyjayanthimala being offered a bouquet by Pandit Nehru after a recent dance performance at Delhi in aid of the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

Advertisement rates can be obtained on application to the Manager.

Cut along this line

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Make certain that you get your copy of SWATANTRA regularly by completing this form and posting it to the address boxed to the right

To:
The Manager,
SWATANTRA,
2, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE : MADRAS 4.

I enclose remittance of Rs. 20; £1-16sh; \$8 for one year's subscription (or) Rs. 10; 18sh; \$4 for a half-year, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SWATANTRA

Vol. X. DECEMBER 3 SATURDAY 1955 No. 44

Ed.
Sec.
S.

UNCOMPLETED WORLD HISTORICAL MISSION

SRI C. Rajagopalachari's appeal to the West to accept on trust Russia's proposal for prohibition of nuclear weapons, has been followed by a statement from Mr. Attlee urging the British Government to take up at once the Russian offer to stop hydrogen bomb tests if Britain and the United States do the same. Mr. Attlee wants the British Government to "meet this proposal of the Soviet Union and seek agreement with the United States for the total cessation of experimental explosions." The United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, has meanwhile told the world that his Government had had under consideration for a great many months the question of halting tests of nuclear weapons, but had not come to any conclusion. Despite Sri Rajagopalachari's grief over the failure of the Americans to pursue the path of unilateral action in abandoning atom bomb tests as the only path to peace, American reluctance to fall into line with his wishes has a historical background. Communist teaching, sacred to Russian Communists, is pledged to the destruction of non-Communist States whom they regard as strongholds of capitalist bourgeoisie which have to be broken by tactics before their team of the dictatorship of the proletariat can be realised. Lenin said:

The fact that the bourgeoisie is armed against the proletariat is one of the biggest, most fundamental, and most important facts in modern capitalist society. And in face of this fact, revolutionary Social-Democrats

are urged to "demand" "disarmament." This is tantamount to the complete abandonment of the point of view of the class struggle, the renunciation of all thought of revolution. Our slogan must be: The arming of the proletariat for the purpose of vanquishing, expropriating and disarming the bourgeoisie. These are the only tactics a revolutionary class can adopt, tactics which follow logically from the whole objective development of capitalist militarism, and dictated by that development. Only after the proletariat has disarmed the bourgeoisie will it be able, without betraying its world historical mission, to throw all armaments on the scrap-heap; the proletariat will undoubtedly do this, but only when this condition has been fulfilled, certainly not before.

Since these words of Lenin were written the world historical mission of the Russian Communists drove them into so many somersaults of policy from one extreme position to its opposite, that few observers with any insight into contemporary history are able to trust them—or detach their shifting policies from the pursuit of mere tactics. This pursuit led them, after the Second World War started, into actually signing a treaty with Hitler! It was under cover of that treaty that they rode their Red Army into Latvia and the Baltic States the moment Paris fell. Churchill has given a poignant description of this episode in his story of the Second World War:

On June 14, the day Paris fell, Moscow had sent an ultimatum to Lithuania accusing her and the other Baltic States of military conspiracy



the best treatment

For Bruises & Sprains!

AMRUTANJAN



Famous for over
Sixty Years!!

9376

against the U.S.S.R., and demanding radical changes of government and military concessions. On June 15 Red Army troops invaded the country and the President, Smetona, fled into East Prussia. Latvia and Estonia were exposed to the same treatment. Pro-Soviet Governments must be set up forthwith and Soviet garrisons admitted into these small countries. Resistance was out of the question. The President of Latvia was deported to Russia, and Mr. Vishinsky arrived, to nominate a Provisional Government to manage new elections. In Estonia the pattern was identical. On June 19 Zhdnov arrived in Tallinn to install a similar regime. On August 3-6 the pretence of pro-Soviet friendly and democratic Governments was swept away, and the Kremlin annexed the Baltic States to the Soviet Union.

The Russian ultimatum to Roumania was delivered to the Roumanian Minister in Moscow at 10 p.m. on June 26. The cession of Bessarabia and the northern part of the province of Bukovina was demanded, and an immediate reply requested by the following day. Germany, though annoyed by this precipitate action of Russia, which threatened her economic interests in Roumania, was bound by the terms of the German-Soviet pact of August 1939, which recognised the exclusive political interest of Russia in these areas of South-east Europe. The German Government therefore counselled Roumania to yield. On June 27 Roumanian troops were withdrawn from the two provinces concerned, and the territories passed into Russian hands. The armed forces of the Soviet Union were now firmly planted on the shores of the Baltic and at the mouths of the Danube.

After the events narrated above, several other East European countries and millions of people have been brought under Russian domination, but the world historical mission of Communism envisaged by Lenin remains still incomplete. It is to be presumed that, faithful to Lenin's creed, "the arming of the proletariat for the purpose of vanquishing, expropriating and disarming the bourgeoisie" (which is only another name

in Communist parlance for the non-Communist world) is to go on till the complete fulfilment of the world historical mission of the Russians is achieved. American dread of Communism as a source of potential danger to the freedom of the non-Communist world is rooted in the faith and loyalty of Russians to the doctrines of Lenin, the master-builder of the Soviet State—for only recently Mr. Khrushchev said: "If anyone expects us to forego the doctrines of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, he is making a tremendous mistake." When the Russians speak of co-existence or disarmament, one has to be ignorant or unmindful of Lenin's hold on his successors to be able to believe them. It is indeed very difficult to disentangle tactics from believable utterances in the policy-formulations of Russian statesmen. For example, in their standard textbooks, still current, published not very long ago, Gandhi is called a traitor. "Gandhi," we are told, "justified entirely the oppression of the country by the imperialists," and the Congress resolution of 1922 is described as "one of the most loathsome documents of Gandhi's traitorous activities." And yet we find Marshal Bulganin and Comrade Khrushchev paying reverent homage to Gandhi and exalting him to a level with Lenin! Is it just tactics or a genuine change of heart?

The leaders of a nation charged with the responsibility for its safety are often reluctant to take, in national affairs, the risks which as individuals their natures or characters might impel them to. There is no lack of nobility or heroism involved in this scrupulous or even nervous carefulness. When Sri Rajagopalachari made for the first time his appeal to America to discard nuclear weapons, the Prime Minister of India commented that he was in the fortunate position of being fettered by no official responsibility in his tender of advice to foreign statesmen. Yet

the same Sri Rajagopalachari acted as a warlike warrior when he was Chief Minister of Madras at the outbreak of the war, and not all the heroism of his ingrained non-violence was proof against his solicitous anxiety for the safety of the people against the then fancied Japanese menace. It is not our responsibility to protect the people of the United States, and those charged with that task cannot abandon what they deem to be the path of safety for them for the satisfaction of the strident humanitarianism of our theoretical savants. In view of the concrete examples of the annexation of others' territory under the opportunities of the turmoil of war that stand to the credit of Russia, countries in comparative enjoyment of freedom must count themselves lucky that the armed might of the U.S.A. is there serving as a protective umbrella against further aggressions in the

progress of the Soviet's world historic mission.

The advent of the atom bomb has undoubtedly brought civilization to the verge of catastrophe. It is no longer a question of victory or defeat for warring nations but decimation for all, combatants and non-combatants alike. Sri Rajagopalachari's endeavour for the banning of nuclear weapons is therefore intrinsically worthy of universal commendation. But it is marred by a one-sidedness which takes away from it the balanced equilibrium that alone can generate moral force. It is not by patting the Russians on the back for the march they are supposed to have made in disarmament that he will achieve his purpose of securing the elimination of nuclear weapons. His doctrine of unilateral action in the terms in which he has propounded it, is wholly unrelated to the realities of the world situation today.

Sotto Voce

★

SOVIET SALESMANSHIP



THE Russians have a superb sense of timing. Almost while Delhi's thirty thousand children were baking in the sultry sun on the road to Palam in order to welcome the august guests, Moscow Radio announced in a matter of fact way the execution of half a dozen associates of the late Beria. We were, of course, too polite to take notice of it, though the children, if they could understand such things, might have felt a cold shiver running down their spines in spite of the sun. But, when Mr. Morarji Desai spoke of our hav-

ing almost reverted to barbarism under British rule, I remembered the Rule of Law and wondered.

★ ★ ★

I quite realise that the fate of the unfortunate men is Russia's own affair and so falls outside the orbit of *Pancha Sila*. But when Mr. Nehru broke his long silence at Calcutta, was it necessary to bring in Asoka? He might have contented himself with the testimony to India's universal tolerance provided by a contemporary apostle of non-violence—Mr.

national temper, the standing of the Russians in popular hopes and affections must be reckoned to have exceeded that of Pandit Nehru himself, and the stage seems to have been set already for the overshadowing of the ruling Congress party and all it stands for by the more tempting—what if illusory?—promise of Communism.

One effect therefore of the Russian visit is the accentuation of the precariousness of the Congress hold on Indian mass psychology. The seeds of prospective conflict are already there in the extravagance of the present Khrushchev—Nehru comradeship, a fact symbolised at Calcutta in a poster stuck on a State bus, on which were inscribed the words: "Welcome to Bulganin and Khrushchev, but please don't forget that the Nehru Government is capitalist." In the coming days the Congress will be tested not in the scales of statistical figures or amounts of money spent on projects, but of actual practical elimination of the depressing misery of want and unemployment as it affects the lives of millions, and if no improvement is registered in the living conditions of the unemployed millions, it is quite on the cards that they will show no mercy to the ruling party and turn Communist.

The protective armour of a defensive national consciousness will not be available in the intensifying onslaught of Communism on our body politic. It is not for nothing that the Communists are such devoted votaries of the principle of linguistic division. It assures them the chaos they need for their subversive campaigns, and the Congress, not having vision enough, and egged on into sentimental affinity with a supposed tenet of Gandhism, has helplessly walked into the trap. Such experience as we have had of linguistic division is quite sufficient to show that, if persisted in, it will make of each unilingual State an exclusive

territory with a narrow outlook where "outsiders" from other States would not be welcome. The effect in prospect would be equivalent to the two-nations theory that produced the Partition, greatly multiplied. If the Prime Minister is to save the country from the fatal results of an escapist policy of "After me the Deluge" he should cry halt in the further pursuit of the "One State, one language" folly.

In a speech to Old Boys of the Stanley Medical College, of which the text is printed in this issue on page 15, Dr. C. R. Krishnaswami takes the cudgels against mobile dispensaries and certain other fashionable fads of medical administrators. He has no faith in peripatetic medical men wasting most of their time in being transported, and anxious most of the time to return to headquarters. He wants cottage hospitals to be started, accessible to 50 or 60 villages in the neighbourhood and run by a couple of doctors each helping the other, and he computes that the cost of maintaining such hospitals would not exceed the expenditure involved in running the mobile dispensaries. Both commonsense and public interest support the change advocated, but these levers rarely work. The invincible apathy of the authorities to suggestions arising from disinterested study and the keen interest of proficient and thoughtful people for the betterment of their fellows, is one of the heaviest liabilities that people are burdened with nowadays, and it is showing no sign of changing for the better. Expense is no index of welfare when no care is taken or advice heeded to close the loopholes through which waste can enter. One reason, this, for such little spread of joy and contentment among common people for all the hundreds of crores spent that look impressive on paper and in propaganda reports.

SAKA

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—SENSE AND SENSIBILITY ON THE SUCCESSION BILL —LEGISLATION AND PUBLIC OPINION —NO RULE OF QUORUM? —TRADE OR AID?

IN the last two weeks, the Hindu Succession Bill has been subjected to important changes, but these are, unlike the changes made in the Joint Select Committee, in the right direction. The amendments now proposed are intended to meet criticisms made in the dissenting minutes appended to the Report of the Joint Select Committee which have been widely supported. The provision which placed illegitimate children on a footing of equality with children born of wedlock, for purposes of succession, has been deleted, though separate legislation to safeguard the interests of illegitimate children has been indicated, in Mr. Pataskar's speech. An intestate's mother will not be placed in the category of simultaneous heirs along with his wife and children. By placing the mother along with the father in the group of persons who can succeed in default of heirs of higher priority, the law will now ensure that property will descend, not ascend, so long as younger heirs are available. There has been some controversy about the position of undivided sons *vis a vis* daughters but a satisfactory solution is in sight. It looks as though the abolition of the Mitakshara will be postponed, though the coparcenary will continue to be an anachronism after the passing of the Estate Duty Act and the introduction of the daughter as a co-sharer.

Our legislators are straining at the Mitakshara gnat after swallowing the whole camel of daughter's equal shares. But, considering that the whole position could have been much worse than it is, these improvements must be approved. They indicate that those who determine policy can occasionally at least be responsive to public opinion when it makes itself felt.

At the same time, these changes effected at a very late stage in legislation illustrate clearly how dangerously we often are on the brink of ill-considered legislation based on imperfect understanding of the social and economic conditions and on the sloppy sentiments of a vocal minority. This is a field of law in which reform has been contemplated for a long time and a considerable amount of inquiry has been made by men who besides being progressive in their outlook were also technically competent to advise on the ways and means of effecting change. Should our *nouveau* progressives ignore all this work in an effort to prove that they are reformers *sui generis*?

The second major consideration that arises from this is the extent to which public opinion should be associated with the processes of law-making. The general approach seems to be that the electorate, in

FATAL REPERCUSSIONS OF S. R. C. REPORT

By ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE

PEOPLE of this country have today compartmentalised themselves into people of particular provinces, some magniloquently calling themselves Andhras, some Kanarese and still some others Bengalis, etc. A country whose people not long ago used to say "I am He—the One who is all-pervading, omnipotent and omnipresent"—have now stooped to believing that they are of this caste and that class, of this group and that province! Those who transcended the heights of humanity have now reduced themselves to believing to be something short of and separate and distinct from *Bharatiya*, the Indians! Surely, we are presently witnessing a farce when, on the publication of the States Reorganisation Commission's Report, the people of one province have been dancing with joy while those of the other are drowned into dejected moods. What pleases one has become an eyesore to the other. Such a one, if any, is definitely not a Sarvodaya scheme.

All the Bengalis—and I do not know if there are any exceptions amongst them—are enthused over the recommendation that Manbhoom district should merge with West Bengal. And under this uniform demand and unanimous opinion are inundated all of them including the Congressmen, the Communists, the Socialists, the Hindu Mahasabhaists, the Jan Sanghwallas and others. The only snag causing them headache is that they got much less than what they had coveted. The Biharis, on the other hand, feel utterly unhappy, defeated and lost because Manbhoom district would be gained by the Bengalis and be thus lost to them! Really, this depicts a regret-

tably pitiable condition of this country. After all Manbhoom is going to remain within the boundaries of India.

In fact, the aim and motive behind this reorganisation of the States on linguistic basis is to ensure smooth, easy and practical administration of the provinces concerned. But what we see behind all this turmoil and tension are the crabbed minds and the illiberal hearts.

When I refer to Manbhoom, I do so as an instance in point. I can cite many more of such typical instances where the same heart-burning is evident. In Orissa, some people, highly stung by the S.R.C. Report, burnt a copy of it! What was wrong with the Report? The Commission had made certain recommendations and advanced some suggestions, to accept or reject which could have been settled better by putting the heads of all together or by the Parliament and the Government. But, in their heat and frenzy, they reduced the Report instead to ashes. What was it that Orissa stood to lose any way? Their demand that Sadhilkha and Sarasua should be conceded to Orissa was not met. The Report had disclosed that both of them would continue to remain under the Bihar State. Had the Report recommended just the contrary of it, an identical hue and cry would have been raised in Bihar!

Look at this question of Bellary district also which, according to the Report, would remain a part of the Andhra State. The Andhras are so enthused over it, as if a solid lump of gold is thrown in their lap! And the Kanarese over there are so unhappy about it and because of it! This but-

shows that the interests of one are sacrificed when and where those of the other are safeguarded.

It is a faulty and defective formation and organisation if society is built on the basis of clash of interests. We shall, therefore, have to rebuild and rejuvenate society so that the interests of one will be compatible with the interests of all. Today, the larger provinces or States find between themselves mutual conflicts of their interests. This leads one to the logical conclusion that the prominent and leading men, who have been considered responsible for the rebuilding of society, have failed to submit the blue-print of a new society wherein the interests of none would be incompatible or in conflict with those of the rest.

Let us realise that we are in the midst of grave dangers when we find that our hearts are sunk from their former excellence and are torn asunder. Consider again this case of Andhra. The Andhras aspire for Vishalandhra, a greater Andhra. But we say that our country would not reach any heights of greatness simply because one or the other province becomes vaster in area. It is only when the hearts of the people become munificent that the country achieves the glory of greatness. Yes, we do wish that Andhra be 'Vishal' or great through the greatness and magnanimity of her people.

Here or there some people apprehend danger that they would be exploited and located, if their part of the country should merge with the neighbouring States. The backward need not and should not be afraid of the advanced, nor should the ignorant feel shy of the learned. The weak and the feeble should not be frightened of the strong and the mighty, nor should the illiterate be likewise awed by and alarmed of the literate. On the contrary, they should be prepossessed with love and respect for them. Love and respect must be mutual. But what we see today is

just a topsyturvy picture. Why? Only because those who are blessed by the Almighty with greater talents, abundant wealth, larger land holdings, more physical prowess, are more given to their misuse and abuse.

We have to view this, as also any other question from a true perspective and the broader outlook of national interests. We should ponder over this aspect deeply and with all the seriousness accompanied by self-introspection and soul-searching. We should thrash out our differences by mutual, quiet consultations and settle and resolve them by persuasion and concord. We should not succumb to petty disputes and differences. Serious differences of opinion and outlook should surely be expressed. There is no harm in it. Everyone has a right to do so. But it should be done for the sake of, and be restricted to the exchange and examination of the views and the viewpoints of each other, and not for any mutual bickerings, recriminations or hurling of innuendoes. If mutual trust and goodwill are lacking, we can by all means keep ourselves aloof and remain aloof, but even this should be done out of love and in an affectionate manner.

When and where the functions of the Government are carried on in the language which the people of the province understand, the latter find

CONTRIBUTE LIBERALLY

ON

FLAG DAY

(DECEMBER 7)

FOR THE WELFARE OF
EX-SERVICEMEN AND
THEIR FAMILIES

it easy, smooth and convenient for them. As long as the administration does not run in the language which the kisan—the tiller of the soil—understands and comprehends, he would not and cannot feel or experience the advent of Swaraj. Therefore, this reorganisation of the States on a linguistic basis is essential, but we wish to stress at the same time that there is more of vanity and arrogance behind it also. Why is one so vainglorious about it? The principal reason behind it is that, in the reorganisation of the States, our country has copied the Western pattern.

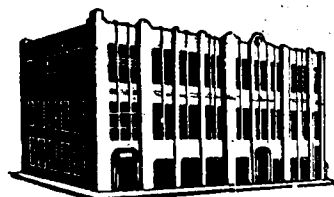
We should, however, understand that this reorganisation is contemplated and is to be implemented only

from the practical point of view of efficient administration and smooth management of the affairs of the provinces. We should feel and realise once for all that we are the citizens of the world, and it is simply as such that we are great or small.

Contrary to what we had aimed and aspired for, the results and repercussions of the Commission's Report have unfortunately so materialised and have been so shaped and taken such a turn that we, who had emerged as *Bharatiya* during our unique struggle for Independence, have wound up with and ended in becoming stunted, and worst of all, *Prantiya*.—Compiled from post-prayer speeches of Acharya Vinoba Bhave in Andhra.

THE INDIAN BANK, LTD.

(Estd.:



1907)

Head Office: INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
North Beach Road, MADRAS-1.

Branches and Sub-Offices throughout South India
in Bombay, Calcutta and New Delhi.

CAPITAL

Authorised	..	Rs. 1,00,00,000
Subscribed	..	Rs. 72,00,000
Paid-up	..	Rs. 57,80,000
Reserve & other Funds	..	Rs. 76,50,000
Deposits as on 30-6-55	..	Rs. 27.69 crores.

All kinds of Banking Business including Foreign Exchange transacted.

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

RURAL MEDICAL RELIEF: THE RIGHT APPROACH

By Lt.-Col. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI, M.S.

MY final year in the Medical College stands out prominently in my mind as the happiest period of my collegiate life. The reason for that was that the work both in the college and the hospital began at 7 a. m. in the morning and ended by 1 p. m. during that year. I was free to go home, have a hearty meal, and rest for some time afterwards. The whole evening and night was before me to study. Medical studies are arduous and it takes some time for one to get warmed up to the subject on hand and when one gets into that mood, one likes to be left undisturbed for some hours at a stretch to make an intelligent and understanding study. A superficial and hurried study does not at all conduce to a correct appreciation of the subject. Having rested during the day my mind was fresh and receptive.

From another aspect also it was a very happy period. A certain amount of rest during the hottest part of the day enabled me to give a better account of myself in the hockey matches I had to play for the college in those days.

I am therefore asking, will it not be possible to change the hours of work. I strongly hold that in this country it is criminal to enforce work on students during the hottest parts of the day. My experience of afternoon classes is that tired and half-sleepy teachers address a class of fully sleeping students especially in the back benches.

Under the existing conditions the students are not able to have a leisurely hearty meal during the day. No wonder they look half starved. A free afternoon enables the student to pursue the study of such subjects as may interest him, other than medical

studies and thus enlarge his intellectual horizon. The students stand to gain both physically and mentally by this change.

Politicians and Health Ministers shed crocodile tears over the inadequacy of rural medical relief. Recently one member of a legislative assembly made the sadistic suggestion that the State must compel the young medico to go and serve in the rural areas for one year before he applies to be drafted into the medical service. I have been crying hoarse for some years now that opening of rural dispensaries is not the correct method of approach to this problem. A rural dispensary manned by a single individual is a futile institution. No one wishes to submit himself to a living death in the depressing atmosphere of the village. I have always pleaded for small cottage hospitals so centrally situated as to be approachable from the surrounding 50 or 60 villages. There must be two medical men posted here with living quarters provided for them. The latter is very important. The mutual confidence and moral support that the two men are able to give to each other stimulate them to render better service to the people in those parts. You must be able to remember many occasions during your practice when for the want of help of another man, you were either constrained to send the patient elsewhere or render such shoddy service that your conscience pricked you.

I now publicly state an idea of mine with which I have been toying in my mind for some years now, which is to make the house-surgeon's course a period of two years. After the finish of the first year in the metropolitan hospitals, the second

year should be compulsorily spent in the rural cottage hospitals, and they must be paid during this period. This service can be enforced only when boarding and lodging arrangements are made for them in those places. The maximum work from your employee cannot be extracted from him unless and until you provide him with all the facilities for the proper performance of his duties and make his environment congenial to him. Then the State will be justified in enacting a rule that no man is eligible for service in the provincial cadre till he has done the requisite year of service in the rural parts—almost on a par with the national military service in France.

Look at the advantages in the scheme I am adumbrating. Young medicoes fresh from college and bubbling with enthusiasm will impart a tone to these institutions. They will be the foci from which culture and enlightenment will radiate to the surrounding areas. If centres of community projects and adult education and national extension service are located close by, you will build up a hive of activity from which all good works will proceed. The personnel engaged therein will be spurred by emulation to give a much better account of themselves than if they are scattered about and made to lead a lonely frustrated existence. Better health statistics of these parts can be maintained with greater facility.

It is criminal to waste public funds on mobile dispensaries and vans with the avowed object of taking medical relief to the doorstep of the villager. The van will cost you to the tune of Rs. 30,000. That is the capital expenditure. The recurring expenses under the heads of salaries to driver and cleaner and the cost of petrol and oil will easily come to Rs. 400 per mensem. With the rotten state of the roads in the village parts, the van will often go out of order and refuse to function just at the time when you most need it. With the sums mentioned above, you can easily

run a cottage hospital. The villager has only to come there to get willing and expert help—no matter what hour of the day or night. I have no faith in the peripatetic medical men having joy-rides in these vans. They will be wasting most of the time in being transported and being anxious most of the time to return to headquarters, they will do precious little honest work. There is no disease to my knowledge that bars transport to the health centre in the vehicles available locally.

I would wish to ponder over another idea of mine which I have been entertaining for a long time. I am sure you will agree with me that what we need in this country is a better type of general practitioner. What do you think of instituting a diploma called D.M.P. (diploma of medical practice)—call it by any name—what is there in a name—for which one can appear only after 5 or 6 years have elapsed after graduation? Let those who wish to attain an Everest peak of specialisation in one subject do so if they like. But I would like for the betterment of the profession and the country a Tirupathi-hill height of specialisation in two subjects.

Compared to my days, I find in recent times that there are too many extracurricular activities. These distract the attention of the boys from their routine studies. I have very bitterly complained about this in private to my colleagues. Mine was a lone voice. But I am now emboldened to mention this in public, because a recent report from the Harvard University appears to bear out my point. A good deal of drivel about doing social service is often-times mentioned by public men on platforms, not realizing in the least that the foremost service a student can do is to his studies and his health.—*Excerpts from an after-dinner speech delivered at the Old Students Day of the Stanley Medical College, Madras. Journal of the Stanley Medical College.*

TURNING POINT AT GENEVA CONFERENCE

By MAURICE LATEY

THE turning-point in the Geneva conference just ended came when the Soviet participant in these "Big Four" Foreign Ministers' talks, M. Molotov, returned at the halfway stage from a visit to Moscow and flatly refused to discuss German reunification by free elections.

The four heads of government, meeting in Geneva last July, had instructed their Foreign Ministers to seek means for the reunification of Germany by free elections. So M. Molotov, when he refused to negotiate about free elections at all, was breaking the agreement reached by the heads of government.

Of course, nobody supposed that the Soviet Government would at once permit free elections, which would inevitably result in the political annihilation of the East German Communists. But M. Molotov might at least have offered such elections at a price—perhaps the price of the detachment of Germany from the North Atlantic Treaty. However, he offered no such thing.

Certainly, he said, there could be no German unification if Germany might choose to become a member of NATO. But he made it clear that even a German decision to renounce NATO would not be enough. A unified Germany must both preserve the system which the Communists have set up east of the River Elbe and extend it to the Federal Republic in western Germany, too.

Soviet Plan

Only such a Germany would be accepted by the Soviet Government

as "democratic and peace-loving"; and M. Molotov frankly recognized that such a Communist Germany could not result from free elections. These would lead, in M. Molotov's view, to the rule of "millionaires, monopolists, and militarists"—that is, in plain language, to a democratic and representative government like that of the Federal Republic in Bonn.

In Soviet eyes, the only peace-loving Germany is a Communist Germany. The Soviet plan is, as the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Harold Macmillan, said, a plan for the Bolshevization of Germany.

M. Molotov can hardly have expected either the Western Powers or the Federal Republic of Germany to accept this. What, then, was his purpose? It has been suggested that he wished to demonstrate to the West Germans that they could achieve nothing by four-Power talks and had, therefore, better negotiate with the East German Government.

But if this was his purpose, he went too far. He proposed a German council in which the East German Communists should have the power of veto, and Communist institutions should be regarded as sacrosanct. The East German Deputy Prime Minister, Herr Ulbricht, has added that one of the first tasks would be a purge of so-called "militarists" in West Germany and land reforms on the East German model.

Few people in the Federal Republic of Germany are likely to recommend breaking loose from the Western alliance to go for a ride on this particular tiger.

OUR PRESIDENT

By RAJENDRA KUMAR

THE President of the Indian Union is one of the noblest sons of India. He has made tremendous sacrifices for his country's freedom and always impressed his friends and colleagues by ability and sincerity. He is an ideal President, because in him are tempered "pomp with dignity, power with wisdom, prestige with modesty." He is amiable and unruffled. He is patient, tolerant and kind in the extreme. He is never dogmatic, but expresses himself freely and frankly and is ever ready to compromise. He believes in the power of persuasion and is convinced that coercion can never achieve what persuasion can.

Rajendra Babu was taken to be a Muslim when he went to Calcutta from his village home to join the Presidency College. Even Sir P. C. Ray thought that Rajendra Prasad was a Muslim. The main reason for his misunderstanding was that he was the only Hindu who wore *achkan* and pyjama. Rajendra Babu himself has said:

"I had just entered the chemistry class when Professor P. C. Ray, was calling the rolls. I did not respond to the Professor's call, as I did not know my roll number.

"When I enquired why my name had not been called, the Professor asked me to wait, adding that he was still to call the names of students coming from the Madrasah, apparently taking me for a Muslim!

"When I disclosed my identity, both the Professor and students were greatly surprised. I was the only Hindu student wearing pyjama and *achkan*."

In 1952 Rajendra Babu recalled one of his prophecies about Indian independence. He had once told some of his classmates in Calcutta

that India would be free by 1957. "My prediction has not only come true, but it has come ten years earlier," narrated Rajendra Babu.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad has himself written that he was "timid" by nature and could not take quick decisions. He wanted to join Gokhale's Servants of India Society, but his brother did not permit it. In that connection, he wrote the following remarkable letter to his brother:

"My bother, a sentimental man that I am, I could not speak to you face to face. I feel the call of a higher and more important character. It may be ungrateful on my part to leave you in difficulty and embarrassment. But I propose to make a sacrifice in the cause of three hundred millions. To join Mr. Gokhale's society does not mean any sacrifice to me personally. For good or for evil, I have had the benefit of such a training that I can adapt myself to any circumstances in which I may be placed. My living, too, has been of such a simple nature that I do not require any special equipment of comfort. What I shall get from this society will be enough for me. But I cannot flatter myself that it means no sacrifice on your part. You, who have been forming high hopes, will see your hopes dashed down in a moment. But in this transitory world all passes away—wealth, rank, honour. The wealthier you become, the more you require, and although people may think that they are satisfied with gold, those who know anything know very well that happiness comes not from without but from within . . . the scoffers and the persecutors are gone into dust, no more to rise, no more to be heard of, while the persecuted and the despised live in the memory and the heart of millions. If

I have had any ambition in my life it has been to be of some service to the country. Ambition I have none, except to be of some service to the Mother. What prince or commoner is there who has the influence, the position or the honour of Gokhale? And is he not, after all, a poor man?"

Rajendra Babu at the instance of Gandhiji toured Behar before the Quit India movement and roused the people to get ready for the final fight. He recalls: "As far as I remember I had never delivered such long powerful speeches during my life as I did during the tour. I openly said that the time had come when we must be prepared to give up our very lives in the cause of the country; for I believed at that time that if we failed on that occasion, there was no knowing how long we would continue to live in bondage."

Rajendra Babu recalls an interesting incident of the time when he was the President of the Constituent Assembly and when he felt on one occasion that his self-respect was involved and wanted to resign. He went to Gandhiji to consult him about the matter and showed him the letter of resignation. The Mahatma agreed with the draft, but did not permit him to resign. The Mahatma said: "If any one else had wanted to do it, I would not have stood in his way. But it is not right that you should tender resignation simply because the question of your self-respect is involved. In public work, one should be prepared to bear up against insults, and should not give up on that account."

Rajendra Prasad agreed with Gandhiji. A friend of Rajendra Prasad somehow came to know of the incident and argued the matter with Gandhiji. The Mahatma said: "There should be at least one man who should not hesitate to take the poison cup if I hand it to him."

Rajendra Prasad in his book, *At the Feet of Mahatma Gandhi* recalls an incident when a district

magistrate fell at his feet and began to weep saying "I am the district magistrate here, and it is supposed that whatever has happened here has been done under my orders. You, and other leaders like you, have been beaten up here despite my being district magistrate; but all this has happened contrary to my orders. I have had no hand in all this."

Rajendra Babu was born on 3rd December 1884. In 1893 he went to school at Chapra and topped the list at the entrance examination of the Calcutta University in 1902. He was the first Behari student to have achieved that distinction. He passed his B.A. examination in 1906 and joined M.A. in English in the same year. For some time he was a professor at Muzzaffarpur and later took to the legal profession. He had a very lucrative practice at the Bar, but when he left it and joined the non-cooperation movement he had only Rs. 15 in his bank account. He was elected president of the Indian National Congress a couple of times and served as its General Secretary also. In 1906, he attended the Congress session as a volunteer and in 1934 he became the President of the Congress. He was a member of the All-India Congress Committee since 1912 and of the Working Committee from 1922 till the time he became the President of the Republic. He worked as the Food Minister of the Government of India and also as the President of the Constituent Assembly. He is a widely travelled man and is a great organiser. During his student days it was his ambition to take a doctorate of the Calcutta University. He was in the midst of writing a thesis when he got involved in politics and could not complete the thesis. When the Calcutta University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of law at a special convocation, Rajendra Babu said: "What I wanted to achieve by my hard labour is now won through the generosity of my Alma Mater."

the gnosis dwells in the unity and starts from the unity and it sees diversities only of a unity, it does not recognise any real division nor treat things separately as if they were independent of their real and original unity . . . Because of this creative force of the divine Idea, the Sun, the lord and symbol of the gnosis, is described in the Veda as the Light which is the father of all things, Surya Savitri, the Wisdom Luminous who is the bringer-out into being."

All this knowledge has remained buried there in the Veda to be dug out only by a few. Sri Aurobindo delved into them with a concentration possessed by few teachers, ancient or modern, and expressed them in modern terms so that mankind, standing as it does today on the threshold of an atomic age can see Wholeness and save itself from error. In a letter to a disciple written in 1933 he explains:

"What is a perfect technique of Yoga or rather of a world-changing or nature-changing Yoga? Not one that takes one man by a little bit of him somewhere, attaches a hook and pulls him up into Nirvana or Paradise. The technique of a world-changing Yoga has to be multiform, sinuous, all-including as the world itself. If it does not deal with all the difficulties or possibilities and carefully deal with each necessary element, has it any chance of success? . . . How can one judge what is beyond the ordinary consciousness when one is oneself in the ordinary consciousness? Is it not, only by exceeding yourself that you can feel, experience, judge what exceeds you? . . . What the Supramental will do the mind cannot foresee or lay down. In a Supramental world imperfection and disharmony are bound to disappear. But what we propose just now is not to make the earth a Supramental world but to bring

down the Supramental as a Power and establish consciousness in the midst of the rest—to let it work there and fulfil itself as Mind descended into life and matter and has worked as a Power there to fulfil itself in the midst of the rest. This will be enough to change the world and to change nature by breaking down her present limits. But what, how, by what degrees it will do it is a thing that ought not to be said now. When the Light is there the Light will itself do its work—when the Supramental Will stands on earth that Will will decide. It will establish a perfection, a harmony, a Truth creation—for the rest, well, it will be the rest: that is all."

Or as he put it with fine poetic fervour in *Savitri*:

"A thought was sown in the unsounded Void.

A sense was born within the darkness' depths,

A memory quivered in the heart of Time

As if a soul long dead were moved to live:

But the oblivion that succeeds the fall,

Had blotted the crowded tablets of the past,

And all that was destroyed must be rebuilt

And old experience laboured out once more.

All can be done if the god-touch is there . . ."

Again in "The Synthesis of Yoga" he has written:

"Whatever we see of the Divine and fix our concentrated effort upon it that we can become or grow into some kind of unity with it or at the lowest into tune and harmony with it. The old Upanishad put it trenchantly in its highest terms: 'Whoever envisages it as the Existence becomes that existence and whoever envisages it as the Non-existence

becomes that non-existence.' So too it is with all else that we see of the Divine—that we may say is the essential and the pragmatic truth of the Godhead . . ."

The vastness of Sri Aurobindo's literary output alone is sufficient to give him a permanent place in history. And curiously enough, though he was deeply versed in Sanskrit he used English as the medium of his expression. His commentary upon the Bhagwat Gita, his "Essays on the Gita" and many other of his books that have recently been published both in India and America—all these achievements of his etch him out against the dark background of our half-century.

But he does not belong to the contemporary scene alone. He is of that great line of India's Rishis.

What is more, he is the Rishi of the Atomic Age. It is fitting, therefore, that he should have synthesised the ancient forms of Yoga and made them into an instrument that can be wielded by modern man. He has done this without lowering values. His teachings are not to be regarded in terms of efficiency. He was not a revivalist. He was not a Guru who initiated disciples by the accepted methods. Just when Mankind is standing alarmed by the gathering forces of the *Asuras* he has given us courage and strength by convincing us that the "Supramental is a truth and inevitable," and that the world is positive and real and man can be a power for good. It is for Man to will it and the Supramental will descend and establish the harmony that Mankind hungers for so keenly.

FOR INSURANCE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Consult

VANGUARDS



COMPETITIVE RATES OF PREMIUM
P R O M P T, EFFICIENT SERVICE TO
POLICY-HOLDERS AND LIBERAL POLICY
CONDITIONS ARE OUR WATCHWORDS

Wanted agents on very attractive terms

THE VANGUARD INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
THE VANGUARD FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE CO.
LTD.

Head Office: "VANGUARD HOUSE", 11 & 12 SECOND LINE BEACH,
MADRAS 1.

THE ELUSIVE MADAME TITO

By ANGELA BURKE

ONE of the most difficult women in the world to arrange an interview with is the wife of Tito of Yugoslavia—Jovanka Broz, as the newspapers in Belgrade always refer to her—the 32-year-old ex-Partisan soldier who became the 63-year-old dictator's third wife.

To date, Madame Tito has given only one interview and that to a writer from a semi-monthly U. S. publication over two years ago. The article is said to have so distressed both her and her husband that since then she has stayed as far from newsprint as her position allows.

When I asked to have a talk with the Yugoslav first lady, I was told by this country's press department that they considered it hopeless—but one never knows, does one, they added, when a woman might change her mind. Moreover, there were straws in the wind: Madame Tito seemed to be breaking new ground and only lately had christened a ship.

About 10 days later an answer to my request came back saying an interview was not feasible. Besides, a number of correspondents were on a waiting list for an interview with Madame Tito and would it be fair for her to see me first?

I never did see Madame Jovanka Broz alone but I did observe her later on a number of occasions, two of them gala receptions for King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece who were paying an official visit to Yugoslavia as part of the entente cordiale of the shaky Balkan alliance.

On one occasion it looked as though I were even to be a guest at a small dinner of 28 persons given by the Greek Ambassador in Belgrade, at which both the royal visitors and Tito and his wife would be ranking

guests. But the invitation was abruptly recalled. A mistake had been made.

It was rather amusing the way it happened. One afternoon I was in my Belgrade hotel room and picked up my ringing telephone to hear an excited voice at the other end asking for Miss Angela Burke. "It's the driver from the Greek Embassy," the man said, "and I have an invitation for you. Will you be at your hotel another 10 minutes?"

Within the specified time the chauffeur arrived and handed me a large, white envelope. I was expecting an invitation to the Greek reception that night and I thanked the driver and was turning away when he asked: "Do you know where the Greek Embassy is?"

Exclusive Invitation

"No, but it doesn't matter," I replied, "friends are driving me to the reception. The Bournes," I said, naming the couple, friends of the Greek Press Counsellor.

"Oh, but the Bournes are not invited to dinner!"

"Dinner? What dinner?" I asked.

"The intimate dinner the Ambassador is giving tonight for King Paul and Queen Frederika. President Tito and his wife will be there. Only 28 will be at the table and you are to be one."

"But there must be some mistake!"

"No," said the chauffeur emphatically: "There is no mistake."

Perhaps, I thought, the Greek royal couple are trying to show how democratic they really are during their visit to a Communist State. The thought of dining that night with a reigning king and queen as well as a ruling dictator and his wife was, I

found, somewhat disconcerting. For instance, what would I wear? I called the Canadian Embassy.

Ambassador Scott MacDonald had just undergone an operation and either he nor his wife was in Belgrade, that I knew. Perhaps Mrs. Kenyon, wife of the military attaché, might be able to help since the Kennons were Canadian veterans of Belgrade society.

Mrs. Kenyon showed a surprised hock when I told her of my invitation and said a military friend of hers had also received an invitation to the dinner. "He thinks it must be a mistake," she said. I replied I was sure mine was, too, but the chauffeur had convinced me it was official and there seemed nothing to do but go through with it.

"Do you think it all right to wear a short evening gown to the dinner?" asked.

Mrs. Kenyon thought it was. But it was a shame I did not have long white gloves for there did not seem to be anything that could be done. "The hops here don't carry them," she told me.

There was a knock at my door. "Would you hold on a moment, Mrs. Kenyon?" I asked.

The chauffeur from the Greek Embassy stood there and he was looking decidedly edgy. "There's been a mistake," he began, but I knew before he spoke what he was going to say.

"A secretary mixed things up," he explained with a shrug of his shoulders. "She addressed invitations from the reception list to the dinner and 20 extra ones have been sent out which I must collect. We just discovered the mistake now. Here is your correct invitation," he said handing me a similar white envelope but smaller than the first. "May I have the other one back, please?"

He was alive with the horror of what could have become a diplo-

matic catastrophe. "Think of it," he exclaimed as he was leaving. "Forty-eight persons would have turned up for dinner set for 28."

That night as I watched the Greek royal pair, King Paul, splendid in his uniform laden with medals and decorations, and his pretty queen, radiant in a beautiful gown and glittering diamonds, I am sure they had no idea of the 20 extra guests who almost came to dine with them. Undoubtedly some of the extra invitations had been sent to rather important persons who had to be told, six hours before the dinner, their invitations were mistakes.

Thoughts Hidden

Throughout the evening Madame Tito with her husband was at the royal pair's side and she showed poise and rather charming appreciation as the King and Queen of the Hellenes almost completely took over the spotlight.

As always, Jovanka's dress was simply cut, relying on material for effect. That night she wore a gown of stunning gold sari cloth, most likely a gift from Nehru given to Tito when he visited India. Her jewels were almost unnoticeable, small diamond ear clips and a fragile-looking necklace.

Madame Tito gives the appearance of being both taller and older than she is because of her Junoesque build. At 32 she is a handsome woman with flashing dark eyes and a smile that is wide, pleasant and frequent. But it is a smile that is completely unrevealing, for when in the public eye she wears an expression of impassivity that is like a cloak.

Her weight is a well-kept secret and once when she was asked she rolled her eyes skywards with a "Heavens!" answering that before she was married she weighed about 120 pounds. Clearly, she worries about it, for she has gained since then.

There is no fluff at all about Madame Tito. She may have gone only as far as fifth grade in school but a good brain works here, and undoubtedly she owes her present prominence to it. One can sense about her a control and power rarely found, but she shows little of that self-absorption that people in the public eye so often display. Today she makes no move to push herself because it is no longer necessary. The force is there, though, for to have become Tito's wife she had to be an extremely calculating woman.

She does not seem to be a doormat for her husband either, though he takes the lead at all times. She claimed once to be Tito's sounding board and after watching her in action I should think she definitely is. Since 1940 she has been a fervent Communist and is deeply interested in political affairs.

Marriage Kept Secret

Actually the marriage of Tito to Jovanka was not a sudden decision. They had known each other nine years at that time, and met during the war when she was a private and he the marshal of the army. Some say she saved his life and that was how they first met. Jovanka, when asked about the story, laughed. "A pretty legend," she scoffed.

The marriage itself was kept a

secret until some months after the ceremony. On the occasion of Anthony Eden's visit to Yugoslavia three years ago, the invitation sent out to embassies for the official party read, "The President of the Republic of Yugoslavia and Madame Jovanka Broz invite . . ."

When foreign journalists rushed to the press office for news of the bride, there were no facts to be had. A day later, however, a terse biographical history of Jovanka was supplied.

Later she said that she had worn a red dress for the ceremony and it was a quiet affair. Her two younger sisters, to whom she is devoted and whom she has educated, were at the wedding. Her parents are both dead, her mother having died when Jovanka was only 11. Her father, at one time a labourer in Chicago, returned to Yugoslavia during the depression.

Until she married Tito, Jovanka's life was an exceedingly hard one. She was born of a peasant family in the Lika district of Croatia. "If I amount to anything," she once said, "it is because of my mother's encouragement."

Today Jovanka is ensconced in the lap of luxury, the mistress of five residences, two of them palaces, and the wife of one of the world's strongest men.—(NNF).

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI"

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,
19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.
(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

Short Story

By V. K. Subramanian

LALI

So he was coming. What would he bring to the child:
the big uncle!

LALI bent down and kissed her child. He lay asleep, in his little bed, sucking his rosy thumb. As she looked at that infant face so dear to her, a veil in her mind's recess was drawn off and a memory began to haunt her—of one who loved her above life, of events that took place in days gone by.

She was then six years old. Rajen was seven. They differed by only one year—she and her brother! They lived in their country home with its vast compound full of tall coconut trees and thick mango groves with a big, green-hued tank in the eastern part of it. She had always watched the mossy tank with longing eyes; but ruthless, elderly hands always kept her away from it.

That day, when nobody noticed her, she had crept to the tank, to touch with her little legs its green, pasture-like water. Slowly she had walked into it, into its unknown fathoms and she knew not what happened . . .

When she opened her eyes, she overheard Auntie tell mother how Rajen had saved her life; how he had watched Lali struggling in the water and rushed to Auntie with the joyous shout, "Auntie! Our Lali is playing in the tank. Come and watch, Auntie! How nicely she whirls round and round!" how all had rushed to pick her out from the merciless waters to renewed life.

She looked at those who clustered around her. "The naughty girl! Thank your brother for your life," mother was saying, patting Rajen on the back with admiration. How she felt resentment against her bro-

ther that day for stealing mother's affection from her!

She was studying in the second form. Father had given Rajen and her a common study-desk and bench. There was a partition through a chalk-line drawn by her to prevent either from encroaching on the other's territory.

One day, Rajen was sitting on her part of the bench, squatted in perfect composure. She saw him from the next room and came running to him. "Go and sit in your portion," she ordered.

"What if I sit here?" was the calm reply.

"So you won't stir, Eh?"

"No, I won't".

This set her into a riotous rage and she pushed him out of the bench, from behind. With a thud, he fell on the floor and rolled with a somersault on to the verandah below. Still he did not cry but sat up grim. But Father had heard the quarrel and disturbed in his puja, he came hurriedly to the spot, and gave Rajen a sound thrashing.

This undeserved punishment let off his pent-up misery in tears and he had sobbed the whole day. But she did not speak a soothing word to him. Why couldn't he have obeyed her? She told herself then.

Then Again! . . . As Rajen was to go to elder sister's home, for her child's first birthday, father bought for him a silk shirt—a blue, striped one. Soon after Rajen got it, he put it on and went to her:

"Lali! See if my shirt is nice!"

"Why should I look at it? It is not mine!" she replied morosely.

"Are you angry with me, Lali?" he asked. "I am angry with no one," she burst out, "but my own fate. Everybody seems ready to get whatever they want, the moment they ask for it. But no one cares for me!" And she shut herself up in her room, refusing to take food for one whole day.

So cruelly had she sent him on his journey; and when he returned—could she believe her eyes?—Rajen brought her a sky-blue saree, with a red-and-gold border! How she had to hang her head in shame that day!

When Father died and Mother too followed him soon after, entrusting her to Rajen's care, how she feared about her future! The thought that Rajen, hardly a year older, was to be her guardian, had evoked rebellion in her and an obstinate opposition to whatever he said, whether it was good for her or not.

"Take good care of Lali!", Mother had told Rajen in her death bed, "Don't rebuke her even if she does something wrong. Be kind to her and give her everything she wants. Let it not be said that Lali lacks a mother hereafter!" How she had cashed in on her mother's dying words and exacted from her brother this and that and how ungrudgingly he had suffered her whims and fancies!

That evening he had come to her submissively. "Lali! A good offer has come for your marriage. Give it a consideration. I think it isn't too early." Before he stopped, she flew into a rage and cried out, "You seem to be in a hurry to pack me out, Rajen!" How those words should have wounded him! And still she continued, "If you are in a hurry, to marry, you can do so, Rajen. You need not wait for mine!". This, to

taunt him for his vow not to marry, before her own came off.

Rajen was calm in his reply. "Lali, don't get angry! The boy and his parents will come tomorrow. See if you like him. If you don't, well, I'll not proceed further."

Yet when the boy's party arrived, she had shut herself inside her room and refused to come out. How Rajen should have felt humiliated that day! Still he did not scold her, but merely said "Lali, this time it has happened thus. I hope better sense will prevail with you hereafter."

How much of pleading he had put forth before she consented to marry Premnath! How many times he had run to the post office expecting the letter of approval from the bridegroom's party! How much bodily labour he underwent to arrange her wedding on a grand scale! That she should not feel her mother's absence, that she should feel she had a brother who would never neglect her. Rajen! How dearly he loved her!

She remembered vividly the scene at the railway station, when she was leaving for her husband's home. Rajen was there, haggard in appearance with his beshevelled hair and swollen eyes. The sight had moved her and sorrow choked her voice when she said "Rajen! Whatever wrong I have done you must pardon me. I have been unworthy of you." And she had broken down.

"Don't be silly, Lali," he had remarked, "you are not going away from me for ever. Of course, you'll be writing to me often enough. And I shall run up fast to see your first child!" A boarse laughter came from his dry throat.

Even as the whistle blew and the train began to move, he stood there, waving his long, lanky hand, forcing a smile on his lips.

SHE had the letter read twice, but unsatisfied, she heard it once more:

December 3 1955

SWATANTRA

31

"Dear Lali,

Congratulations. I cannot believe that my little Lali has become a mother. I am itching to see the child and you. Expect me on Wednesday in the evening Express.

With love,
Ever Yours,
Rajen.

So he was coming. What would he bring to the child: The big uncle! She couldn't help smiling to herself as she imagined how clumsily Rajen would hold his nephew, put him on his lap and give him sugar. She looked at her child. He was exactly like her brother, fair in complexion, with curly hair. Surely Rajen would like him very much.

"Why, is the train late today?" she asked the servant.

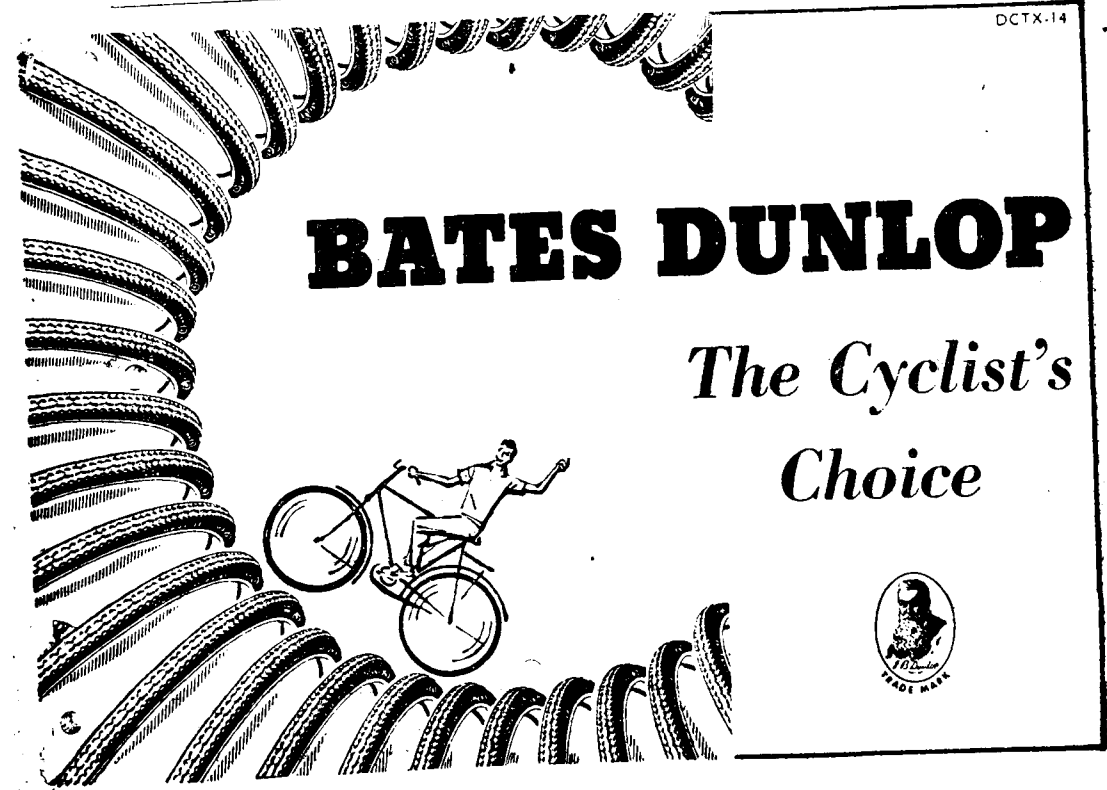
"Master has gone to the station only just now. They may be coming anytime now" he replied.

After an hour, Prem returned—alone. "The train—it seems—has been derailed near Itarsi. I don't think there would be any casualty. Maybe Rajen will come by the next train" he said.

She knew her husband was trying to console her. Ere long she knew Rajen would never come to her . . .

"Lali! Lali!", somebody was calling her. Lali started up, wiped a tear from her eye, tied up her hair and went to the door.

"I have brought something for you today," Prem said. "What's it?", she asked listlessly. "It is one you would never tire of possessing", and he brought before her an enlarged, coloured photo of Rajen—Rajen with his rosy complexion, his curly hair, a lingering smile mocking at her. Quickly she grasped it, clutched it to her heart and sobbed as if her heart would break.



DCTX-14

BATES DUNLOP

The Cyclist's Choice

TRADE MARK

The life that Hogarth shows is the product of his intimate observation of London scenes and habits. He was born close by the church of St. Bartholomew the Great on the confines of the City, where annually the riotous Bartholomew Fair swirled around the precincts and even invaded the interior of the then-neglected and partly derelict interior of one of the masterpieces of Norman architecture. From his father, a struggling schoolmaster, Hogarth had a minimum of education before being apprenticed to a silver engraver. He turned a few years later to a more profitable trade in copper-plate engraving, and thus acquired the skill which led him to success through the publication of plates from his own paintings.

A Pioneer

But Hogarth's present high place in the history of English art rests upon other factors than those which brought him earlier repute. Before establishing himself as a moral satirist, he had originated in England the charming kind of group portraits known as 'conversation pieces'. In these, Mr. Quennell points out, he was influenced by the Dutch seventeenth-century painters; but he nevertheless went his own way, and though he never sought to emulate the exquisite delicacy of Vermeer and others of the Dutch school, Hogarth created in his conversation pieces a sense of actual life, in striking contrast to the still perfection of theirs. In after years he painted a number of single portraits, notably that of the philanthropic Captain Coram, who initiated the famous Foundling Hospital for abandoned and destitute children.

Both in the conversation pieces and in the single portraits Hogarth was the pioneer of a distinctive national style which justifies the claim made for him—that he was the founder of the English school of painting. Before his time most of the painting done in England had been aristocratic in type and mainly by foreign artists working in an elegant conventional mode. Hogarth—by temperament and conviction as well as by birth and circumstances—belonged to the lower middle class, and while he possessed the prejudices and puritan outlook of that class he also commanded a freshness and honesty of vision which broke through the limitations of contemporary taste and the hidebound conformity of fashionable portraiture. In Hogarth's portraits informality and truth unite, and he forestalled the French revolution in painting by employing in his aesthetic principles and technique a 'system . . . followed a century later by Eugene Delacroix, who was under the impression that he was its inventor'.

BOOKS ON ARCHAEOLOGY AND HISTORY

- Excavations at Ur by Sir Leonard Wolley Rs. 18-12 as
Beginning in Archaeology by Kathleen M. Kenyon Rs. 9- 6 as
Archaeology from the Earth by Sir Mortimer Wheeler Rs. 20- 5 as
Still Digging by Sir Mortimer Wheeler Rs. 11- 4 as
Indus Civilization by Sir Mortimer Wheeler Rs. 14-10 as
Nubian Treasure: An account of the discoveries at Ballana and Qustal by Walter B. Emery Rs. 22- 8 as
Orientalism and History: Edited by Denis Rs. 5-10 as
Western World and Japan by G. B. Samson Rs. 31- 8 as
World History from 1914-1950 by David Thomson Rs. 4-14 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

Books and Writers

FREDERICK ROLFE CORVO

IT is strange to think that such trivial incidents as a casual meeting between two old friends, a turn of the conversation to some curious and out of the way books, and the recommendation and loan of a book by one friend to the other, could have led to one of the most exciting and successful literary discoveries, and revealed to the world the life and work of a forgotten genius. Yet it happened just so, when A. J. A. Symons met his friend Millord on a summer afternoon in 1925 and took home with him a book called "Hadrian the Seventh" by Frederick Rolfe. To him the reading of the book was an unforgettable experience. The adventure started when Symons identified Rolfe with Corvo whose short stories he had read and admired some years ago. Thereafter, for nearly nine years, he followed the trail of the elusive Corvo, with tireless energy and enthusiasm till he pieced together the missing links in the life of the mysterious writer, and brought to light almost all his published and unpublished works. The story of that fantastic search is given in Symons' brilliant experiment in biography "The Quest for Corvo".

When Rolfe died in Venice in 1913, in utter poverty and obscurity, a few journals like *The London Mercury* and *The Star* paid desultory tributes to the memory of the dead man. *The Star* was sarcastic. *The London Mercury* published a brief account of his life by Shane Leslie. *The Times Literary Supplement* was more generous. It prefixed Leslie's article as introduction to an admirable review of a new edition of Corvo's "The Stories Toto Told Me". The critic wrote: "The unhappy Catholic vagabond will live and perhaps increase in fame. Caviare like Huysmans, he

must always be, but so rich a dish will not be left untasted. A man who can lay bare his soul as Rolfe did in the opening chapters of 'Hadrian the Seventh', need not fear for readers." And with this, the world passed by the luckless writer whose talents certainly deserved better appreciation and recognition.

It was Symons' biography, published in 1934 that created a real interest in the remarkable writing, and the even more remarkable life of Rolfe. It was Symons again who traced the various scattered MSS of "The One and the Many." It was an important work, the central one in a trilogy which dealt with Rolfe's adult life, the other two being "Hadrian the Seventh," and his last work "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole."

Frederick Rolfe Corvo still remains unknown to many. Perhaps he is destined to remain so, for those who tread the high-ways of literature will never meet him there. But those who linger in the by-lanes, in dark nooks and alleys, looking for the odd and the fantastic, the curious and the picaresque figures in the world of letters, are sure to encounter the vivid, disturbing and strange personality of Rolfe, either under his own name, or under the assumed one of Baron Corvo. Then will his tormented spirit and unfortunate temperament move them to pity, and his many talents and extraordinary gift of writing, to amazement and delight.

Frederick William Rolfe was born in 1860, the eldest of five brothers, in a pious family of dissenters. He was precocious, and had many interests and accomplishments, but at school he was an erratic student. He left school when he was barely fifteen,

and set out to shape his future according to his gifts and destiny. Shane Leslie compares his life to Gil Blas', for few men of letters, before or since, had a more varied life of vagabondage than Rolfe. He was by turn printer, teacher, student of Divinity, inventor of a process of deep-sea photography, painter, calligraphist, medievalist, man of letters and picaresque exile. It is a wonder how many things he did, and did well. But there was always the clash between his temperament and circumstances, and his life through the various careers, only took a persistent downward course, till he died in unbefriended misery.

Perhaps it was about the time he left school, when the kink in his character asserted itself. He felt he was different from others; in his own home an alien, he felt drawn to the Roman Church, preferred music and painting to school work and many games. So he drifted away from his people. For sometime he was an unattached student at Oxford. Then he took to teaching. After three years of it, he abandoned the career, and entered Oscott College, Birmingham as a student divine to be ordained later. Rolfe's passion for painting and his extravagant and eccentric mode of life however displeased the authorities, and made them doubt if he could ever be proper novice for priesthood. They did not think that he was prompted by a spirit of reverence when he painted on the three sides of his bedroom, the funeral procession of St. William, with each one of the 149 pall-bearers clad in bright apparel and in his own likeness! At Scotts College, Rome, where he went next, his experience was even more disastrous. His dandyism, distinctive paintings, bizarre musical accompaniments, triolet verses, meerscham pipes, vellum-bound books, and brevities, his photography and fabulous tales, were not only out of place in a clerical college, but utterly dis-

qualified him for priesthood. He was summarily dismissed.

Symons' view that his attraction for the Roman Church was more due to his artistic temperament, than religious conviction is quite plausible. The Catholic tradition satisfied his love of archaic learning, medieval interest and artistic leanings. But unfortunately he never found favour in their eyes. "Though I am a Catholic," he wrote, "I find the faith comfortable, but the faithful intolerable." As for his desire to be ordained, it was a natural psychological reaction: a celibate career was the only course for one who was constitutionally indifferent to the other sex.

Rejection from priesthood was the turning point in Rolfe's life. Had the Church received him, it might have saved him from the natural falling that dragged him to the lowest depths in the end. When at 28, he found that with all his gifts he had no future, his heart was filled with bitterness and suspicion; his paranoid vision showed him a world dark with sinister shapes. It is no wonder that he received kindness with scorn, and every help with ingratitude. Few things are more moving than his confession "I have no communion with my fellow-creatures, I loathe it and I crave it."

All his suffering and self-torment, all his struggle for mere existence even, did not crush his creative impulse. Rolfe was borne with the writer's itch. Into his writing went both what he experienced and imagined, his follies and talents, his genius and perversity. From 1898 to 1913, writing was his only consolation in life, and the only weapon of defence to fight his foes. While he starved, he dipped his pen in brightly coloured ink, wrote in an incomparable hand; and bound his MSS in vellum: "The Stories Toto Told me" was published in 1898 again, after a previous publication in the Yellow Book.

The Star described it as "the most amazing, fantastical, whimsical, bizarre and hare-brained of books in orchidaceous vocabulary." It was followed by "In his own Image." Both dealt with Italian peasant life, and revealed as much of the author's personality as his other books. "The Chronicles of the House of Borgia," a historical work full of medieval lore and tart epigrams was published in 1901. "Don Renato", a translation of Omar Khayyam from a French text, "Hadrian the Seventh," "Don Torquiro," and "The Songs of Maleager" in collaboration with Sholto Douglas followed in quick succession. "Weird of the Wanderer," "Hubert's Arthur" and "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole" were his last works.

Almost all his books are autobiographic, but a few are exclusively so. "Hadrian," "The One and the Many" and "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole" are undistinguished personal experience; the characters are thinly veiled portraits of friends and enemies, mostly enemies, "for they were much the same in the long run." His self portrait is vivid and true. "Rolfe-Crabbe had every right to be proud of his verbal claws. Like most suspicious people, he had a sharp eye; more than most he knew how to describe what he saw. A large vocabulary is essential to the invective style, and Rolfe by study and constant practice became one of the great masters of vituperation . . . he was equally at home in the ornate abuse, and in the plainest of plain-speaking." The above extract from "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole", reveals how much he was aware of his powers. Rolfe excelled in both styles, the ornate-archaic and the effortless-facile. His satire could be mannered and elaborate as in "Hadrian" or simple and direct as in "The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole". He had a marvellous gift of words and a rare command over them. No word, archaic or rare, no neologism

was ever out of place in his writing.

Rolfe must have been born under a very contrary star. His frustrated and friendless life has few parallels. "His brilliant books expressed in prose as exquisite as the hand, and as brightly coloured as the inks with which they were written," brought him no recognition and no recompense. It is to be hoped that posterity at least will be more lenient in its judgement of the man, and more fair in its estimate of the writer.

M. J.

THE ODYSSEY OF A NEAR-SAINT

THE LAMB. By Francois Mauriac. Eyre & Spottiswoode, London. 12s 6d.

IN a note prefixed to his novel, Mauriac anticipates for us 'all that is strange, perhaps even monstrous,' in the character of the man who bears the name of Jean de Mirbel in *The Lamb*, saying that if readers remembered the years of his youth as they were described in *A Woman of the Pharisees*, he would seem less strange to them. But it is not Jean de Mirbel who appears strange or monstrous to us in *The Lamb*. The dynamics of a powerfully evil, satanically restless nature has been demonstrated to us before in Richard III, John the Bastard and Iago. Even Dickens has his Ralph Nickleby. No, it is not Mirbel, but Xavier Dartilongue who is strange, it is Xavier, the lion and the lamb at the same time of this book, who is perhaps even monstrous. A saint is monstrous because his departure from the human norm is excessive, and Xavier is almost a saint. An unordained saint. For it is on the train to the Vaugirard Seminary where Xavier was going to prepare himself to be a priest that Jean de Mirbel effects his diabolic entry into his life, and turns him back almost from the

threshold of a sanctuary that lesser men enter and leave without ado.

We said that Xavier is almost a saint, remembering the penetrating remark of Somerset Maugham about the equipment of saints in *The Razor's Edge*. A saint, to be a saint, must have a touch of ruthlessness in his make-up, and Xavier Dartilongue has every other qualification to be a saint except this indispensable, catalytic quality of ruthlessness, the presence of which alone would enable a pin-pointing of the other and more basic elements to take place and prevent what is otherwise inevitable: the neutralization, if not the destruction, of personality.

Xavier, if Mauriac had made him ruthless, would have done what other saints have done before; he would have ignored, bypassed or trampled upon the rest of the world till he achieved personal salvation and then would have happily given himself up entire to the rest of the world. But Mauriac makes Xavier not a saint, but a near-saint; and so, he gives himself up entire, breathlessly entire, to the rest of the world first, postponing his personal quest, and knowing full well that it is not merely a postponement, but a sacrifice, an irrevocable denial.

For the 'disease' of Xavier which destroys him at the age of twenty-two is an extremely rare disease, for which no cure either has yet been found. It is the passion for self-immolation, the passion to bear 'the giant agony of the world,' the passion by the side of which every other human desire, urge or weakness is of no account, the one passion greater than even 'that last infirmity of noble mind.' An unhappy woman who is seeing off a lover or husband that does not love her anymore, a child who is in a house where there is none to love him, a priest who rationalizes his attitude to his God with whom he has no other business except loving surrender—all of them utter strangers to him—these three

arrest and claim him in turn, drain him of blood and spirit unceasingly and vampire-fashion, till his final collapse. What else could come more natural to a man who lived as though 'he were looking for the one human creature for whose sake his death would be demanded'?

That is the Odyssey of Xavier. Unlike Homer, Mauriac gives us no pause, no rest, allows us no stretching of taut limbs or refreshment of laughter in his narrative, but whips us ever faster onward in a terrain that keeps ever ascending. This would be grievous enough at sea-level, but the ground that Xavier walks on is high altitude, where to merely succeed in breathing would be good enough. And it is, at such heights that we are forced to exert the most.

Is this an insufficiency in the novelist's technique? Or does the observation only mock at the inability of the reader-critic to do sustained mountain-climbing? However that be, there is less doubt that the dialogue is not infrequently too dramatic and overcondensed for a novel, and we get the impression of actors talking staccato as in a tight little play.

Readers must have felt when reading Mauriac the temptation to place him in juxtaposition with Graham Greene. They have a number of things in common—the occasional felicitous image or phrase, the style carefully pruned without, however, the sap being allowed to run waste, the seriousness, amounting almost to grimness, of the narrative, the anti-sentimental and passionate consideration of religion and faith, the fascination in the spectacle of a Man walking the razor's edge to salvation. But while Greene's world is dominated by guilt, conscience, sin and psychiatry, and his Man is continually stumbling off into perdition, Mauriac affirms the triumph of the Spirit in a state of grace. Greene appears driven by the pressure of guilt to accept,

Mauriac is freed by the power of love into acceptance.

The Lamb reminds us uncomfortably of the thought that evolution, apparently, is being unkind to itself. Before the advent of Man, evolution provided an environment in agreement with its advance. The fittest survived in the struggle for existence, and the conditions of life helped the fittest to survive. But after Man arrived, there has developed a disagreement between conditions of survival and the advance of evolution. Granting that the shift from self-

preservation and self-assertion to self-negation and self-sacrifice is underwritten by the force behind evolution, there is little evidence that there is any change in our environment to accord with this shift in the earth's scale of values. It looks as if the environment that evolution provides for its creatures is most hostile towards its most advanced products. Thus the cry of Joan of Arc: "When, my God, when will the earth be ready for Thy saints?"—this anguish is the anguish of Mauriac in *The Lamb*.

M. P. BHASKARAN

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

LAST week was a busy week for Bombay. It began with the demonstrations led by Acharya Atre on Friday and ended up with the reception and farewell to the Soviet visitors and Alfred Hitchcock. Acharya Atre was arrested on Friday and released on bail the next day.

The hartal on Monday affected the film business. While some of the theatres had to close down in the affected areas others did poor business. The arrival of Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev on Wednesday evening also affected business; for over a million people had turned out to greet the distinguished visitors.

The Soviet guests had a busy programme; and several functions held in their honour had to be cancelled. For instance, they could not attend the premiere of "Romeo and Juliet" as per schedule. And even at the dinner held in their honour at the Turf Club, though several film people were present, the Soviet guests could not be introduced to any one of them. At

the dinner several film celebrities including Nargis, Raj Kapoor, Prithviraj, Balraj Sahni, Dilip Kumar, Nirupa Roy, Anil Biswas, Jairaj, David, Majrooh, Prem Dhawan, Rajender Singh Bedi, Nemo, Radhu Karmakar, Achala Sachdev, Krishan Chander, Sadashiva Rao Kavi, Kikubhai Desai, J. K. Kapur, Rajbans Khanna, Meena Kapur and several others were present. In the cultural programme that followed, Vyjayantimala, Gopi Krishna and music director Vasant Desai gave an excellent account of themselves. The only film personality who was able to meet the distinguished Soviet guests was Devika Rani; she was introduced to them at Bangalore.

Incidentally, in his two speeches Mr. Bulganin made reference to film artistes and the Indian film industry. At the dinner given by the Indo-Soviet Cultural Society, Mr. Bulganin referred to the visit of the Indian film stars and directors to the Soviet Union and said that he was happy to see their faces again at the party. Earlier at the civic reception he paid a compliment to the Indian film industry and referred to the popularity enjoyed by Indian films in the Soviet union.

Alfred Hitchcock met the film people at the reception given at the Taj

on Thursday evening and again at the premiere of "To Catch A Thief" at Eros. They also met Hitchcock at a dinner party given by Ambalal Patel on Friday. Hitchcock with his placid temper and genial disposition created a good impression on the film folk.

So the week was eventful in more than one way for the film industry in Bombay.

Picture of the week

Danny Film's "Miss Coca Cola" had all the potentialities of a successful film. It had an attractive title, a good star-cast, a popular music director who has given at least three hit tunes in this picture and a story of two sisters with all the sentimental angle needed for popular appeal. And yet thanks to bad casting and mediocre direction, the potentialities of the story were not fully exploited. As a result "Miss Coca Cola" has turned out to be a just average entertainer.

The story revolves round Ganga whose father is forced to steal money from the safe of his boss so that his daughter could be married. He succeeds in bringing the money; but his arrest in the marriage pandal for murder leads to double tragedy. The marriage is broken and Ganga's mother dies of shock. Ganga engages Shanker Babu to defend her father; but as the father is in no mood to defend himself, the prosecution wins and the father is sent to the gallows.

Out of sympathy Shankar, goaded by his 'munshi' Ramoo, is prepared to marry Ganga; but his mother thwarts the plan. Ganga is shouldered with the responsibility of her younger sister and brother who also meets with a fatal accident. And Kamal, the man responsible for the accident gives her a job and also rapes her! So Ganga falls in his trap and becomes "Miss Coca Cola", a cabaret dancer in Kamal's hotel.

Madhu, Ganga's sister, is now in a position to continue her studies. She meets Shanker; they fall in love. When Ganga becomes aware of her

sister's dream, she helps her. But Kamal who sees in Madhu, a new star for his hotel, kidnaps her and is out to ruin her as he had ruined her sister. Ganga follows him and shoots him to save her sister. The wedding of Madhu and Shanker and the arrest of Ganga mark the climax of the story.

Naturally, Ganga has a dominant role and had Geeta Bali been asked to play it she would have done a grand job of it both in acting and dancing. As it is, she has been given the inconsequential role of Madhu which she portrays with her usual zest and abandon and Kuldip plays the role of Ganga. In spite of her heroic efforts she fails to do full justice to the role. Shammi Kapoor and Kamal Kapoor do well and Johny Walker enlivens many scenes.

The direction by Kedar Kapoor is unnecessarily crude and loud; with restraint and clipping of sequences which are unnecessarily long drawn out, the picture would have immensely gained in its dramatic impact. Bekal Amritsari's screenplay is compact and has the basic ingredients of a popular film. O. P. Nayyar's music is lively; and as said above at least three tunes are of the hit-parade standard. Y. D. Sarpotdar's photography helps to raise the technical standard of the film.

Personality of the week

Acharya Atre made front-page news last week when he was arrested on Friday the 18th November 1955 for defying the Bombay Government ban on processions and leading the demonstration of the protagonists of Samyukta Maharashtra to the Council Hall. Next day he was released. And on Monday at Chowpatti, he made a speech in which he challenged Shri S. K. Patil and claimed that "Bombay will be ours in the next five days."

In contrast to his militant speeches he appeared to be quite subdued on Thursday night when he attended the dinner given in honour of

Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev.

To Acharya Atre the film is not a full-time profession. He has been indulging in politics for over two decades now. He fought the last elections on the P. S. P. ticket.

Though as a rule literateurs and film producers and writers keep away from party politics, Acharya Atre, the winner of a gold medal, has always been known for taking sides in politics and specially on such controversial issues as the inclusion of Bombay in Samyukta Maharashtra.

Atre wields a strong pen and his satirical account of "Sadobacha

(Sadoba's rule) is a devastating parody of Shri S. K. Patil's conception of a separate State for Bombay City. In this parody some of the film stars like Begum Para have also become the targets of Atre's sarcastic wit. Thanks to this parody the Diwali issue of Atre's journal *Navyug* was sold out.

And since his return from Russia, Atre has been so busy with politics that his film activity has come to a standstill. Let us hope that the winner of the first gold medal is not completely lost in provincial politics and that he would again contend for the gold medal next year.

VYJAYANTHIMALA AT DELHI

Kumari Vyjayanthimala gave a superb recital of classical Indian dances at the National Stadium, New Delhi on November 16 in aid of the Prime Minister's Flood Relief Fund. On this occasion Pandit Nehru presented a bouquet to Vyjayanthimala and felicitated her on her fine performance. The next day Vyjayanthimala and her party gave a brilliant dance recital for the Armed Forces Welfare Fund at which the Army Chiefs and other high ranking personnel were present. Gen. Srinagesh thanked Vyjayanthimala for her dance recital and wished her a bright future. Later she had the honour of being invited for lunch by the Prime Minister when she presented a cheque for

Rs. 2001 for Panditji's Flood Relief Fund. This photograph was taken when Srimati Vyjayanthimala visited the Prime Minister's house.



SPORTS

THE MUSES

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

DALDAQUIZ

COMPETITION

PRIZE WINNERS

In the recent DALDAQUIZ Competition all-correct solutions were submitted by 145 entrants. According to the rules of the competition, the First Prize of Rs. 20,001/- will be equally shared among 145, who will therefore each receive Rs. 138/-. In addition, the First Prize Winners will collectively have the privilege of donating Rs. 20,001/- to a Children's Hospital or Ward of their choice.

The full list of First Prize Winners is being published in leading newspapers throughout the country

The Second Prize of Rs. 5,001/- has been divided among 869 entrants who will each receive Rs. 5-13-0

All Prize Winners are being individually notified by the Company.



DALDA
brand
VANASPATI

HVM. 262-X28

THE book with the pleasant title, "Cricket All His Life," enshrining in itself the aspiration of many a weary wage-earner as he spends in office a day of divine weather such as was experienced recently in the city, was a strange object to have been found on the grim and frowning shelves of the University Library. As, with chastened spirit and shrinking body, I stared forlornly at a portentous volume on the inverse ratio, which lay in conscious superiority next to a dreadful tome on atomic reactors, there suddenly gleamed upon my sight a gratifying vision of an individual informally dressed who lay on the ground in negligent ease as he discussed an appeal. This pleasant figure, well reproduced in many colours, was an introduction to the book of the late Mr. E. V. Lucas.

The connection between literature and cricket has been intimate and of long standing and the result has always been amiable. A learned debate subsists whether the works of Chaucer do not contain an early reference to the game. Even the unhappy Hazlitt found it in himself to discourse with delight of Jack Kavanagh, the fives player, and the road to cricket lies open. It is easy to imagine the gentle and whimsical Isaac Walton as a devoted follower. But it is perhaps with Francis Thompson and Mary Russell Mitford that cricket enters first upon literature properly so considered.

Thompson was cricket's strangest captive. It is a mystery how and where he came to conceive that affection for the game which has been

manifested in at least two poems. The parody of Omar is undoubtedly interesting, but it does not possess the great intrinsic merits of that wistful poem in which he contemplates sorrowfully the likely issue of a match between his county, Lancashire, and formidable Gloucestershire, the term of the Graces. He foresees the possibility of his beloved Red Rose being cruelly smitten down. The riches of the poem, however, consist not so much in this gentle melancholy as in what can only be called a magical restatement of the appeal of cricket;

"As the run-stealers flicker to
and fro, to and fro,
Oh, my Hornby and my Barlow
of long age."

Considered in the abstract, without the intruding circumstances of time and place, and taking no account of the combative element, this is really the foundation of the game which is best considered as a vignette of life, two strangely accoutred individuals running towards each other and a collection of three sticks implanted on the ground. As the traveller looks out of his compartment as the train rushes by a ground where a match is being played, he is disappointed if he does not find that a run is in the process of being "stolen." In a minute he is whirled away to new sighs, but the memory of the scurrying always subsists with him.

Cricket was a religion, Lord's the holy of holies, and the straight bat the embodiment of the Ten Commandments with the Victorians.

Though Kipling, in his ignorance of the finer issues of life, fulminated against "flannelled fools," the game has not suffered much at the hands of the detractors and the denigrators. A Scotchman, A. G. Macdonnel, perhaps set out with this purpose, but in the course of a page the scoffer remains to pray. It was another Scotchman who almost elevated cricket to a religion. Sir James Barrie had but little skill with bat or ball, but there was no more convinced follower.

Nothing would satisfy him but that he should form a team of his own, a desire which afflicts a large number of people. His "Allahakbaris" were well named, for they carried a prayer to God in their very title. Many amusing stories, some of them no doubt apocryphal, are in existence regarding the deeds of these doughty cricketers. I shall indulge myself in the luxury of narrating one here. The composition of the team varied much from match to match. The obliviousness of the captain to this cardinal fact led to a catastrophe in a fixture. An opponent made a towering shot high into the heavens. No less than three fieldsmen were manoeuvring for a position appropriate to effect a catch. Apprehending a collision, the captain called out, "Thompson." The three fieldsmen obediently fell back and the catch fell harmlessly to the ground. Thompson had played in the last match and was not present on this memorable occasion.

Lucas was a member of this historic team, whose performances, or to be more truthful, lack of them furnish a fruitful theme for a detailed study by an earnest student. But this was not his sole claim to grateful recollection by followers of the game. His cricket writings were substantial and, as was only to be expected, of a high order. There is a passage of his on "bright" cricket which deserves to be studied and pondered at a present time when

thoughtless vandals would do immense harm to the spirit and the traditions. A hit over the boundary is a delightful sight as it bravely climbs the sky, but the essence of cricket is not to be sought in this febrility. Lucas would surprise its charm in its quiescence, its little things and its history. For, he knows that it is less a game in the accepted connotation, with its combative element dangerously exaggerated and undue emphasis placed on personalities, than a way of life, gentle and peaceable. It is in this sense that many men of thought have condemned Test matches as a fever of cricket. This and such valuable lessons are inculcated by this wise writer, who, at the same time, contrives to be genial, happy and witty. The indolent gentleman on the cover page happens to be a more useful guide than many a frowning philosopher.

Chip Of The Old Bloc

By P. N. S.

IT was the evening of November 20. The crowd watching the "score board" of the India-New Zealand test, hoisted atop a Mount Road building, was tense with excitement. Kripal Singh had moved confidently into the nineties but the progress thereafter towards the century had been slow. Would he notch up the feat of a century in his maiden test appearance, or would the occasion overpower him? Or, would Ghulam Ahmed, the Indian captain, declare the Indian innings before Kripal reached the hundred?

Then, suddenly, there was a burst of cheering: as the figures against Kripal's name made a rapid jump from 96 to 100. The crowd, hundreds of miles away from the scene of the event, went mad for quite a while. The cheering and the applause were earsplitting and some of the enthusiasts started capering on the public road!

It was a great moment for Madras, and no one knowing anything of cricket would have wondered for a moment at this exuberance.

The atmosphere in Kripal Singh's house, a few yards east of this scene, was totally different. Grey-bearded Ram Singh, the father, was listening to the drone of the commentator's voice as the latter tried to recapture the great moments, but from Ram Singh's appearance one would have thought he was listening to the A. I. R.'s driest news bulletin. A sudden burst of applause preceded the announcement that Kripal had joined the select band who had performed the feat of a century in first test appearance; Ram Singh got up, switched off the radio and walked out as if nothing had happened.

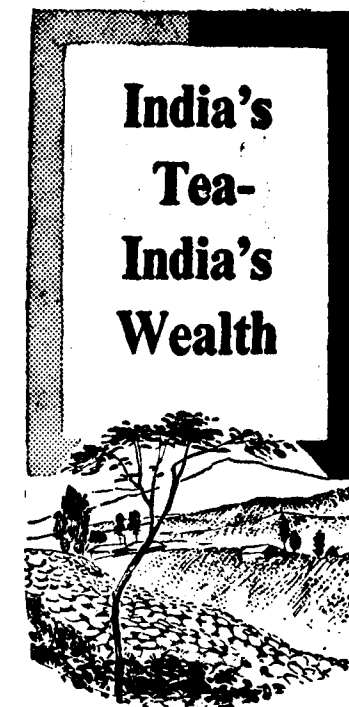
"I was not in the least excited when Kripal was reaching his century. I was so sure he would make it," Ram Singh told me when I congratulated him on his son's feat.

"Of course, after it was all over there was a sense of elation," he added.

I reminded him how narrowly Kripal had missed the hundred twice in succession in the Ranji Trophy match against Bengal last season.

"Yes, yes," he replied, "but those two failures perfected his temper for this occasion. That was why I was so sure he would not fall now. They were indeed very valuable lessons by which he benefitted fully."

Even as he spoke, Ram Singh revealed his deep faith in young Kripal's abilities. He had an excellent, equable temperament for the game—a temperament that was not upset by failure or unduly elated by success. He received the news of his selection for the test most calmly and then proceeded to make his preparations. Led by his father, and accompanied by a few of his friends, he went to the nets daily and spent hours getting the necessary prac-



India's Tea- India's Wealth

ACREAGE AND PRODUCTION :

There are more than 6,300 tea gardens in India covering nearly 789,000 acres. Their total yearly production is over 630 million pounds of tea.



No other drink refreshes
you so much, yet costs
so little as **TEA**

PST 151

tice, with his father helping to patch weaknesses. Then there were physical jerks, and a few minutes running, with the result that when Kripal entrained for Hyderabad he was an extremely fit, young man, full of self-confidence.

As was natural on such occasions, the talk turned to the past. Ram Singh revealed a secret when he said that as a boy Kripal had no liking at all for cricket. He was in love with hockey and had to be dragged to the net to play cricket. He disliked the intrusion into his natural bent, and would go and complain to his mother about father forcing him to play cricket. With a merry twinkle in his eye, Ram Singh added that he himself was determined that Kripal should be made a good cricketer. Like his father, I said to myself.

Slowly the pleasures of bat and ball got hold of young Kripal, and by the time he was out of school, cricket had become a passion with him. Under the expert guidance of his father—C. P. Johnstone described "A. G." as the best coach in the country—Kripal made remarkable progress as an all-rounder. Son of a record-breaker, figures had a natural fascination for him. During the matches to which Ram Singh took him along, Kripal used to sit by the scorer and watch the figures mount against his father's name, his youthful heart perhaps throbbing with the ambition that he should do likewise when his turn came. And Ram Singh's imperturbable manner at the wicket must have sunk into the young man's "sub-conscious" and shaped his temperament.

Ram Singh was indeed very proud that Kripal had emulated him at cricket. "He is a better cricketer than I was. Kripal can drive powerfully on both sides of the wicket; I was content with mere pushes."

He recalled a letter which Johnstone had written to him last season, soon after our Ranji Trophy success:

"Kripal's scores are fantastic, he should be a better bat than his father. But not a better bowler," Johnstone had said.

But, Ram Singh added, Kripal was a good bowler, in the manner of Ghulam Ahmed, and needed only opportunity to prove it. He also disclosed that Ghulam Ahmed had a high opinion of Kripal's possibilities in this direction.

Today Kripal's sole love is cricket. He plays no other game, not even hockey. But Ram Singh is keen that he should take to hockey during the summer, at least to keep fit for his cricket in winter.

Ram Singh is proud of Kripal as a cricketer; but he is prouder still that Kripal is an excellent boy and a dutiful son. A sense of discipline is ingrained in him; quiet and reserved, he had not caught the unpleasant habit—common in the younger generation now—of what is known of beating one's own drum. He has applied himself assiduously to studies, even in the midst of the most exciting cricket match, and has earned a degree. His ambition is not only to be a good and successful cricketer, but to be a good and successful man.

As I left I could not help being touched by the glow of pride on Ram Singh's face. Which father wouldn't be proud of such a son?

(Continued from page 6)

developed countries generously. But we can have all the propagandist pep talk we can take. Mr. Nehru is game for that too. "We welcome the flow of thoughts and ideas of all kinds, but we reserve the right to choose our own path." Aesop's fly also thought likewise. But, while the fly was not glued to the wheel and there was no danger of its being crushed, the Soviet blizzard may do both for us.

VIGNESWARA

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them.

Our Russian Visitors

Sir,—After all the excitement in Madras, when I sit back and reflect on the events of the past few days, I cannot but come to the sorrowful conclusion that there was a vulgar exhibition of undignified conduct on the part of our citizen, and more especially the higher-ups.

Purnakumbhams are sacred symbols of welcome having a religious and spiritual significance. To have offered this to the representatives of an atheistic nation is to deprive that symbol of its high significance. It looks as though our politicians will prostitute even their gods to perpetrate their position.

If Communists hold that religion and godliness are anaesthetics to make people forget their rights and privileges, it can be said with equal truth that the enormous waste of money, work-hours-per-day, and loss of production were all designed purposively to enhance the prestige of the ruling party and make people forget for the time any complaint or grievance they may have against the administration.

The undignified way that the visitors were defied is not at all conducive to foster in them any respect for us, but is bound to leave behind in the back of their minds a certain amount of contempt. All that was said at the excitement of the moment cannot be taken at its face value.

Human nature is the same all the world over. Had not even Nehru, who loves popularity and adulation, lost his patience oftentimes when excited mobs rushed in an unrestrained manner to do pooja to him? Similarly the visitors must have viewed all this exhibition with an amused tolerance. Our prestige is not enhanced in the least by such unrestrained behaviour.

Let us look back. Had Gandhiji's putting his hands on Mohamed Ali and Shaukut Ali and fraternising with them and their cause brought any tangible result? After the sudden burst of emotion amongst the masses, revolution set in due to unfulfilment of exaggerated hopes, and things worsened.

It ought to be apparent to any one with an elementary knowledge of human psychology that dignified conduct will evoke respect whilst obsequiousness and overmuch adulation will evoke only indifference and contempt. No man with a modicum of common sense will be taken in by hyperboles.

(DR.) C. R. KRISHNASWAMI

Masterly Presentation Of Soviet Politics

Sir,—Mr. P. N. Sampath's article "The Prospects of the Russian Goodwill Mission" published in SWATANTRA dated the 19th November was a masterly presentation of the Soviet viewpoint very subtly couched in scintillating democratic language. Considering the fact that the article was written long before the actual arrival of the Soviet leaders, the coincidence between its contents and Khrushchev's reported speeches at various places in this country is quite remarkable. The writer has put things in a more favourable light by his gifted analysis. The rapacity and tyranny of the Tsarist regime, the comparative bloodlessness of the Russian Revolution, the spontaneous revolt of the people, the deliberate war of the leaders of the Revolution against private property and special privilege, the adept fusing of the multi-national units into one solid State, the educational opportunities afforded by the Soviet State, the determination of the people to preserve their independence against aggression, their overwhelming disposition towards peaceful co-existence etc.—all these aspects have been superbly dealt with in the article. I admire the writer's facility of expression, but do not subscribe to his views as expressed in the article, other than what is legitimately due to the Soviet Union. I don't know whether Mr. Sampath subscribes to the Communist ideology, but I wonder whether the Indian Communist Party has many among its members who can present the Soviet politics as well as he.

V. R. RANGANATHAN

Equal Representation For States

Sir,—While the linguistic provinces are a certainty, the fear of north-Indian domination is expressed in certain circles who suggest 'Dakshina Rajya.'

Any observer of parliamentary proceedings will conclude that only 60 to 70 representatives actively partake in the discussions and others just use their hands to show 'Ayes' or 'Noes' as dictated by the party whip. While the railway semaphores are erected, these are elected. That is the only difference.

Will it not be good if equal representation is given to all States, big and small, as in certain Western countries? For example, if the States are given an equal representation of ten members each, even then the number will be large. The 16 or 17 linguistic States will be then sending 160 to 170 members. The idea of domination by big States, then, cannot be entertained. To press for common interests, the southern States members could form a union of their own.

When the Constitution is amended to suit the redistribution of States, may we hope that a new clause on election of members to the Parliament is also included in the proposals?

R. BHASKARAN

Tiruvadarai

Mr. Kher On Language

Sir,—The views on the language problem in India which Mr. B. G. Kher expressed in his address to the Deccan College Post-Graduate and Research Institute, Poona, on the 17th October last deserve careful and respectful attention, not only because of his patriotism and scholarship but also because he is currently the Chairman of the Official Language Commission.

He said that "a language is not the property of any particular nation, and obviously it belongs to all who can speak it." In which case, the English language is not the property of the British nation but "belongs" to all who can speak it, whether they are British, American, Indian, German or Russian nationals.

Even if English were considered as "foreign," Mr. Kher said that "we may not reject it as a foreign language because it is foreign." But later he said that the eventual displacement of the English language, though rich and well-

developed, was inevitable since Independence because of the need to develop "our Indian languages," for the progress of India was, he contended, inconceivable except in terms of "indigenous languages." If the English language does not belong to the British nation and is not, therefore, "foreign" to anybody, including Indians, and if it need not be rejected even if it were "foreign," the need to displace it by "indigenous languages" is not obvious. Such displacement is not likely to help India.

While he pleaded with unquestionable sincerity that each one of the languages spoken in India, including the "rude unwritten speech of the tribal group," should be developed because of its "cultural" values, the Constitution recognised only fourteen languages out of the over 750 languages and dialects, each equally dear to those who speak it. The Constitution included Sanskrit, which was spoken by 555 Indian nationals, while English which was spoken by 1,76,000 Indian nationals has been excluded!

One of the justifications given by Mr. Kher for the exclusion of English was the fact that, in spite of "decades of official patronage and even imposition," it has not "permeated beyond an infinitesimal fraction of a narrow cross section of our society." But it may not be overlooked that even after some thousands of years of civilization, the percentage of literates in any language in India is pitifully small. But that is no valid reason for not striving for universal literacy.

Nor is it clear how official patronage and even imposition of Hindi as the official language will promote the progress of the over seven hundred languages and dialects in India and how it is not likely to "occupy the unnatural position in our country as being the sole means of inter-communication at all-India level or the *lingua franca* of all persons in public and private life holding position of authority or prominence," of which English has been accused. All the evil attributed to English will apply to Hindi, only more so and with fewer redeeming features. The recent progress of "Indian" languages has been accelerated by English to an extent that Hindi is hardly likely to do for as long as we may foresee.

P. KODANDA RAO

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. December 10, 1955. No. 45.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	4
SIDELIGHTS	6
INDIAN AFFAIRS	8
THE EVER-EXPANDING SECRETARIAT	11
ANOMALIES IN LAND POLICY	14
AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF KHRUSHCHEV	15
KHRUSHCHEV STYLE POWER POLITICS	17
THE SOVIET VISIT AND AFTER	20
INTERVIEW WITH KIM IL SUNG	22
PILGRIMAGE TO THE INDUSTRIES FAIR	25
LANGUAGE STUDIES IN SCHOOLS	27
ANCIENT IRISH ART AND MODERN TRENDS	30
KIPLING'S DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES	32
ALLERGIES	36
"... OVER A. I. R."	41
LANGUAGE FANATICISM	42
BUTLER AMONG CRICKETERS	44
GOPINATH	36
FILMS	47
Vighneswara	3
Saka	4
Saranga	8
M. P.	11
Bhattam Sri Rama Murty	14
P. G. Krishnappa's Service	15
Andrew Roth	17
S. Rajagopalan	20
V. V. Prasad	22
R. V. Raghava Rao	25
S. Krishna Rao	27
Barnett D. Conlan	30
V. Subramanian	32
Ross Harkness	36
M. Krishnan	41
S. Ramanathan	42
N. S. Ramaswami	44
P. N. S.	36
V. P. Sathe	47

ON THE COVER:

Sri V. R. Ramanatha Iyer, the new Mayor of Madras.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

Advertisement rates can be obtained on application to the Manager.

Cut along this line

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Make certain that you get your copy of SWATANTRA regularly by completing this form and posting it to the address boxed to the right

To:
The Manager,
SWATANTRA,
2, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE : MADRAS 4.

I enclose remittance of Rs. 20; £1-16sh.; \$8 for one year's subscription (or) Rs. 10; 18sh.; \$4 for a half-year, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SOUTHERN RAILWAY CONCESSION RETURN TICKETS during CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

CONCESSION return journey tickets for I, II and III classes will be issued at $1\frac{3}{4}$ single journey fares during the ensuing Christmas holidays in Local and through booking on the Southern Railway, between stations situated at a minimum distance of 150 miles apart.

In the case of stations situated short of the specified distance, when two single journey fares are more than the return fare for 150 miles, return tickets will be issued charging the return fare as for 150 miles.

HALF fares for children over 3 and under 12 years of age.

PERIOD OF ISSUE:—From December 20, 1955 to January 5, 1956, both days inclusive.

PERIOD OF AVAILABILITY:—The Christmas Holidays Concession return tickets will be available for completion of return journey within 15 days from and including the date of issue or the date of availability for commencement of the outward journey in the case of tickets issued in advance.

RETURN JOURNEY:—Passengers are required to present the return halves of their return tickets at the booking office of the station of commencement of the return journey and have their tickets dated indicating the date of commencement of the return journey. Passengers holding return halves without being so dated will be treated as travelling without tickets.

BREAK OF JOURNEY:—No break of journey is permissible either on the outward or the return trip.

For detailed particulars enquire at Stations.

CHIEF COMMERCIAL SUPERINTENDENT
Madras.

SWATANTRA

Vol. X. DECEMBER 10 SATURDAY 1955 No. 45

BALANCE OF POWER BOGEY

WHEN the United States proffered military aid to Pakistan, the Prime Minister of India protested saying that such aid upset the balance of power in South Asia. SWATANTRA held the view then that it was a transaction between sovereign States acting within their rights and India could do nothing about it. But now the purchase of arms by Egypt from Russia has provoked from the United States and Britain the same sort of protest as the one that Pandit Nehru made when U. S. military aid for Pakistan was announced. They hold that the import of Russian arms into Egypt will upset the balance of power in the Middle East. This is an example of right or wrong depending, not on fundamental values, but on the source from which it emanates. The same act that is committed by the Western Powers with the assurance of legitimate privilege is by them condemned as a portent of dangerous unsettlement when committed by the Soviet Union. This double value set on identical actions leads to ironic situations when the West assumes a moral tone in international affairs. And Mr. Khrushchev has been making the most of it in his tour of India and Burma.

Newspapers in Britain and the U. S. A. have been reacting with energetic resentment to the home truths uttered by the Russian visitors before Indian and Burman audiences. Their comments have been full of vicarious sympathy for India as a neutral country, when con-

fronted with the scarcely veiled belligerent attacks of the Russian leaders on the Western Powers. It is no doubt true that Indian neutrality has begun to look less neutral than before in the convivial atmosphere of hospitality on an unprecedented scale thrown into the welcome for the Russian guests by the Government and the people alike. But it is no longer a question of embarrassment to India, wishing to be friends with all nations, from the unwelcome propaganda outbursts of powerful invitees exceeding the nice limits of propriety pertaining to their position as guests. The bottom has been knocked out of Indian neutrality by the pronouncement of Secretary Dulles on Goa.

This pronouncement robs the United States of a definite advantage that has clung to it, despite occasional blunders, for potential moral leadership of the world. Moral issues are entirely separable from military strength and the problems of power politics, but they gain significance on the world stage when they are ventilated by powerful nations. That is why all conflicts in the international sphere have become polarised into a competition for the capture of the goodwill of neutral countries on the part of the Soviet Union and the United States, which are the two greatest military powers in the world today. As these two powers fought on the same side in the Second World War professing concern for the freedom of people, they have been trying to outbid each other since the end of the war as

the greater exemplar of the war's objective of world freedom. But anti-American Communist onslaughts have been vitiated by one historical fact that could be concealed by no amount of casuistry. It is this: in this post-war period Russia has expanded beyond her borders and brought more countries and people under subjection to her will than any other imperialist nation of the past or present. The Russian grip over her satellites made a mockery of Soviet pretensions for the freedom of mankind, and when Mr. Khrushchev backed India over Goa, Portugal could retort with perfect relevance that it was a worthless outburst in the light of the Soviet's own imperialist record

elsewhere.

As against Russia, the United States has had the advantage of having no empire directly ruled by it outside its borders. It gave freedom to the Philippines. It played some part in putting pressure on Britain for the liberation of India. Its contribution for the elimination of Dutch authority from Indonesia was commendable. On the other hand, in its dread of Communism it entered into alliances with the effete imperial systems of the European colonial powers, that would have gone out of existence but for the artificial respiration provided by it. The United States has claimed, hitherto,

(Continued on page 7)

Sotto Voce

★

PANINI, POLITICIAN



THE other day an old friend came to me in great excitement. He flourished in my face a newspaper which carried an article on the similarities between Samskrit and Russian. My friend is an excellent man in every way, but he has an engaging weakness which he shares with many more distinguished people. He has a private philology of his own. He has not heard of Skeat or Jespersen, but he has long been firmly persuaded that Russian and Samskrit were blood-brothers. And here was Dr. Durga Prasad Sastri confirming his deepest intuitions.

His hunch had all along required no other confirmation than what, to his infallible ear for occult affinities, was indubitably

Samskrit-sounding in such personal names as Nikita (Mr. Khrushchev's, by the way) and such affectionate diminutives as Petrushka. But to his credit it must be said that this was not a sudden enthusiasm with him, inspired by the Russian leaders' visit. Neither, let me hasten to add, did scholars like Dr. Sastri and Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji discover yesterday that Russian belonged to the Indo-European group of languages. But that is what a casual reader of their exuberant articles in the Press is apt to think.

That shows how difficult it is for even scholars to resist the lure of the topical. And our folk have always been noted for their consuming passion for tracing relationships—espe-

cially with those who are better off. In my boyhood, if an old gaffer found that the Collector of the district was his grand-father's third cousin's sister-in-law's grandson, he did not fail to remind him of the fact with an ingratiating smile and a couple of lemons even if he had no failed Ma'riculate among his grandsons to provide for. We may be too sophisticated for that kind of approach nowadays. But the vine of nepotism, lifted on to the international plane, just now looks for a Russian oak to cling to.

The odds are that our political gerund-grinders' *feu d' joie* will misfire. The essence of popular etymology is that it must sound more plausible than the laboriously exposed connections at the buried roots of words which are apparently total strangers to each other. I tested this theory on my unsuspecting friend. I asked him whether as a man of common sense he would say that the Russian *sto* was nearer to our Samskrit *satam* than the Latin *centum* pronounced 'kentum'. He conceded that it did not sound probable. But he went on perplexed, "Here are great scholars saying that the 'Satam' languages, Samskrit and Russian among them, are closer to each other than to the 'Centum' languages including Latin and English."

I said, "Let us grant Dr. Sastri's claim that *pervye agon patam dium* is the *alter ego* of our Sanskrit *poorve agnih paschaat dhoomah* (meaning "first fire then smoke"). But does the following convey to you any intimations, however remote?

*svetloe triz'dy svetloe sointse
dya vser ty teplo i prekrasno esi."*

My friend admitted that he was all at sea. I informed him, on the high authority of Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji, that this invocation to the Sun, translated into modern Russian from its millennial ancestor Old Slavic, not only "breathes the spirit

of Vedic poetry" but is the very spirit and image of

*sveta-la tridha swetala surya
(—) visvesu tvam tapa-lah (—)
pra-krsnah asi."*

The resemblance did not, I regret to say, leap to the eye of my unscientific friend. I now craftily pressed home my advance. "For a contrast let us set a bit of classical Samskrit side by side with its translations in King's English. Here is," I added, unblushingly practising Ossianic deception, "an ancient verse which embodies in stately Samskrit a tipster's advice to his pal:

*Pooraya tava ghatam phenila-
madhunaa
Piba samaya tava aavila-
tharsham;*

which I translate thus:

Fill thy pot (with) foaming mead
Bib (and) quench thy awful thirst."

My friend enthusiastically agreed that Samskrit and English were much more intimate than Samskrit and Russian. I dare say that will not prevent his merrily deriving *samovar* from *Somavardhini*,—"because tea is as dear to the Russians as *soma* is to the Gods,"—or *vodka* from *Vada kaa* ("say who art thou?") the apocryphal query of the vodka-fuddled lover to his lady-love. Canny philologists will not be taken in by my leg-pull. But when they try hard to prove that Russian is second cousin to Samskrit whereas English is of the *n*'th remove, why do they stop there? Why don't they go on to show that Lithuanian is actually first cousin to Samskrit? Perhaps it would be *de trop* to speak of Lithuanian when the Russians are here, as Lithuania long ago disappeared into the capacious maw of Mother Russia. I am all for politeness. But is it good manners, I ask you, to harp on Russo-Samskrit affinities, when Russia with its Russian-Tamil Lexicon hopes to capture Dravidian hearts?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Editor of *Thought* (Delhi) has sent me a circular reprint of some articles that were printed in his journal in July and September this year. The writer of the articles is "Asiaticus" who, it would appear, "speaks and writes the Russian language with the felicity of a Russian." Asiaticus has culled a few significant passages from the original Russian in a recent book published in Moscow University called *Noveishaya Istoriya Stran sarubeshnovo vostoka* (The most recent history of the foreign East) and translated them into English. Here is one of them:

"The October Revolution compelled the Congress to change its tactics. It continued to maintain a reformist, anti-revolutionary stand desiring not to overthrow British imperialist rule but rather to create favourable conditions to collaborate . . . In this very period Gandhi became the generally recognised leader of the Congress, and Gandhism the official ideology of the Congress. The basic aim of Gandhi was to transform the revolutionary ideology widespread among the Indian masses into a movement of sporadic revolts. He wanted to exploit the discontent of the masses in order to bring pressure on British imperialism in the interests of the landowners and the big bourgeoisie. Propagating the theory of class peace, Gandhi called the masses to limit their war to peaceful, nonviolent means. The forms of nonviolent resistance were juxtaposed by Gandhi to the revolutionary movement which was sharply condemned by Gandhi as an anarchic rebellion and impermissible. Simultaneously, Gandhi justified from the very beginning imperialist oppression of the country. Aiming at making the masses subservient to the ideological influence of the reformist middle class and the liberal landowners, Gandhi appealed to the religious prejudices of the masses and exploited the most reactionary dogmas of Hinduism . . . He never wanted India's full independence and merely desired to cause the imperialists to

make a compromise in favour of the exploiting classes of India."

In this Russian book Gandhi is invariably called a traitor. For example, on page 188, occurs this remarkable stricture on the Bardoli Congress resolution:

"This resolution is one of the most sickening documents of Gandhi's traitorous activity. It reveals the essence of Gandhism, its hostility to the people, its cringing servility before the British imperialists."

Yet Mr. Khrushchev, addressing the members of the Bombay Legislative Assembly three weeks ago, said:

"You also had a great leader, who did much for your country. I have in view Mahatma Gandhi who is counted high in your country as a great patriot and a friend of the people. We have due respect for his memory as for the work of his successor Jawaharlal Nehru (Applause). We Soviet people are guided by the teaching of the great Lenin who opened for us and for all other peoples the path to freedom, independence and happiness."

"We, pupils of Lenin, do not share the philosophical outlook of Gandhi but we consider him a great leader who contributed much to the development of the peace-loving outlook of your people and to their struggle for independence."

Gandhi, held forth in Russian for the Russians as a traitor, has been transformed into a patriot, a great leader and a friend of the people by Mr. Khrushchev when he addressed an Indian audience. Russia is not a country where a university can bring out a book without its contents being fully approved by the Government and the one and only party each inseparable from the other. Official responsibility for printed matter is therefore thorough, comprehensive and totalitarian in that country. When, therefore, in the background of the Moscow University's denunciation

of Gandhi, Mr. Khrushchev indulges in the sort of spectacular reverence for the Mahatma with which his speeches have been filled in India, he has been either indulging in double talk or presuming on India's ignorance of Russian.

The tightness of party discipline binds all Communists permitting no scope for the play of individual conscience within their organisation. To them, party loyalty is above all other loyalties. Fundamental moral concepts are only secondary, and any horror or atrocity is sanctified into a virtue if stamped with the sanction or authority of party. Truth and falsehood become interchangeable to them under party exigencies. For this reason nobody believes the Communists, and nothing they say is ever taken at its face value even by novices. It is one of the ironies of our time that so shrewd and sagacious an observer of the world and its ways as C. R. should, in the evening of his life, come to repose a touching faith in the veracity of the Communists belying the wisdom of the days

when he fought against them as Enemy Number One.

*

Sri Kamaraj Nadar has thrown himself with terrific energy into rescue work in the storm-devastated areas of Tamil Nadu. It recalls Dr. Rajendra Prasad's epic effort at the time of the Bihar earthquake. A heart that beats sympathetically in quick response to popular distress is the real secret of the Madras Chief Minister's astonishing ascendancy. It has pushed him to the forefront as a national figure. When a leader's energy meets the need of the people in an emergency, he becomes identified with the very fate of the community and in that way becomes invincible. This is indicated by the readiness with which appeals for help are being responded to. It is as though the rich have come to realise that not to be generous in a crisis like this is a misdemeanour. Madras is fortunate among States in its capacity to engender this sort of atmosphere. And so is its Chief Minister.

SAKA

(Continued from page 4)

that its objective of world freedom was modified only by the obstacles to self-government in backward areas without local leadership and its seeming support of Colonialism is no more than necessary temporary scaffolding for building a better world. Mr. Dulles' support to Portugal for possession of Goa in India is the first outright exhibition of open American bolstering of European Colonialism in Asia since the War in cold blood without the emotional pretension of anxiety for checking the spread of Communism.

The position taken by Mr. Dulles will cost the United States the goodwill of India. Just when Mr. Khrushchev's propagandist excesses were beginning to have a boomerang effect, it has set in motion forces of popular resentment in India that will

prove exceedingly advantageous to the Russians and imperil gravely the success of the American rehabilitation programmes in India and in other countries of Asia. An enormous outlet for Russian advancement into the political and economic life of people outside Europe and the United States has been thrown open by Mr. Dulles' amazingly puerile and foolish outburst. Already Pandit Nehru is speaking of the possibility of foreign aid (presumably American aid) not being available or acceptable for India's second Five Year Plan. Not Mr. Khrushchev, but Mr. Dulles, has sabotaged the influence of the West in India, and contributed to the strengthening of the Communist hold. He has driven Pandit Nehru into the arms of his Russian guests and made of their visit a far greater success from the standpoint of their Asian aims than it would have been otherwise.

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—THE CHARKA CONTROVERSY

—CONTRETEMPS ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

—REPERCUSSIONS OF THE RUSSIAN LEADERS' VISIT

NEW DELHI'S politics have been enlivened last week by the reports of conflicting views held by two Ministers of the Central Cabinet on the role of the Ambar Charka and public interest in the subject has been enhanced by the fact that the central figure in this controversy is Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, Minister for Commerce and Industry. An altogether wrong impression has been given of the issues involved by this publicity. It would be hardly fair to make out that Mr. Krishnamachari is opposed to the development of the Ambar Charka or to the expansion of whatever employment opportunities it can offer by its use on a large-scale for spinning yarn. Yet that is the inference drawn by the enthusiastic sponsors of hand and cottage industries. What, in effect, the Minister has opposed is the placing of a ban against addition of new spindleage in mills for the production of yarn for handlooms on the ground that the Ambar Charka will be in a position to meet the expanding needs of the handlooms. The Ambar Charka is still in an experimental stage and its potentialities are not expected to be proved until the middle of next year. Even when proved, it can come into operation only as part of the work of Khadi promotion since there is no evidence to show that the average handloom weaver will take to the yarn easily or that he will find a market for the cloth made out of it. The weaver's

margin is generally greater only in respect of the finer qualities, in which he can show his craftsmanship to advantage in markets where quality counts. Above all, there will be uncertainty about the numbers of spinners who will take to the new Charka as a stable means of livelihood and unless large numbers can be attracted, there will be no assurance about yarn supplies of the better qualities which only skilled spinners can make.

No person with a belief in economic progress can view with equanimity any scheme to arrest the progress of industrialisation by banning spinning machinery and in this particular case, the checks have been sought to be put into operation even before the constructive part of the plan which could take long to materialise; and the case has by no means been proved that the Ambar Charka will be an effective substitute for new spindles. The prosperity of the handloom weavers depends essentially on the availability of yarn at reasonable prices and in this respect substantial progress has been made in the last three or four years, though even now there is not enough of the finer counts of yarn needed by the weaver. The premature jubilation over the possibilities of the Ambar Charka was hardly warranted at this stage and it is amusing to see how some of the planners, especially those belonging to the Congress party, wish to clutch at every scheme which pro-

mises employment, real or imaginary. It may be that employment will be the main plank of the party platform at the next elections but that is no reason why hindrances should be first set in motion before the positive aspects of employment materialise.

It is a wholly unnecessary controversy that has thus arisen at this stage. It illustrates not only the incompatible temperaments inside the Cabinet but also the conflicting loyalties involved when both handloom and hand-spinning have to be encouraged. In this particular case, handlooms are the responsibility of the Commerce and Industries Ministry while the Khadi Board is under the Production Ministry, and the two ministries have come into conflict before wherever their activities had to be co-ordinated, as in steel. A via media can again be found by not accepting a ban on new spindles while promoting the Ambar Charka to the largest extent to satisfy its sponsors. There can be no doubt as to what the effect of a ban on spindles would be. By reducing the free yarn available for handlooms, it would reduce the quantity of cloth production first when more of it will be needed to control the inflationary pressures arising out of deficit financing. It will end in higher cloth prices, stoppage of exports and more profits for the mills—a dreadful situation to contemplate.

Government's failure to carry through the Constitutional Amendment Bill, intended to enable the President to fix a time limit for the expression of opinion of State Legislatures on boundary alternatives, illustrates the general lack of grip over the legislative process (which has been discussed in these columns before). The Bill itself was perhaps superfluous and it was unlikely that any State would have challenged the Centre, if in the interests of expeditious implementation of the S.R.C.

Report, a time-limit had been fixed informally, without Constitutional sanction. This fuss could have been saved. But having brought this one-clause Bill for early passage, it was the duty of the Minister for Parliamentary Affairs to have ensured the attendance of the required number of members at least at the voting. The lapse is serious enough to require that the Minister should place his resignation before the Prime Minister even if the latter (or the party) condones it later. This had not been done and the reaction, curiously enough, is to ask whether a rule requiring an absolute majority of the House was necessary at every stage of a Constitutional Amendment Bill.

There is much to be said in favour of the view that the existing rule makes the procedure more complicated than is necessary and that it would be enough to have the required majority at the final stage of the enactment of a Constitutional Amendment. But this is not the time to consider this aspect of the question, for in effect, it means that the party is always ready to rationalise its failures, just as on the question of quorum the answer to the decline of members' interest is being found in dispensing with the quorum rule. Such adjustments of rules to suit the whims and conveniences of members cannot be regarded as proper because it tends to destroy respect for any procedural discipline. The Attorney-General is reported to have advised that a change in the rule would be in consonance with the Constitution (not that the existing rule is *ultra vires*.) This legal opinion cannot, however, excuse the indifference shown on this occasion by the persons concerned.

At the same time, other action will also be necessary to promote interest among M. Ps. in the nation's business. An opportunity to scrutinize the actual interest shown by any M. P. in parliamentary work will arise when the M. P.'s claim to seek

re-election is considered. Also, a better selection of candidates may be possible at the next general elections. But a major cause of indifference may be the feeling that the leadership at the top decides all but the minor issues so that presence or absence does not make any difference either way to the measures coming before Parliament—except where the M. P. can get into the press reports for letting off some steam. Congress members, therefore, generally lose interest after they have attended the meetings of the legislature party, at which the policy decisions are usually reached.

The Russian leaders will soon be back in India. During the period they have been away in Burma, a controversy has been going on in some quarters in India about the nature of the welcome given to them and over some of the statements of the Russian leaders against Western Powers. There is probably not much substance in these points, much less logic; they are rationalisations of an

emotional dislike of Russian Communism and of apprehensions about its past being wholly ignored by the Indian people in the exuberance of their participation in the officially-sponsored welcome. These questions can be endlessly debated but there seems to be no basis for the charge that the leaders' visit makes nonsense of India's foreign policy. This policy has not been neutral in the negative sense of isolation from blocs. It has been one of active participation in both blocs without identification of India's interest with either. So it is not visits or receptions alone which would determine what the content of future relations would be though they would greatly contribute to them.

A significant factor in this connection is the Russian leaders' plan to visit Kashmir, which will be interpreted abroad as a recognition of Indian control of the State at a time when Pakistan is trying to revive the Kashmir question as a rallying cry within the country. There is also the circumstance that soon after the statement made by the Soviet leaders on Goa, this question should become involved in Portuguese-American discussions to strengthen Indian suspicions of American policies. In the context of the current feeling in the U.S.A. that Indians are grateful to Russia for the little that they have to offer while not appreciating American assistance sufficiently, these developments are disquieting. It looks as though Indo-American relations are bound to deteriorate in the immediate future. If this outcome cannot be avoided, it would be unfortunate, since it would greatly affect India's active role as a mediator on the important issues which still remain unsolved. In that sense, all these developments would affect the successful pursuit of the old foreign policy; there may be more hurdles from the Western side and more distrust of India's role.

NEW BOOKS

French Leave: A new novel
by P. G. Wodehouse

Rs. 7-14 as

One Thing and Another by
Hilaire Belloc—A miscellany
from his uncollected Essays

Rs. 7-14 as

Interpretations: Edited by John
Wain. Essays on twelve English
Poems by a new generation of
Critics

Rs. 18-12 as

Ripening Seed. A novel

by Colette

Rs. 7-2 as

The Intelligent Heart. The story
of D. H. Lawrence by Harry
T. Moore

Rs. 18-12 as

The Week-end Book. Edited by
Francis Meynell

Rs. 11-4 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

THE EVER-EXPANDING SECRETARIAT

By M. P.

ONE of the most important problems which the Government of India and the State Governments will have to face will be the reorganisation of the administrative set-up. This will become necessary not only to enable the better implementation of the Second Five-Year Plan, but also because there are other factors which have, independently of other considerations, caused people to complain of the delay and inefficiency of the administration. But while nearly every one knows that Government moves slowly and cumbrously, not many know the reason for it. Ask any Government official about it and he will tell you that the Government can only act in that manner because of the very nature of a government. "Slow-moving" has been almost built into a tradition which is devoutly observed by all the faithful; and, if you are not one of the faithful, you will soon become a convert or you will find yourself outside the pale of this monolithic white elephant called "the administration."

Just how is all this proverbial delay caused? See, for example, what happens when a proposal for the grant of a pension comes to the Finance Ministry (because all proposals involving money must come to it for approval). The sponsoring Ministry may be the Defence Ministry and the case may be the claim of the wife of an airman who died in an accident. Suppose the airman concerned belonged to the ground crew, and died in a plane crash. Do not suppose that the sponsoring Ministry will take action on an appeal as soon as it is received. It may take

anything from a week to a year depending on whether somebody is interested in the matter or not. But this delay will be nothing to what the victim will have to put up with subsequently. Once the case comes to the Finance Ministry, they will want to know many facts which unfortunately might not have been given in the original proposal. When did the accident take place? At night or day? Was the flight on official business? What was its destination? The purpose? Was it authorized? Why was the airman, who was a member of the ground crew, taken on board? Were there not technicians at the airport where the plane was to land? These and many other such questions, relevant and irrelevant, will all be asked, but not at the same time. When explanations are needed, they will be asked for one at a time; each time the file comes back with one set of explanations, another set of queries will be ready. This is the essence of Secretariat procedure—to have as many disposals as possible, but only one out of ten of them will be a final disposal. Why will there not be delay when the object is not to give a decision as early as possible but only to send back the file within the prescribed time-limit? Consider the waste of time and manpower involved in dealing with a single case at least half a dozen times over instead of disposing it off in the first instance.

The object of this procedure is not only to show a large outturn of work where in fact none has been done. There is also a desire to avoid giving a decision, and, if it cannot be avoided, to postpone it for as long as

ANOMALIES IN LAND POLICY

BY BHATTAM SRI RAMA MURTY

CONGRESS in government tells a sad tale of betrayal of its pronounced ideals. The recent decision of the Government of Andhra to allow the highest bidder to acquire the bunjar lands under the project areas, is an instance of gross violation of the avowed policies of the Congress. This decision serves to promote vested interests in the agricultural economy which it is the function of the Land Reforms Committee to eliminate. It is odd that the Government should devote itself simultaneously both for the creation and for the removal of vested interests in the rural economy of the country. From this one cannot help concluding that the Government lacks not only perspective and understanding but also the will to action. The responsibility of the Opposition in the Legislative Assembly has become greater in view of these developments and it is indeed praiseworthy that the Andhra Socialist Party under the leadership of Sri P. V. G. Raju, should decide to lead the people on the issue of bunjar land for the poor.

It may be recalled that the Andhra Assembly unanimously decided in favour of free distribution of all available bunjar lands among landless poor. The decision of the Andhra Cabinet in favour of auctioning these lands, viewed against the background of this resolution, reveals how democracy has fallen on evil days. Disparity between the professions and practice of the ruling party has given rise to angry frustration or helpless passivity. It is high time that the Opposition parties should strive to

lead the mass of the people from the morass of the general sloth and despondency. Action alone can avert the rapid general decay which dries up the channels of popular enthusiasm.

It is surprising that the Congress Government should arrive at the ludicrous position of both eulogising the Bhoodan movement of Acharya Vinoba Bhave day in and day out, and investing rights over large tracts of land in the hands of a few rich persons. It is interesting to note in this connection that some of the Congress dignitaries have recently come to possess hundreds of acres of land under the Thungabhadra project area. That this should happen when the times demand that the responsible individuals concerned in this large scale land acquisition should themselves become fit instruments of social change, is indeed ominous.

The country thus appears to stand on the brink of ideological and cultural collapse. The history of Opposition parties has been so far one of charming the ruling party into graceful benevolence. It is indeed a hopeful augury that at this stage the Socialist Party should emerge with a clear-cut policy combining peaceful demands for constructive change with the necessities of stability. Let it be hoped that the decision of the Andhra Socialist party to take out a procession under its leader Sri P. V. G. Raju and submit a memorandum on the question of free distribution of bunjar lands to Prime Minister Nehru on the occasion of the inauguration of the Nagarjunasagar project will be understood in the correct spirit and that right results will accrue from it.

AMERICAN ESTIMATE OF KHRUSHCHEV

"Flexible, Adaptable, Cunning"

AMERICAN papers are taking keen interest of the visit of Nikita S. Khrushchev and Nikolai A. Bulganin to India. Seldom has there been so much coverage and commentary on something happening on foreign soil. Every newspaper and periodical has come out with editorials—Every major newspaper here has on its staff so-called Russian experts. One of them has the following analysis about the two Russian visitors to India.

Joseph Stalin, even at the height of his power, was afraid to leave Moscow in the hands of subordinates. When he went South for his health, he took elaborate precautions against treachery in the Kremlin, kept in close touch by telephone and had fast transportation ready for use at a moment's notice. His absences from Moscow were kept secret, and he was careful to choose periods of tranquility in international and domestic affairs for his absences.

Yet Nikita S. Khrushchev and Nikolai A. Bulganin dared to go kiting off to India just as the Foreign Ministers' Conference broke up without any agreement and as Soviet arms sales to Egypt enmeshed the Middle East in a grave crisis. The Russian leaders are either very reckless or very sure of themselves.

It is now apparent that Khrushchev is not only the senior partner in the Khrushchev-Bulganin firm but also the dominant figure in the Politburo. While he still isn't an absolute dictator, as Stalin was, he seems to be securely established as the boss.

Khrushchev's rise is an incongruous development in the history of

the Soviet Revolution. Until he actually replaced Premier Georgi M. Malenkov with Bulganin, most Western observers of Soviet affairs never thought he would be able to fill Stalin's boots. Now they are wondering whether he hasn't almost succeeded.

The reason for their earlier scepticism was that Khrushchev was everything they thought a Soviet dictator couldn't be. Stalin had set the pattern and most of the men who aspired to his power conformed to it.

They were secretive, inscrutable, and in their own way, maintained a kind of detached dignity. Their attitudes suggested that they were master conspirators—and they probably assumed these attitudes deliberately.

Khrushchev came out of an entirely different mould. He was an uninhibited extrovert, a sort of Muzhik Babbit. He radiated friendliness and optimism. He didn't seem to have a secret to his name or the ability to keep one if he had it. He was a backslapper. What little dignity he managed to show when sober, deserted him when drunk. He got drunk whenever and wherever he felt like it. The desire overtook him frequently and sometimes in public.

After Stalin, said the experts, the Russian people, much less the Russian leaders, would never take such a clownish figure seriously. They might like him because the Russians like uninhibited people. But they would never respect him. To many Russians, Khrushchev was a mirror of themselves and so the experts reasoned they wouldn't trust him with power.

However, Khrushchev is now the boss and may sometime become the dictator. He probably will install many of his own men in key positions at the twentieth Party Congress, slated for next February, and thus consolidate his power. Whether he got where

he is because of his personality or in spite of it doesn't make much difference. The attribute which seems to account most for his success is guts.

He had the audacity to inaugurate a vast new land and corn development programme to increase Soviet agricultural production and it doesn't seem to bother him too much that the programme, up to now, has failed to accomplish its purpose. He went to Belgrade to court Tito and he didn't seem to mind the taunts his visit inspired abroad and the consternation it created at home. He welcomed the Geneva Conference and lauded the Geneva spirit and didn't bother to apologize to anyone when Foreign Minister Molotov torpedoed all agreements at the latest Geneva Conference.

Some of Krushchev's daring probably derives from his age. He is 61, so he hasn't much more time if he is going to be the new Stalin. The indications are that if he makes it, his policies won't be much different from Stalin's. However, he is more flexible, more adaptable to new situations and new problems.

Whatever his convictions, it would be a mistake to underestimate Krushchev. He is more cunning than he seems or he wouldn't be where he is.—P. G. Krishnayya's *Service*.

A NEW KIND OF RADIO INTERVIEW

AN entirely new kind of radio interview was evolved recently when Robert Gladwell recorded separate interviews with Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson and then amalgamated the two into one BBC broadcast. Both these famous actresses who made their names in the day of the silent screen happened to be in England at the same time and Glad-

well recorded a long interview with each one at her hotel, and took the tapes back to the BBC. There he played them through several times, cut out the "dead wood", interpolated remarks of his own and juggled so skillfully with the material available that the result appeared to be a three-sided conversation.

These two celebrated women, both of whom possess in no small measure what was then called "It" and is now called "glamour" were and are very different and their views on experiences of the early days of film making were full of interest. Mary Pickford was born in 1893 and Gloria Swanson in 1898 and both stressed the fact that, had it not been for their date of birth, they might never have attained the dizzy pinnacles of fame which they reached. Mary's first entrance into stage show business was made at the age of five and when she was fourteen her mother suggested that she should try pictures, since most "legitimate" stage people scorned the cinema and work was to be had for the asking. Gloria, also at fourteen, asked to be shown round a film studio and was offered a job straight away as the company was desperately short of artists. Mary was always associated with "little girl" parts, pathos and sweet femininity, largely because she was a tiny little thing only five feet high, but Gloria began as a comedienne.

When "talkies" revolutionized the cinema technique in 1929 both stars were terrified for, from being accepted in all countries for their beauty and their acting ability, they became, in Miss Pickford's words, "strangers in strange lands because they spoke." Now Mary Pickford has finished with show business for good, although her life is soon to be filmed. Gloria Swanson, on the other hand, is continuing her career with unabated zest, has plans for presenting a musical in London and is shortly beginning a new film in Italy.

KHRUSHCHEV STYLE POWER POLITICS

By ANDREW ROTH

THE West is anxiously seeking an answer to the new Soviet puzzle. It is not Soviet strategy which is surprising. It is rather easy to explain that the Soviets refused to unbend at Geneva over Germany because Moscow can now negotiate directly with both East and West Germany. It is equally easy to understand what is at stake in the world balance of power if recent Soviet visits to India, Burma and Afghanistan and arms shipments to Egypt neutralize Western influences in the whole broad band of uncommitted territories from the Mediterranean to the China Sea.

What has been somewhat surprising to those who follow Soviet policies closely has been the decisive change in the manner in which known Soviet objectives have been executed in the last few weeks. Symptomatic is the recent article of Aneurin Bevan in his organ *Tribune*, entitled: "RUSSIA MUST TAKE HER SHARE OF THE BLAME". Mr. Bevan has had as full an opportunity to discuss international affairs with Soviet leaders as any Western political leader and is no stranger at the Soviet Embassy in London.

But Mr. Bevan has shown himself to be shocked and surprised that Mr. Molotov did not at least make small concessions on East-West contacts at Geneva. "Even the most gloomy prophet did not expect the meeting of the Four Powers to turn out so barren . . . it is difficult to explain this new shift in Russian policy," he told *Tribune's* readers in the first major criticism of Soviet policy he has penned in many a month. "If nothing is now accom-

plished, it will be cynically assumed that nothing was intended, except the fruits of deception."

On November 25, the day Mr. Bevan's article was published, Sir Anthony Eden admitted he was equally puzzled. Most of what happened at Geneva was expected, he admitted. "But I doubt whether you or I will know for many years what caused the more rigid Soviet attitude there. We may never know it."

This British puzzlement is also obvious in the violent zigzags in the reactions of the Foreign Office to speeches made by the Soviet leaders during their amazingly successful tour of India. After attacking Marshal Bulganin's speech to the Indian Parliament with the undiplomatic description of "thoroughly hypocritical" the Foreign Office was comparatively mild with Mr. Khrushchev's more provocative remarks about how the West had sent Germany's troops against the U.S.S.R. It said quite mildly: "British and world opinion will be well able to form its own judgment." Clearly Sir Anthony feared the puzzling Russians might be provoked into abandoning their Spring visit to Britain.

Dropping the "Hand Curtain"

The puzzle in Soviet policy has a fairly simple explanation. Once the Soviet leaders decided at the July "Summit" meeting at Geneva that both sides genuinely feared an H-bomb war, they decided to raise a curtain. But this was not the "Iron Curtain" inhibiting East-West contacts. Rather it was the "Hand Curtain" which has rigorously dominated Soviet Communist policy from the earliest days.

December 10 1955

Soviet Communists have always had the immense advantage of being ambidextrous. The right hand was the official hand of the Soviet State, in formal and official contact with those other States which recognized it. The left hand was that of the national Communist parties within each State, each nominally independent but each careful to sneeze only when the Soviet Union caught cold.

Under Stalin there was a rigid "Hand Curtain"; the right hand was not supposed to know what the left hand was doing. This was because Stalin, no matter what other mistakes he made, particularly in his declining years, was terribly fearful of having the Soviet Union officially associated with acts which others might consider to be provocative.

This "Hand Curtain" limited the activities of the Soviet Union but gave a freer hand to national Communist parties. In the non-Communist world there are any number of conflicts of interests, or as the Communists describe it, "contradictions of capitalism" which Communists can exploit. In the past the Soviet line was to allow local Communists to exploit as many of these "contradictions" as possible while the Soviet Union exploited only those which were comparatively safe.

The conflict between India and Pakistan over Kashmir is an obvious example. By staying aloof except to make it clear that the Soviet Union would consider it a hostile act to have bases open to the U.S. in Kashmir, a freer hand was given to Indian and Pakistani Communists. The Indian Communists could "patriotically" insist that Kashmir should belong to India, insisting (even before Pakistan turned pro-American) that Pakistan had leased bases to the U.S. With equal fervour Pakistani Communists insisted that Pakistan should have Kashmir to keep it out of "imperialist hands."

But suddenly the Soviet leaders,

previously aloof from the Kashmir conflict, asked Pandit Nehru to show them Kashmir, offering to extend their stay by two days. This was but the latest example of the new Soviet willingness to show an official interest in areas of conflict in which a Soviet wedge, at the decisive moment, can immensely increase Soviet influence in the uncommitted portion of the world. The only threat that could possibly influence Pakistan to renounce its new friendship for Western-supported pacts like SEATO and the Baghdad Pact is the possibility that the whole of Soviet support will go to India on the Kashmir question.

The Soviets have already seen the quick dividends which come from exploiting such conflicts in the Middle East. Such conflicts have been there for many years, particularly the rivalry between Egypt and Iraq and the Arab-Israeli conflict. But from early 1946, when Soviet troops were withdrawn under Western pressure from the Azerbaijan area of Persia until the Soviet arms deal with Egypt this past summer, official Soviet policy in the Middle East has been characterized by its cautious abstinence. Stalin himself is said to have assured the late Ernest Bevin that he need never fear Soviet intervention in Egypt.

It cannot be said that Stalin, with a life-long interest in the explosive potentialities of nationalism, neglected his Middle Eastern possibilities from ignorance. It can be assumed, however, that he abstained in the Middle East, despite traditional Russian interest in the area, precisely because he knew how explosive the situation there was. He was interested in having a "friendly" Persia but when, in 1946, it became clear that a pro-Soviet regime in Azerbaijan might provoke conflict with the West, he abandoned the Azerbaijan regime.

The Curtain Drops in Egypt

The decisive change which was announced by the sale of Czech arms

December 10 1955

was that Soviet policy *was now willing to accept the risks implicit in committing itself to support Egypt*. The increase in Soviet influence in the Middle East has been startling, with virtually the whole of the semi-neutralist segment of Arab opinion under Egyptian leadership turning toward the Soviets for arms.

The possibilities for expanding this influence are also immense. The Soviets have only begun to exploit the combination of rivalry with Iraq, resentment of Israel and desire for massive domestic accomplishment which dominates the young Egyptian circle of officers under Col. Nasser. If the Soviets are clever and the West continues to be inept, it is not impossible that a majority of the young officers should be won over to the Communist side and, with it, the premier Arab nation.

But only one aspect of the dangers involved has been adequately canvassed. Widespread fears have been expressed that Egypt will turn its arms against the Israelis, to wipe out the memory of the 1948-9 defeat. Such a conflict could involve the whole Middle East and spread even further.

But the joining together of the Soviet "right hand" of official policy with the "left hand" of local Communist policy has a great implicit danger. It means that now any Communist effort to win power in a country will be treated as an official Soviet effort, with all that means in raising the temperature among Western leaders.

It is only necessary to recall the so-called "Pakistan Conspiracy" of 1950, when a group of pro-Communist senior officers in the Pakistan Army were alleged to have been conspiring to replace the Pakistan Government with a military dictatorship like that of Egypt today, only much more sympathetic to Russia. Even those Western Governments which took the charges of the Pa-

kistan Government literally showed only limited concern because there was no evidence of any direct Soviet link. But if official Soviet policy at the time had been to offer arms to Pakistan not only the Western Governments but probably India itself would have considered this a provocative effort to open the whole Indian Ocean to direct Soviet influence. This might well have altered the whole Nehru policy of "non-alignment" and India's role in the Korean and Indochina wars.

In Egypt the situation is even more volatile. Col. Nasser is generally conceded to be anti-Communist; he accepted Soviet arms largely as a means of winking more arms and economic aid out of the West. But the leanings of some of his subordinates are not so clear. Several are suspected by Western intelligence of being pro-Communist. If a reshuffle, such as that which deposed Gen. Neguib, retired Col. Nasser and brought an alleged pro-Communist to the fore, the incitement which this would offer to even restrained Britons is difficult to exaggerate.

In short, the Soviets, in entering on this more exuberant period of Khrushchev-style power-politics, seem in danger of making the same mistake as Stalin did over Korea. He was assured that the U. S. would not intervene in Korea any more than it had in China and gave the impatient North Koreans the green light.

Now the Soviet leaders appear to have decided at the "summit" talks in Geneva in July that *neither* side will engage in a general H-bomb war. Therefore they seem to feel more free to commit official Soviet support in conflicts of interest which may possibly provoke local conflicts. One should perhaps remind Soviet leaders that the West as a whole is still capable of reacting in fury to what it considers Soviet provocation, as the U. S. did in Korea. And from far off can come H-bombs . . .

THE SOVIET VISIT AND AFTER

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE Soviet statesmen have come and gone. It would be prudent not to miss the significance of the warmth and spontaneity of the public demonstrations and enthusiasm in our country. Nations outside of the Curtain have made no secret of their misgivings if not alarm, at the growing Russo-Indian accord; although it is true to say that it has not been India's own choosing. To a very large extent the attitude of the West towards her has been responsible. One can list a number of circumstances and occasions, each one of them dictated by mistrust and suspicion. India occupies a pivotal place in the comity of nations, as a healer and a constructive peace-maker; but ironically enough, her political problems have not had a fair deal at the international assemblage. On the Kashmir issue, she is still in the dock. Over Goa, and the Nekowal incident, which surprisingly enough has not even been so much as noticed, ominous silence and reticence still prevail. The Czech deal in arms with Egypt has come in for condemnation but not the re-arming of Pakistan. The snap vote against the Indian candidate for the International Court of Justice has also been a significant pointer, not to mention the disabilities of Indian citizens in certain Commonwealth territories. This is however not to suggest that the enormous or even stupendous assistance this country has obtained by the Colombo Plan, buttressed by the financial and technical aid from America, Canada and other countries, and the almost indissoluble ties in the political and cultural field which have been forged in the past, do not outweigh these handicaps. Nevertheless it seems not unlikely that even though India may not walk into the

Soviet parlour, her people may not long remain uninfluenced by the Russian pattern of society or administration script of its regimentations, and liquidations.

The visit or rather the public exuberance over it, has its own lessons to teach both to the governing hierarchy as well as to the principal political organization in the country. The nation waits to be geared up and brought to the level of at least the war-victimized countries like Russia, Japan and Germany. Her economic problems still remain unsolved, and her immense export potential has not yet been fully tapped. Politically the country is receding backwards: inter-State rivalries are gathering momentum. And this is all because first things have not been put first. Whilst every ounce of energy is needed for nation-wide efforts to stamp out poverty, destitution and unemployment and step-up production, what could be more tragic than the cutting up of the Peninsula into tiny unequal bits? And thereby hangs an inconsistency. No measure in recent decades has been devised to promote public weal more than the Hindu Code Bill. Yet its implementation has been in homeopathic doses. Nothing will introduce chaos and disunity in the body politic more than the S.R.C. proposals; still it has been decided to carry them out forthwith, notwithstanding the colossal sums to be spent in that behalf. Even the well meant constitutional safeguard is sought to be bypassed.

The initiative towards a Welfare State has doubtless been well and truly laid. But it may be carrying optimism too far to suggest that the land will flow with milk and honey so soon as the astronomical sums for

the two plans are spent out. There are yet too many hurdles in the way. Conditions both in urban and rural areas are not too good for the middle class and the poor; and things are not what they seem. Public amenities have become luxuries, and public institutions serve the public only to a limited extent, as for instance the postal department with its too few working hours and too many holidays, with a too high tariff. The same applies to transport by road and rail. Housing conditions are definitely bad; and the Socialistic ideal is sought to be applied only to land owners, not house-owners. Efficiency of administration is admittedly at a discount; and economy is not adhered to. As in the previous regime committees and commissions with large and unwieldy personnel seem to be the order of the day even for minor matters. One went about the country recently to report whether university degrees are essential for public services! Justice has been made too costly. At a time of acute housing shortage, a Part B State is spending 130 lakhs for its "Vidhan Sowdha" chamber and approaches, without provoking even so much as a comment in the daily press. The revelations of a Public Service Commission about the performance of first and second class Honours graduates, indicate that our universities have no utility value. In a Socialistic administration there is no place for the local bodies both at the metropolis and the mofussil running a parallel administration at a huge cost with no pretensions to efficiency; yet few have given a thought to it?

In the political sphere, regionalism and communalism have found free scope. The concept of regional domicile so foreign to the Constitution is being promoted assiduously. Recently an instance came to the courts wherein a Part B State levies a "capitation fee" of Rs. 7,500, for

each medical student from the neighbouring States. States after division become inimical almost overnight; discrimination is practised openly.

The Constitution itself has been stripped of its sanctity and three of its fundamental principles have been scrapped. More seem to follow.

If the attitude of the administration is inexplicable, even more so is that of the principal political party. The Congress has chosen to be a party, not an organization; and being so closely identified with the Government it is fast losing its hold on the people and what is more glaring on public opinion too. It has been unable to stem regionalism and communalism which in certain parts of the country have assumed the rigour of *apartheid*. Its main interest seems to converge around elections ranging from panchayat to Parliament and selections from Mayoralty to Ministership. Issues both great and small have not been tackled in a practical or even a pragmatic way. Its attitude towards the S. R. C. proposals, which means the balkanisation of the entire country, is amazing. Recently in Madras a wholly inexpedient legislation for moratorium of agriculturists' debts was pushed through. Opposition to it from well-informed quarters was dismissed as motivated by self-interest by the sponsor, who had however subsequently to plead against its extension on the very ground put forward by the opponents. The curious part of it was that the Congress organisation never worried about it, and adopted a policy of blissful neutrality!

That is the situation in the country today, and those who seek to make it safe for democracy have to ponder over and act betimes lest outside forces come in and make short work of traditions and ideals built up over centuries in the past.

ASIAN CONFERENCE ON KOREA SUGGESTED

MARSHAL KIM II SUNG'S REPLIES TO INDIAN JOURNALIST

"THE Korean people desire an early convocation of a Far Eastern Conference of the countries concerned, as is actively supported by the Indian Government, with a broad participation of Asian countries, and maintain that the Korean question should be discussed at the Conference", declared the Prime Minister of the Democratic Republic of Korea (North Korea), Marshal Kim II Sung, replying to questions put to him by the Indian journalist, Mr. V. V. Prasad.

"Korea's unification must be settled peacefully by the Korean people themselves," said Marshal Kim II Sung. "In other words, a united Central Government of Korea should be set up by general elections throughout North and South Korea based on the expressions of free will of the North and South Korean people; the character of the State regime should also be decided by the will of the Korean people; the use of coercive methods by one side against the other should be precluded."

"In order to achieve this purpose," the Premier of the Democratic People's Republic explained, "a way should be paved for the rapprochement between North and South Korea; there should be agreement reached between, and joint efforts made by, the two parts of Korea; freedom of political activities should be enjoyed by extensive sections of public masses; all foreign forces should be withdrawn from the entire territory of Korea as soon as practicable and the armed forces of North

and South Korea be reduced to the minimum so as to stabilise the armistice in Korea and then to convert it into a durable peace."

Marshal Kim II Sung paid a tribute to "India's peace-loving foreign policy based on the already well-known Five Principles, especially the fact that the Government of India is much concerned with, and spares no effort for, the peaceful settlement of the Korean question." He concluded: "I am deeply impressed with, and have a high regard for, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru's activities as an eminent leader of the Indian people in their struggle for national independence against Colonialism and as an ardent champion for the cause of Peace."

The following answers were given by Marshal Kim II Sung to further questions submitted by Mr. V. V. Prasad:

Question: What are the ways and means by which you propose to secure the unification of Korea?

Answer: This question has already been repeatedly expounded on various occasions.

Recently both international and internal situations have been taking a favourable turn for the peaceful settlement of the Korean problem.

Korea's unification must be settled peacefully by the Korean people themselves. In other words, a united Central Government of Korea should be set up by general elections throughout North and South Korea based on the expression of free will of the North and South Korean

people; the character of the State regime should also be decided by the will of the Korean people; the use of coercive methods by one side against the other should be precluded.

In order to achieve this purpose, a way should be paved for the rapprochement between North and South Korea; there should be agreement reached between, and joint efforts made by, the two parts of Korea; freedom of political activities should be enjoyed by extensive sections of public masses; all foreign forces should be withdrawn from the entire territory of Korea as soon as practicable and the armed forces of North and South Korea be reduced to the minimum so as to stabilize the armistice in Korea and then to convert it into a durable peace.

The Korean people value international correlation in connection with the solution of the Korean question by themselves.

The Korean people desire an early convocation of a Far Eastern Conference of the countries concerned, as is actively supported by the Indian Government, with a broad participation of Asian countries, and maintain that the Korean question should be discussed at the Conference. And they consider it necessary that the countries concerned with the Korean question should strive for its peaceful solution and assume obligations to maintain peace in Korea.

Question: What is the progress in the reconstruction of Korea?

Answer: Since the conclusion of the Korean Armistice Agreement in July 1953, our people have all risen for the speedy rehabilitation of their national economy. The Government of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea mapped out the Three Year Plan for the rehabilitation and development of the national economy in 1954-56, aiming at regaining the pre-war levels of the major branches of the national economy in this

period. At present this Plan is being carried out successfully.

As has already been announced, 230 large, medium and small enterprises in mining, metal, machine-building, chemical, building materials and textile industries as well as in other branches of heavy and light industries have been rebuilt either wholly or partly in the two years of the armistice and are producing manufactures, and some 60 large and medium enterprises fully equipped with modern technique have been newly built and have gone into operation. Machine-building, building materials and textile industries have already exceeded by far the pre-war levels and are putting out new products. During this period, the Government and co-operative bodies have built for workers and office employees dwelling houses with a floor space of about 1,700,000 square metres and this figure will grow further if the number of privately constructed residences is added to it.

Many schools, hospitals and other institutions have been restored or newly built as well, and rural economy is expected in general to be fulfilled or over-fulfilled ahead of schedule.

As regards the principal factors assuring these successes in our reconstruction work:

Firstly, it is because of the noble patriotic enthusiasm displayed by our people in our rehabilitation and construction work as well as of the existence in our country of abundant natural resources;

Secondly, it is because of the tremendous unselfish assistance from the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, Poland, Czechoslovakia, the German Democratic Republic, Hungary and many other friendly nations.

Question: What are the measures of land reform contemplated and achieved by your Government?

Answer: Since Korea was liberated from the colonialist rule of Japan in August 1945, in North Korea land reform was carried out as early as in the spring of 1946 by the popular regime set up by the people. In virtue of the Land Reform Act, lands owned by the Japanese colonialist rulers and their agents, the national traitors, and the landlords who had exploited the peasantry were confiscated and distributed without compensation among the entire peasants, the actual tillers of land, in proportion to the number of their respective family members.

As a result of the land reform, the working peasants of our country received about one million hectares of lands gratuitously. Thus, in North Korea the working peasants have become masters of their lands, and the basis for feudal exploitation of the peasantry has been eliminated.

Since the land reform, peasants' zeal for production in North Korea has much enhanced and their living conditions have been swiftly improved. In the five years or so from the Liberation up to the eve of the recent war, poor peasants grew very few and almost all of them became middle peasants in the rural districts of North Korea. But the war has brought immense sufferings and damages to our farming population.

At present, our peasants are making ardent efforts, with aid rendered by the Government, to build extensive irrigation facilities, to expand cultivated areas and to introduce progressive farming technique and methods, in order to rehabilitate their economy as soon as possible. In this way, agricultural production of our country will regain its pre-war level in the earliest possible time.

Question: What are your plans for the industrialization of your country?

Answer: In view of her rich natural resources, our country has favourable conditions for her industrialization. But in consequence of the colonial status in which she had long remained our country has possessed no adequate industrial groundwork whatever for the development of the national economy.

During the five years after the Liberation, the popular regime had carried out no small measure of industrial construction to develop our national industry. But a greater part of it was also ruined by the war. It will take, therefore, considerable time for the industrialization of our country.

In the Three Year Plan, it is contemplated to make the preparations for laying foundation for our country's future industrialization, while in the period of the Five Year Plan starting in 1957 is contemplated the achievement of the foundation of her industrialization.

Question: What are your impressions of India's foreign policy and of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru?

Answer: The Korean people are following with great satisfaction the enforcement of India's peace-loving foreign policy based on the already well-known Five Principles, especially the fact that the Government of India is much concerned with, and spared no effort for, the peaceful settlement of the Korean question. And our people are expressing their friendly feelings toward the peace-loving Indian people.

I am deeply impressed with, and have a high regard for, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru's activities as an eminent leader of the Indian people in their struggle for national independence against Colonialism and as an ardent champion for the cause of Peace.

PILGRIMAGE TO THE INDUSTRIES FAIR

By R. V. RAGHAVA RAO

IN New Delhi now, all roads lead to the Industries Fair. Not less than a lakh of pilgrims, well dressed ones, some for pleasure and some for profit, visit this new centre, where the new god of the post-war world heavy industry, can be seen in all majesty and splendour. Never has India or Asia witnessed on such a grand scale an exhibition of mechanical industrial precision and skill. Everything is on show from tennis balls to huge transformers and transmission towers. Each country proclaims that its ideal is nothing else but 'peace and prosperity' and then you are shown how they are setting forth to achieve that ideal. The essence of that well-known but not so well realised epigram that "Poverty anywhere is dangerous to prosperity everywhere" seems to be the underlying spiritual force that has motivated this unequalled exhibition of man's endeavour towards a better life in all parts of the world. Exact replicas of multi-purpose projects ushering in a new era of agricultural stability and prosperity are shown in every detail. Whole reproductions of hydro-electric power stations are shown from all over the world. New and intricate and advanced machines of all types from cigarette making to steel making are on display. Each country says "Name the commodity; we shall supply it" or "Name the project; we will build it for you." What India needs today is technical skill to build up heavy industry and that is abundantly in evidence in the Fair.

As one enters the impressive main gate and turns left (if you are in the

habit of following the traffic rules), an enormous stall strikes your eye with the words 'Poland' inscribed on it. We thought that Poland has been wiped off the face of the earth by war as a majority of its people were killed or butchered but as you enter the stall you will notice that the nation is up again right on its feet. They have built up their industry so well that they have much to spare. A bewildering variety of industrial equipment and consumer goods is on show in this stall. It extracts homage to Poland as a heroic nation that has won its place among the industrially advanced countries of the world.

In the United Kingdom stall steel takes pride of place. All stress is laid on British steel. Other items of British industry are spread all over the Fair.

An imposing entrance invites you into the U.S.S.R. pavilion and a life-size statue of Lenin greets you as you enter. Soviet cars, Soviet tractors, Soviet bulldozers and earth-moving equipment, Soviet radios and Soviet television, and Soviet machines to make every thing punctuated with facts and figures that show the gigantic strides that the Soviets are making in industry as well as agriculture are the highlights of the Soviet pavilion.

A pleasant surprise awaits you as you leave this stall. We have heard so much of the progress of West Germany that we have almost forgotten the East. But the pavilion massively built by the German Democratic Republic is one of the most extensive and popular pavilions in the entire exhibition. A long queue

it always wanting to see the fantastic "Planetarium." Interested spectators crowd round the amazing "Glass Man" looking into the working of their own bodies shown in minutest detail in a glass structure. Besides these two features there is everything from glassware to gigantic earth-moving equipment. Though disunited, the two Germanys seem to be making simultaneous progress.

The West German stall is a treat to engineers. It affords you a good look into the Rourkela steel plant that they are building. Intricate items for heavy electrical industry, precision tools, and testing machines are spread over in a large area.

Czech engineering which has already won the admiration of all the industrialists in the world and is now playing a major part in building up Chinese industry can be seen though only in outline in the Czechoslovakia stall. Hungary follows with a pretty huge stall showing its specialities.

Then we come to the palatial U.S. pavilion with its astounding 'Atomics.' Appropriately titled 'Industry serves Man' it shows by means of illustrations and diagrams and in simple non-scientific language to the layman, the principles of atomic energy for peaceful purposes. Working models of atomic power stations, atomic ships and submarines, planes and planet ships, atomic X-Ray plants and atomic equipment to treat various diseases are shown in full working condition. A life size atomic reactor actually producing atomic energy is also there. An amazing exhibition of the radar principle at work is also shown and explained to the visitors. One comes out with the impression that a new era is being ushered into the world in which, provided proper use is made of this unlimited potential energy, famine and pestilence and perhaps poverty itself as we understand it now will be forgotten in the next few generations.

The most pleasing feature about the Fair is the marvellous show put up by Indian industry. It compares favourably both in grandeur and greatness with the best of foreign stalls. The two pavilions appropriately titled "Nav Jeevan or New Life" and the "Five Year Plan" give the visitor a bird's eye view of the tremendous progress India is making in the primary, secondary and tertiary sectors. Consumer goods never before manufactured in India are rolling out of factories not only to satisfy the indigenous demand but also to cater for export markets as well. Complicated machinery demanding superb technical skill, manufacture of which was never before attempted even, is being successfully produced and sold throughout the country, proven by rigorous tests that they are not much behind foreign makes by any standards. Eye-filling costume samples of India's textile industry are everywhere in evidence. Working models of various projects and basic industries started under the Five Year Plan arrest your attention. They indicate that "New Life" for India's teeming millions is not far away.

No description will suffice to portray the greatness and the value of this Fair. It has excelled my wildest expectations. It is like a "Round the World Trip," as educative and less expensive. You see in the Fair the best talent of each country. For those of us who cannot afford a world tour the Fair is by far the most satisfactory substitute.

A visit to the Fair is at once a refreshing diversion, a unique education, a treat to the eye, an asset to business (if you are of the get-ahead type), a substantial addition to one's knowledge of the world, and a rare emotional experience. One does not know what one would have missed until one goes through this exhilarating experience. It is altogether a unique feat, exquisitely executed.

LANGUAGE STUDIES IN SCHOOLS

By S. KRISHNA RAO

THE placid and mechanical routine of Indian school life has undergone a great change after the advent of Independence. Every attempt is being made, especially in the secondary schools, to invest the atmosphere with a sense of patriotism and a spirit of service. Social studies and training in citizenship have become a marked feature of most of the schools. A desire to educate the child not only for employment but also for a vocation is another noticeable feature.

But this is not all. The regional languages that have long been consigned to the background during the British rule, have begun to assert themselves. The common people, who have become politically conscious, are greatly interested not only in the administration of the country and their welfare, but also in world events that eventually affect their lives. They have no longer the patience to learn things indirectly through a foreign medium and are particular that regional languages should be employed in a far larger measure both in administration and instruction. The demand being natural has almost been conceded by every one and it is only a matter of time that they will soon become the medium of administration, and learning in all educational institutions including the universities.

It is recognised at the same time that a free country should have a language of its own to keep together its component parts and through which it can speak to the outside world. Hindi has been chosen to be that language by the Indian Constitution. It is therefore bound to

wield the same influence in the years to come as English does now in all fields of the nation's activity. Children of today who will be our future citizens cannot afford to be ignorant of it. Thus the national language has come to demand its own share of the child's time at school.

Then there is English, which sowed in the altruistic Indian mind a love of national freedom, united the country politically and finally helped us in the establishment of an Independent State. Besides, it has served to liberalise Indian thought and keep us abreast of the world's progress in all directions. It is still the only available medium of instruction in all higher stages of learning such as engineering, medicine, etc., besides continuing to be the basis of all administration in the land. There is a very justifiable apprehension in the minds of many that any hasty attempt to replace it may be injurious to the best interests of the country. It therefore continues to be taught compulsorily in all schools from the secondary stage onwards and in the opinion of some should continue to be so for many more years to come.

There is another aspect of the post-Independence renaissance that has come to the fore. And that is the revival of Sanskrit which has embedded in it the most ancient culture known to man and which has still something original and refreshing to offer to the troubled human spirit of the present day. It is being more and more realised here and elsewhere that Mahatma Gandhi who brought freedom to this land without spilling any blood and Pandit Nehru who is assiduously

working in the cause of world peace are but symbols of the spiritual glory built and preserved through ages in that language. Besides, it is the oldest bond that has kept the Indian people together amidst a variety of other languages, and against foreign invasions and under foreign rule extending over hundreds of years. It is also the mother of all Indian languages; and how can the latter come to their own in the present setup without adequate attention being paid to the former? Should not Sanskrit therefore find a secure place in the curriculum of studies of schools and colleges?

Besides these languages there are the languages of the minorities like the Muslims and those living in bilingual and multilingual areas.

All these should be accommodated in the scheme of studies at school. It is not enough if they are merely included in the curricula. To those who have worked hard at them or developed a strong sentiment in their favour, there is no satisfaction unless they are compulsorily taught to all children. The State Governments have therefore found it hard, if not impossible, to balance their claims and give each of them a place in the curriculum of studies in schools agreeable to all.

There is no doubt that the problem is difficult of solution. For one thing, the study of any language should be purposeful. If the child does not have opportunities in the future to use that language the time and money spent upon it both by the State and the parent would be a waste. Secondly the knowledge acquired of the language should be adequate to enable the child to use it at will and with ease when he grows up. This does not happen unless it is learnt over long periods and much attention is paid not only to its learning. For every language has its own peculiar forms and rules. Some of the languages are absolutely lawless with regard to their pro-

nunciation and spelling, which makes their learning more difficult for children. If anyone looks back on his younger days at school or later years, and recounts to himself the slow and often tortuous process of getting acquainted with the technique of a language, its vocabulary and idiom, how often he would have referred to the dictionary or books on grammar and how many books he would have read to become familiar with its usage, he would not say that it is an easy task to learn a language. Nor would he complain that, when children have to study three or four languages at a time, the standards reached by them in those languages are not up to the mark.

It should not be forgotten at the same time that the school curriculum does not consist of languages only. There are subjects like mathematics and science that cause much mental strain to the child. There are a few children no doubt who can manage quite a few languages along with the other subjects at the same time. But their number is severely limited.

Again the capacity of children for learning is not the same and their tastes differ widely. The presumption that all children learn at the same rate covering the same course in the same length of time and that in their case what is sauce for the gander is also sauce for the goose is perhaps the most overlooked fallacy over which our educational edifice is built. As a result, out of a hundred that join a school in the first form hardly twenty complete their S.S.L.C. course successfully and often if they are weak in a subject, they continue to be so till the very end. One can imagine the endless waste of private and public money that this involves and the despondency into which many children are thrown by the time they leave the school. This is of course partly unavoidable in any scheme of mass education as one cannot give a separate time-table for each child and a

separate group of subjects to suit his tastes. But every attempt should be made to come nearer to the child's needs and minimise wastage by limiting the number of subjects to be learnt to the minimum and by providing ample choice for the exercise of his varied talents.

While that is the case for the child, will it be wise to ask him to learn three or four languages compulsorily at school as popular enthusiasm demands? What is the percentage of population that have opportunity to use the different languages other than their mother tongue in their later lives? After two hundred years of systematic propagation of English hardly two or three percent use it well or have need to use it at all. Even in the heyday of Sanskrit learning Hanuman decided after great deliberation to speak to Sita in Prakrit instead of Sanskrit as the latter was known only to a few pandits. When Hindi gets established as the national language it is doubtful if it would gain a much larger allegiance in non-Hindi speaking areas than what English commands today. Neither is it beneficial to those languages if they are taught to pupils who do not need them nor have a taste for them; for that will only serve to pull down their standards.

There need be no apprehension that these languages will disappear from the Indian soil if they are not taught compulsorily in schools. English and Sanskrit have earned their place in the Indian hearts and will continue to inspire even though they are not taught compulsorily. The few that learn and cultivate them by choice will keep their torch burning brighter for ever in future than those who learn them compulsorily. As for Hindi, its importance *vis a vis* the other languages will have to be judg-

ed in coming years when the regional languages will come into their own.

Dispassion and foresight have to play a greater part in organising the study of languages than enthusiasm. A scheme like the following is suggested for consideration:

(i) In all stages of education, the regional language (or mother tongue) shall be the medium of instruction and also a compulsory subject of study.

(ii) In the junior basic stage, the mother tongue shall be the only language taught.

(iii) In the senior basic stage or the middle school, provision shall be made for the teaching of Hindi, Sanskrit, English, and another Indian language (especially in bilingual or multi-lingual areas) as well and the child be given the choice of learning any one of them.

(iv) In the high school and the higher secondary school stage, a pupil may continue the language he has chosen in the middle school or drop it and select another from the list. (Provision in the time-table should be made to start the teaching of these languages afresh to accommodate the latter type of pupils. The examinations at the end of the courses will also be different for pupils who start studying them from the middle school level and from the high school level.)

(v) Nothing should prevent a pupil from studying a third language if he feels equal to it.

The test of the popularity of a language or the opportunities for employment it will hold out can be judged from the numbers that join these sections and any alterations found necessary in the scheme may be made accordingly in due course.

ANCIENT IRISH ART AND MODERN TRENDS

By BARNETT. D. GONLAN

PARIS. Since the opening years of the century great progress has been made in archaeology and the exploring of the past. The early historic world has been gradually pushed back in direction of prehistoric periods and fresh traces are being discovered every year which throw light on the origins of a variety of cultures.

The Irish art tradition, which, to some extent, had been ignored or overlooked in previous centuries has, in recent years, aroused a growing interest, not only in Ireland itself, but on the Continent. The lectures given at the College de France in Paris by the remarkable art historian Prof. Rene Huyghe, and which are being resumed this month have done much to focus attention on the original character of Mediaeval Irish art.

Even more interesting, perhaps, is the gradual discovery, in our time, of a prehistoric Ireland, that once possessed an important culture. Hitherto the island had been looked upon as a sort of English colony with a Roman Catholic tradition. To the vast majority Ireland was the land of St. Patrick who had converted it to Christianity and its real history only began after this conversion. Towards the end of the nineteenth century, however, a group of poets and writers began to discover what was then termed, pagan Ireland, although they relied very largely on their imagination and intuition.

In this they were greatly encouraged by the writings of Standish O'Grady who in 1892 showed that Ireland had had her own gods and a succession of kings long before England even existed. W. B. Yeats,

Douglas Hyde, and A.E. were largely responsible for this break with the present and return to a far off past. It was now recognized that Ireland had been in possession of a highly artistic culture at least two thousand years B.C. The patterns on the great threshold stone at New Grange and the delicate tracing on the gold ornaments of this period show that Irish art at that time was superior to the art of the Continent.

At this early epoch the country would seem to have been closely connected with Spain and the Mediterranean rather than with England. The first settlers or invaders the Milesians came from Spain, and there was much in the art of this early bronze age that is oriental. Quite a number of discoveries have been made, in the last few years, that throw light on this period. A number of new finds were made last summer at Tara of the Kings, which in prehistoric times, was the capital and residence of the ancient Irish monarchs. Objects in amber, jet and bronze and beads of blue faience which date definitely to 1400 B.C. show that the country must have had regular contacts with Egypt, Mesopotamia and Crete. Along with these were fragments of bronze-age pottery which go back twenty centuries and it is anticipated that when the digging starts again, even earlier periods are likely to be revealed. Only in the last few months a collection of gold ornaments was discovered at Downpatrick in North Ireland. For the most part they consist of gold sun discs or flat crescent shaped ornaments known as lunulae. The influence of these sun discs has been

found in the art of Mycenae and that of Crete. This would seem to show that Ireland, at that time, was quite rich in gold mines, indeed a sort of Eldorado, if one can judge from the widespread use of gold all over the country. This epoch of high class goldsmithing and artistic achievement, which goes back to the early bronze age, eventually declined as it did everywhere else on the continent, and it is not until we come to the historic period, after the conversion of the country to Christianity that we again meet with art that is outstanding.

During the 7th and 8th centuries A.D. under the impetus given by her great saints Patrick and Columcille Ireland began to export her own version of Christianity to Scotland, North England, and even to Italy. Art at that period was to be found mostly in the scriptoria of the monasteries which produced the illuminated gospels of the time.

These decorations of the evangelists carried out by the monks in the different foundations are masterpieces of illumination.

In the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow, the Book of Lindisfarne and the Book of Armagh the intricate arabesques with elongated animals, coloured ribbons, spirals and interlacings of all sorts, woven in an exu-

berant baroque style form one of the most dynamic arts of any period. Like all Irish art it is definitely abstract, for the Irish draughtsman, even from prehistoric times, would appear to have had an innate dislike to all forms of realism. By a 'tour-de-force' which is almost miraculous he avoids all that is real, conventional or symmetrical. And so he came to achieve what was known as: "the most fastidious and subtle system of decoration the world has ever seen."

In these magnificent illuminations that often recall the intricate arabesques of the Mohammedan mosque, there is a protean spirit of metamorphosis and transformism that has something magic. There is also much to recall the art of the steppe or those early Chinese bronzes that have so recently fascinated the western art world.

And then, the modern trend of abstraction may also find much to stimulate it in the Irish tradition although the two forms of abstraction differ widely, the Irish being organic, whereas modern abstract art is largely intellectual and mechanical.

Moreover, if the history of contemporary abstract art is a matter of fifty years, Irish art, on the other hand, is rooted in a tradition that goes back almost fifty centuries-

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R
E
G
D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

Books and writers

KIPLING'S DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

DR. M. Ruthnaswamy has remarked in his slender book on Indian history that it was characteristic of British rule that it should have produced Kipling's Departmental Ditties as it was characteristic of Portuguese rule that it should have produced Camoens's *Luciad*. Leaving aside the attempted whitewashing of the early Portuguese regime in India—implied in the above remark, the underlying literary judgement cannot find much favour with the present generation of English readers. To those who have learnt to admire the poetry of Eliot as well as his devastating criticism of Milton, the relative merits of Kipling's and Camoens's poetry would appear to be the reverse of what they seemed to an earlier generation.

The Departmental Ditties of Rudyard Kipling were the first published collection of his poems. Kipling joined the *Civil and Military Gazette of India* in 1882. The owners of the paper also owned the *Pioneer* of Allahabad, and Kipling was transferred to enliven this paper in 1887. In both papers, Kipling wrote quite a bit of light verse and a few short stories. Both the papers on which he served were very closely associated with British officialdom. The *Civil and Military Gazette* especially declared its objective to be the interests of the Services, particularly the Armed Services, while the *Pioneer* was for long the British Civil Servant's paper, first with every bit of official news, and a paper to which the highest Civil Servants contribut-

ed. Kipling knew all that was worth knowing about the ways of the British bureaucracy in India. Only he did not share their admiration for themselves. The flippant way in which he treated official news while he was on the staff of the *Pioneer* was the despair of his employers, and to get him out of mischief's way, they sent him out on a tour.

Kipling's Departmental Ditties were published in 1885 by himself, at a time when his impish pen had just gathered enough material from the incidents of British official life in India. Kipling continued to write verse on this subject even later, but they did not attain the same level of absolute impishness that the Ditties did. Kipling's poetry employs caricature, but it is founded on solid facts. Kipling knew more about officialdom than any other writer, and he had probably the least respect for its foibles. His 'whiteman's burden' was a much later conception.

There are two poems indicating the way in which the Anglo-Indian Press got a monopoly of Government's secrets. There is a third which is indirectly related to the same subject. The first of these 'Delilah,' discreetly begins with a couplet saying that the days of Delilah Aberysmith and depraved Ulysses Gunne are gone and we have another Viceroy now. Delilah 'not too young' and 'with a badly blitted tongue' was married to a 'gentleman in power' and was acquainted 'with the gossip of the hour.' She patronized a man Ulysses Gunne who wrote for certain papers which, as everybody knows,

Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.'

He praised 'her queenly beauty' and 'vastness of intellect'. One day they brewed a financial secret and Delilah learnt it from an aged Councillor. Ulysses after careful preparation went riding with Delilah and at last got the secret:

"Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all important news.

Next week, the aged Councillor was shaking in his shoes."

There was however another way through which British officials fought their Departmental battles in the Press. 'The man who could write' deals with a Civil Servant, Boanerges Blitzen, who thought that he could rise high through his pen. Never were a civilian's prospects so bright. 'Till an Indian paper found that he could write! Blitzen 'quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth' and made his seniors squirm. But at last he found that 'promotion didn't come to him' and weekly reprimands were his lot.

These two stories are confirmed by other incidents related by officials themselves. The Home Department circular of 1875 and the Official Secrets Act of 1889, tried to alter the conditions. As time passed, even the Anglo-Indian Press was less interested in official gossip and wrangling. Kipling's poems however give us a true picture of the eighties and nineties of the last century.

The third poem relating to the same subject, entitled the Code of Morals, deals with young Jones who left his newly wed bride when he was posted on the Afghan border. He had taught her the Code and flashed her messages morning and evening, particularly warning her against a General as the 'most immoral man'. One afternoon, the old General himself was passing that way with some of his colleagues and tapped the wire. To his dismay the message described him as the most immoral man.

The poems dealing with official

promotion are more flippant. They cannot lead us to infer a general trend of promotion by favouritism, but that in officialdom of those days, there was favouritism, particularly since a self-important bureaucracy refused to think of any concurrent authority like the Public Service Commission. There is Potephar Gubbins, who 'is as certain as certain can be of a highly paid post which is claimed by a host of seniors' because of his wife Mehitabel Lee. There is Ahaseurus Jenkins who avoided a troublesome job and got a sinecure because he warbled at Cornella Agripina who 'controlled a humble husband who in turn controlled a Dept'. Kipling says in his introductory poem that

'Ere they hewed the sphinx's visage
Favouritism governed kissage
Even as it does now.'

There are a few other poems in the same strain; one of Jack Bennett who was transferred to Quetta and who died there, whose wife stopped mourning all too quickly; another of clever Sleary who got a job on the Bombay side by getting engaged to Minnie, daughter of Judge Boffkins and then affecting to have fainting fits escaped the engagement and married Carrie of his choice; and a third on how an engineer was paid to keep quiet, to keep a place the preserve of one old school tie.

The references to the self-importance of the bureaucracy and its patriarchal attitudes are both true and pointed. The poem 'The Last Department' has many quotable phrases. For example, Death is the 'Eternal Settlement' where appeals are no more reversed and nobody records 'minutes of dissent'; It is 'the last Department where nor fraud nor fools

Nor grade nor greed shall trouble us again'.

The typical self-important bureaucrat, however, muses:

"Twelve hundred million men are spread

About this earth and I and you
Wonder when you and I are dead,
'What will these luckless millions do?'

But 'a breath of wind or a border
bullet's flight' will put an end to him.
The poem ends with the lines:

"Trust me. Today's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place
or mine."

'The Masque of Plenty' is another
long poem. The Indian Government
sent a committee to enquire into the
economic condition of the country
and found that it was good. The
Masque deals with this through the
medium of a musical farce. The
hired band sings:

"We eat our proper rations
In spite of inundations,
Malarial Exhalations
And casual starvations."

The 'Chorus of Crystallized Facts'
describes the bureaucrat's coming as
follows:

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the rule of the State
Men with a pair of shears
Men with an Estimate—"

The Indian is described quite truly as
'the Much Administered Man', a
description truer today than it was
fifty years ago.

According to Kipling the bureau-
crat has not changed during all these
centuries. There was swindling and
embezzling of public money in con-
tracts and there was nepotism and
fraud. Now as ever is the official
sinning. The last two stanzas of his
'General Summary' run thus:

"Who shall doubt the secret hid
under Cheop's pyramid
Was that the contractors did
cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
to controller of supplies
Was a fraud of a monstrous size
on King Pharaoh's smart civilians?

Thus the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning
Is today official sinning,
And shall be for ever more."

No wonder Kipling was the despair of
the sedate paternalistic bureaucracy
and the owners of the *Pioneer*. He
saw them as they could not see
themselves and as many talented
Indians could not see them, being
kept out of bureaucracy's charmed
circle. What he saw was not only
grisly for his poetic mill—it is a sound
factual report on British bureau-
cracy with a sting.

"GREAT BOOKS" PROGRAMME

By H. B. GARLAND

A reporter for the Boston daily
newspaper, the *Christian Science
Monitor*, recently came across a
remarkable scene as he was driving
through the farm region of the State
of New Hampshire. It was not un-
usual to see a farmer driving a trac-
tor which cut long furrows in the
ground. But the man—while guid-
ing the tractor—was also reading a
book.

This figure of the farmer reading a
book as he ploughed the field fasci-
nated the reporter from Boston. He
stopped his car, got out, and spoke
to the man. He discovered that he
belonged to a group in his area which
was interested in the "Great Books"
programme. The book he was read-
ing was Plato's "Republic."

The "Great Books" programme,
which occupies a unique place in
adult education in the United States,
includes those books in which much
of the world's thought, religion and
philosophy have their roots. In the
first year of the course one reads
works by Plato, Sophocles, Plutarch,
Machiavelli, Shakespeare, Milton,
Thoreau, Tolstoy and others—altogether
16 books. Readings for the
advanced courses include works by
Homer, Lao-tse, St. Augustine,
Spinoza, Darwin, Dante, Montaigne,
Confucius, Kant, Rousseau, Goethe,

Melville, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche,
Freud, Dostoevski and the Bhagavad
Gita and the Old and New Testa-
ment.

The "Great Books" programme
began in France, where an Ameri-
can university professor, John Ers-
kine, headed an American study
centre at Dijon during the first World
War. For young soldiers whose edu-
cation had been interrupted by the
war, for others whom participation
in war had made thoughtful, and
for still others whose interest in the
origins of their culture had increased
—Prof. Erskine drew up his list of
the "Great Books". When he
returned to Columbia University in
New York after the war, he persua-
ded the faculty to establish a two-
year course for exceptional students
who would participate in informal
seminar discussions of the selected
books on his list.

Inevitably, the next step was the
formation of groups of adult laymen
who met in one another's homes or
in neighbourhood public schools to
discuss the great books. A conser-
vative estimate is that no fewer than
25,000 adults will this winter partici-
pate in such discussions.

Typical groups who participate in
the "Great Books" programme are
about 75 percent college-trained, but
include members who never went to
college at all. The participants
come from various occupations,
including housewives, doctors, fac-
tory workers, farmers, secretaries
and engineers.

VIOLENT STREETS. By Dale Kramer. A
Signet Book. *The New American
Library*, New York, 25 cents.

THIS book is not fiction, though it
pretends to be a story about a
non-existent girl called Candy Sweet.
Dale Kramer's purpose in *Violent
Streets* is to draw public attention to
delinquent adolescence in the cities
of America. To take the metropolis
of New York, the rise in cases of

juvenile crime and drug-addiction in
1954 is 52.7% over the figures for
1953. Narcotics have made incredible
inroads into the life of teen-agers.
Since heroin is costly, an addict has
to take to dope-peddling and/or other
forms of crime to pay for the daily
doses he cannot do without, and each
convert brings new converts into the
vicious ring. Sometimes even non-
addicts take to peddling dope,
because there is a lot of money to be
made by it without exertion and in
little time. Doc Slason in the book
has his own abominable method of
drawing helpless girls into the trade.

As if dope were not bad enough,
there are recklessly violent gangs
among teen-agers nurtured on
horror-comics and false notions of
courage, who fight among themselves
with zip-guns and switchblades and
with or without provocation. Since
these boys and the girls who are
their hangers-on frequently get into
trouble, they are just jam for the
drug traffickers, who "fix" their par-
ticular trouble for them in return for
passing their dope.

Mr. Kramer takes us through a
year or two of the lives of Sweet
Candy and her friends to show how
drugs and crime flourish in such
favourable conditions as the ener-
getic and misdirected teenagers provide.
Candy is convicted of dope-peddling
and ends up in the Women's House
of Detention, with a prostitute for a
cell-mate, but her story has a happy
ending. A social worker takes her
under her wing, and helps her and
her boyfriend (who has also got on
the wrong side of the law by this
time) to turn over a new leaf in their
lives and begin again as honest mem-
bers of society.

The veil of fiction over this docu-
mentary effort is thin, but Mr. Kra-
mer's purpose is not to write a novel.
It is to create public awareness of
the causes and nature of juvenile
delinquency.

M.P.B.

ALLERGIES: NEW FIELD FOR HEALERS

By ROSS HARKNESS

To a profession like medicine which is already speciality ridden a new refinement has been added by way of allergy and the search for allergenics. Patients who narrowly escape being operated for brain tumors when all that they are suffering from is the ill-effect of food-stuffs which do not agree with them, priests who do not like the smell of grapes, girls who get rashes at the sight of chocolates are common in America now. In this article these and many other such interesting cases of allergies are narrated.

AFTER eight years of happily married life Ebenezer Smith suddenly began developing a rash every time he kissed his wife. To make matters worse, when Mrs. Smith would doll herself up for a gay evening, or for a dinner out, Mr. Smith would be so overcome with nausea, vertigo and a pain in the neck that at times he was unable to back the car from the driveway.

At last in desperation he sought the advice of the family physician. "I have become allergic to my wife," he moaned.

"More likely allergic to something she is wearing," the physician retorted, and sent them both to an allergist, a medical specialist in the treatment of allergies.

Sure enough, at the first interview the allergist discovered that Mrs. Smith had gone to a beautician for advice on how to hide the ravages of advancing age (she had found a gray hair one morning) and the beautician had sold her a complete kit of new cosmetics. She had also seized the chance to sell Mrs. Smith a perfume guaranteed to rekindle the embers of her husband's cooling ardour. The perfume made friend husband dizzy all right, but not with ardour. He was allergic to some of the volatile oils it contained. He

was also allergic to something in the new lipstick. When Mrs. Smith returned to the use of her old cosmetics happiness was restored to the household.

Ebenezer Smith is a fictitious name but he is a very real person, and his true experience is just one of the hundreds of queer examples of allergies doctors have reported for the further education of their colleagues.

An allergy is a sensitivity on the part of an individual to some substance breathed, or touched, or eaten that most people find quite harmless. Hay fever, for example, results from an allergy to certain pollens. And nearly everybody has found there is some food that disagrees with him. Indeed, doctors are beginning to wonder if many of the inexplicable ailments that afflict mankind, and that seem to yield to no ordinary treatments, have not an allergic origin.

By way of illustration they tell the story of a 17-year-old boy who nearly died because he had macaroni and cheese every Friday. When brought to a hospital clinic by his parents he looked like a 12-year-old suffering from malnutrition, sickly, pale and asthmatic, his skin as scaly as an alligator's. He had been hospitalized several times, and was

once so sick with asthma he had to be given oxygen.

Doctors by the dozen had submitted him to every conceivable test, but had been unable to get to the root of his trouble. The clue that broke the case came when he remarked that he always felt worst on the day he came to the clinic, which was a Friday. Inquiry revealed that Friday was a meatless day in his home, so they always had a cheese dish. Within a year after cheese was eliminated from his diet he had grown five inches, gained 12 pounds, and all symptoms but a slight amount of asthma had disappeared.

Even Milk a Culprit

Milk is a frequent food criminal and Dr. William Kaufman, of Bridgeport, tells of the desperate plight of a patient who crawled into his office one day after another allergist, following exhaustive treatments, had informed him: "I can do nothing more for you, you are allergic to yourself." He had such a bad case of the sniffles, with running eyes, coughing and spitting, that his wife and daughter would have nothing to do with him because he was so "disgusting."

Dr. Kaufman discovered that every afternoon the patient went to the corner drug store for a chocolate malted pick-me-up. Tests showed he was allergic to both chocolate and milk. When he eliminated them from his diet his trouble cleared up entirely.

Milk, explains Dr. Kaufman, is a "security food" and it is not unusual for people under stress to go on a "milk binge." One of his patients, a wealthy businessman, used to suffer excruciating agony for several weeks before income tax deadline, and was once hospitalized on suspicion of having a peptic ulcer. It was learned that he rarely drank milk, but when worried over income tax payments he would drink a glass or two at every meal. Unknown to

himself he was allergic to milk, hence his trouble.

The illness of many a pale and sickly child has been traced to a milk allergy, proving once again the truth of the old saying that one man's meat is another man's poison.

The most common allergenic foods, that is, those "generating" an allergic reaction, are milk, eggs, chocolate, nuts, fish, cottonseed, wheat, buckwheat, corn, pork, celery, peas, sweet potato, chicken and honey, but almost any food may be allergenic to certain persons. Oddly enough, smart people who can't eat cornflakes or corn starch pudding can use cooking oil derived from corn, and people who can't eat peanuts are safe with peanut oil.

For instance, Dr. Eathan Allan Brown of Boston relates the baffling case of the 31-year-old priest who gets a runny nose every time he celebrates Mass. He is allergic to communion wine, in fact to grapes in any form but it was years before the cause of his asthma, hacking cough, constantly "stuffed" nose, and frequent headaches was suspected. Allergists were baffled since no change whatever was noted when different foods were withdrawn from his diet, simply because it wasn't what he consumed as "food" that caused the trouble. And since he celebrated Mass every morning, which for a Roman Catholic priest involves partaking of consecrated bread and wine, he was subjected to the allergenic agent every day of the year without the "break" that sometimes points to the clue.

The cause was not discovered until he was starved, given no food whatever for several days. Then he complained that he felt worst just after Mass. Treatment has been successful in reducing the symptoms to not much more than a "cold in the head" for a few hours after each partaking of wine.

Dr. Kaufman tells of a young lady who had two suitors, a fat boy and a thin boy. She liked the thin boy best, but every time he visited her she broke out in hives. "What can I do?" she wailed. "I want to marry him but I can't go through life with the hives." Inquiry revealed that the thin boy always brought her a gift of chocolates, which they munched together, but the fat suitor, more calory-conscious, brought flowers. When the thin suitor switched to flowers as an offering the hives appeared no more. Today they are married and presumably will live happily ever after in a chocolate-free household.

The young lady's fear of being allergic to her suitor is not as far-fetched as it may seem. One young woman, in fact, had to leave home because she was allergic to her sister's dandruff. However, such personal allergies usually have an emotional basis, like the woman who gets eczema every time a mother-in-law she doesn't like visits her.

Hives Saved Operation

A young matron sought help of an allergist because, she said, she had suddenly become allergic to house dust. The allergist traced the onset of the symptoms to one day when she was cleaning the attic and came across a bundle of love letters to her husband from an old girl friend, carefully tied in ribbon and secreted in a trunk. She blamed the dust in the attic for the "stuffed head" she got. As she went about her housework the next few weeks, this cherishing by her husband of old love letters from another rankled in her subconscious mind, causing her eyes to water and her nose to run. Since she wasn't consciously thinking of the letters she blamed dust.

After the husband burned the letters in a dramatic renunciation of the old love she was completely cured.

Dr. I. S. Kahn of San Antonio, Texas, tells of a young woman who was saved from a serious brain operation by an attack of hives. She had suffered terrific headaches, dizziness and other symptoms of brain tumor, and at last surgeons scheduled an exploratory operation. Two days before the operation, however, she broke out in hives and Dr. Kahn was called into consultation. Since drastic action seemed demanded, he ordered withholding of all food to clear up the hives. To everybody's astonishment, not only the hives but the brain symptoms vanished, and within a week she was a normal, healthy, but awfully hungry young woman.

"She was," said Dr. Kahn, "a simple wheat cereal case." As long as she doesn't eat anything made from wheat flour she has no trouble.

Not so fortunate was the man who was rushed to hospital for an emergency operation for acute appendicitis. When he was opened up the surgeon found nothing wrong with his appendix, but other organs showed signs of irritation that might have an allergenic origin. Inquiry revealed he had eaten a big meal of fish just before the attack, and tests revealed he was acutely allergic to fish.

Many times a food allergy simulates appendicitis. Just as often it is the cause of what appears to be arthritis or rheumatism. A woman of 44, for example, suffered excruciating pains in the left hip. She was treated with everything under the sun, and apparently for nearly everything including varicose veins, but rebelled when as a last resort a hysterectomy was recommended. On her own account she consulted an allergist, who quickly traced the trouble to eggs. When she quit eating eggs she was pain-free for three years, then the trouble reappeared. This second time the criminal proved to be grapefruit.

A woman pattern cutter in a clothing factory found that after her

employer instituted a morning coffee break she felt more tired and achey than ever after the brief rest. Worse still, she developed painful arthritis in her fingers. It was discovered that instead of a cup of coffee, which bothered her nerves she had hot chocolate. She had never eaten enough chocolate before to learn she was allergic to it.

One of the interesting lines of research allergists are now pursuing is the immunization of people against insect stings, for the itching and pain suffered from a sting is really an allergic reaction. It is now possible to desensitize most people to bee and wasp stings, and the odd thing is that these insects seem to lose all interest in desensitized people and go elsewhere for fun or food. On the other hand, people who are extremely allergic to insect bites seem to attract them. Allergists are working on a serum they hope will make a human permanently repulsive to mosquitoes.

One experimenter, observing that a desensitized person repels bees, gave his dog a few shots of serum. The flees it harboured promptly took off for a more palatable host to which they were not allergic.

Ants Suspended Hay Fever

Some persons apparently are sensitive to the mere touch of an insect, or the dust of its dried remains in the air. By accident it was discovered that cockroaches are allergenic to some. On the other hand, there is the man whose hay fever cleared up for 18 months after he was bitten three times by ants on a picnic.

Hay fever is perhaps the most familiar type of allergic reaction. It is caused by pollens. But Dr. Waldbott of Detroit tells of a dentist friend who got hives every time he played golf. It was found his skin was allergic to pollens of some grasses on the fairway.

A Texas doctor recounts the amusing case of a Mexican bookkeeper who got hay fever though he lived in Ramos Arizpe, 5,000 feet above sea level and pollen-free. The doctor found the patient's wife hadn't been feeling well and got some herbs from a native herb doctor from which to make a tea. The woman had stored her precious herbs under the bed.

Tobacco is a frequent offender. Often it is held responsible for asthma, which it always aggravates, but there is a labourer who swears he

INDO COMMERCIAL BANK LTD.

(Estd.: 1932)

Sir A. RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR, K.C.S.I., D.C.L. (Oxon)
(Chairman)

Offices in Madras City:
Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose Road: Triplicane;
Mylapore & Theagarayanagar.

Branches:
Ambasamudram, Ambur (N. A. Dt.), Chidambaram, Cuddalore, Erode, Kancheepuram, Karaikudi, Kumbakonam, Mathurai, Mayuram, Palghat, Pudukottah, Ramnad, Sirkali, Tanjore, Tenkasi, Tirunelveli Town, Tiruchirappalli, Vellore, Vijayapuram, Villupuram and Virudhunagar.

S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

was cured of cancer of the throat when he stopped chewing tobacco. Of course, he never had cancer, but the irritation to the throat caused by tobacco resulted in sores which resembled cancer.

Then there was the woman who began to suffer excruciating abdominal pains shortly after moving into a new home. Everything from gall bladder to cancer was suspected. Actually it was the paint on the walls, one of the newer plastic base kinds. After the paint was stripped off and the walls papered, she was all right. Allergies to the newer plastics and synthetics are not unusual, since many of them have a petroleum base which is irritating to some people.

"A person living today has a great many more chances to gain an allergy than did our ancestors," wrote Dr. Lawrence J. Halpin of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. "This results from the industrialization of the country and the production of new substances. Industry has brought us into contact with many solvents, resins, oils and metals to which the cells do become allergic."

NEW ERA OF SUGAR CHEMISTRY

CLOTHES, plastics, soaps and many other articles may soon be made of ordinary sugar combined with other substances, according to the United States Sugar Research Foundation.

"If we have our way," says Dr. H. B. Hass, president of the foundation, "one day you will wear sugar, wash with sugar, use sugar in plastics and paints, spray it on your plants, feed it to your animals and well—eat sugar, too."

Sugar, combined with fat to form a new chemical compound, can be used

to make soap. Ordinary sugar is also the starting material for a whole new group of detergents or cleansing agents, which are said to be odourless and efficient in both hard and soft water.

These sugar-soaps and sugar-detergents are already being made in laboratories, and it is expected that some of them will be placed on the market before the end of 1955.

They will, it is predicted, usher in the era of sugar-chemistry, or as the chemists say, sucro-chemistry.

"Among the products and processes mentioned so far as prospective outlets for sugar compounds are shampoos, detergents, tooth pastes, chocolate beverages, emulsified salad dressings, dehydrated foods, bread softeners, cake mixes, cosmetics, perfumes, secondary oil recovery from oil wells, livestock feeds and poultry feeds," says Dr. Hass.

To make the new products that have sugar as their starting material, scientists don't just toss together sugar and some other substance. The sugar compounds are combined with other substances in complex chemical processes.

Universities and other research groups in many parts of the United States are carrying on extensive research programmes on sugar and its new potential uses. Prof. Phillip Skell, of Pennsylvania State University, has used a sugar compound as an ingredient in making a new hosiery fibre. Prof. L. D. Hayward, at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, is studying vinyl derivatives of sugar with the idea of some day making plastic raincoats from them.

There is so much promise of sugar as a base for making plastics that the Sugar Research Foundation has made a grant to further this development at the Bjorkson Research Laboratories at Madison, Wisconsin.

... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

I HEARD A. I. R.'s music festival broadcasts in November (Radio Sangeet Sammelan) as they should be heard, not listening to them critically from beginning to end from the comfort of my easy-chair, nor picking and choosing my programmes. I heard them in snatches and bits, in the homes of others, in hotels (I often wonder if A.I.R. realises what devoted support and publicity it gets from our eating-houses), even in the streets. That way I heard a random selection of the music without any sort of preparation for the hearing, and formed an over-all impression of the festival. What if the impression is superficial, hasty and uninformed? Had I listened to each programme with notebook and pencil, and always known who was singing, or playing some instrument, no doubt I could have given you my reactions in much greater detail, but then they would be merely of certain programmes, not of the entire festival as now.

I should explain just what I mean by saying that I did not always know the identity of the distinguished artist broadcasting. In the homes of friends, I could ask for the broadcaster's name unblushingly; in more formal surroundings, the music, newspapers, and the excellent brochure issued by A.I.R. to celebrate the event all helped considerably, but there were times when I really did not know who was singing. In my ignorance, I was almost guilty of a sad mistake. I heard Pundit Omkarnath Thakur murdering a Meerabhajan in Malkauns—there was no question of my mistaking the singer here, it was too daring, complex and idiosyncratic a murder to have been committed by anyone else—but I almost thought the pro-

gramme belonged to the A.I.R. festival. Only when I heard a song about a brand of soap, followed by another song about a make (and a poor make) of biscuits, succeeded the Thakur did I realise that I was, in fact, listening to Radio Ceylon.

About the A.I.R. Sangeet Sammelan, I will say this. I liked what I heard and a look at the brochure confirms my impression that artists of established repute, tried and tested broadcasters, were invited to participate in the festival. But there is plenty of scope for no less established talent here, in further festivals.

*

In the very sensible talk by Mr. N. D. Sahni, Chief Conservator of Forests, Andhra, on 'Wild Life in Andhra' (November 26), I was pleasantly surprised to hear that the Hunting Leopard (or Cheetah) had been reported seen in the Bellary district. This animal (probably the fastest quadruped on earth for the first few furlongs) is now almost extinct in our country, though it survives still in Africa. It was definitely a native of certain areas in or near the Bellary district, but I did not know that there was a reliable, recent sight-record of the Hunting Leopard from the district. I wonder if the record is reliable, after all.

*

Rarely have I listened to a more undistinguished performance than the National Programme broadcast by Mr. B. Devandappa of Mysore, on the night of November 26. No doubt he had competence, no doubt he was sound, but his singing that night had neither spirit nor melody nor any other positive virtue. To use 'no' twice in succession as in the last sentence is doubtful English, to

SPORTS

BUTLER AMONG CRICKETERS

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

I CELEBRATED the second Test match at Bombay by reading Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," which is as far as I am aware the greatest piece of literature inspired by the country and people of New Zealand. It is not without significance that he should have founded his Utopia, where to fall ill is a crime and where all machinery was destroyed lest it in its turn should overwhelm mankind, in New Zealand.

It may be believed that this choice was not a mere accident, the fact is that Butler happened to have lived in New Zealand in his early days. It is not fanciful to believe that in 1863, when the basis of the book as we now know it was first published in the form of an article at Christchurch, he did believe that the fancied country might more properly be located in the Upper Rangitata district of the Canterbury province (as it then was) than in any other part of the world.

As is well known, Butler, a stormy petrel in literature and philosophy, was later to fall foul of another Dominion when he took Montreal to task for having ignobly consigned the Discobolus to a "lumber room."

"When I saw him I was wroth and I said, 'O, Discobolus, Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among Gods and men, What doest thou here, how camest thou hither, Discobolus, Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?'"

O God! O Montreal!

The satire is vehement when the proprietor of the "lumber room," "the man of skins," declares in his ecstasy

of unredeemed Philistinism;

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar,

He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs;

I, Sir, am a person of most respectable connections—

My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon'.

O God! O Montreal!

After this there is nothing more to be said for Canada, which is best left to its own squalid fate. It has been different with New Zealand where Butler chose, at least in fancy, to locate his land of Erewhon. This is a signal tribute, the most notable that the young country has earned so far.

As is to be expected, there is but scanty reference to sports in the book. When in prison at the opening of his adventures, the hero "manages to play a sort of hand fives, which prevented my feeling the bad effects of my confinement, though it was stupid work playing alone." This is interesting, but far from sufficient. The true reward is perhaps to be sought in an attempt, which may possibly be misguided, to apply the Erewhonian principles to cricket.

I shall not attempt here to enmesh myself with the deeper and subtler of Butler's ideas, for there can possibly be no proper application to cricket of his principles of education, genetics or even currency. But there cannot fail to be something attractive in endeavouring to imagine a vision of the game as it would present itself to a later-day Butler,

December 10 1955

SWATANTRA

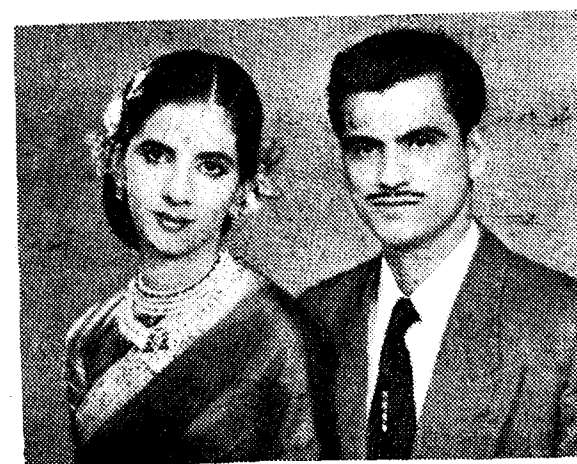
45

endowed with the same keen intellect and the same clarity of vision.

There is little doubt that this imagined philosopher would insist that the game is best played not "for its own sake", as the namby-pamby school would have it, but in order to attain success. The stiff upper lip, stoicism in adversity, will not suffice for him. He may demand nothing less than corporal punishment for those who fail. It may be fanciful, but it is interesting to speculate whether he will not clamour a sentence of rigorous imprisonment for six months for a batsman who is bowled first ball, a term of four months for one who fails to score, one of three months for the bowler who is unable to capture a single wicket. Perhaps his vehement wrath will be reserved for the incompetent fieldsman who misses an easy catch.

Such a vision is easily liable to travesty. For, it is an easy step from this view to the belief that Butler's teaching is brutal, violent and harsh. Even in the original work no satisfactory explanation is offered why people who have had the misfortune to have been born with a physical ailment should be penalised for a fault of heredity over which they have no control. There is no doubt some heavy eugenic play, but it is scarcely as satisfactory as the condemnation of the machines which, since Butler's days, have attained an even more menacing control of mankind's destiny. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that if ever these principles should be practised better cricket will be the result. A match will always be exciting; batsmen will always be hitting boundaries, wickets will always be falling.

Cricket in Erewhon, then, will be a spectacle. People will play cricket at their own peril. Indignant harangues by the presiding judge at the trial of a hapless batsman who had been bowled first ball will be common. They may well be couched in the following terms: "Prisoner at the bar, you are accused of the grave crime of having signally failed in your last innings. A jury of your peers has found you guilty and I shall not dissemble my happiness at their verdict. For, the first duty of a batsman is to score. You miserably attempted to plead that the ball was, in your inexplicable phrase, a "shooter", that the light was bad, that the umpire was in error in having adjudged you leg before when you were standing at least ten yards clear of the wicket. These are puerile and infantile. A batsman must always command fortune; otherwise he merely disfigures this game which is a glorious legacy of our race. I have great satisfaction in sentencing you to undergo rigorous imprisonment for six months. You will also notify your residence to the police for six months after your release."



Kumari Premalatha, daughter of Sri R. K. Sukumaran, Dy. Commissioner (Traffic), Madras, and Sri Rabinder Das, B.E., who were married on 27th November.

Unhealthy life is a peril in more than the usual sense in Erewhon; it is only proper that unsuccessful cricket should also be in similar jeopardy. It may well happen that in time there will be very few persons left with sufficient hardihood to play the game. But no doubt an ordinance will set aright this deficiency.

These are some of the thoughts that arose in my mind as I lay down "Erewhon". Apart from being fanciful, it is highly possible that they are also erroneous, being founded upon a mistaken appreciation of Butler's principles. Nevertheless I submit them to the reader for what they are worth as the portrait of a nightmare.

GOPINATH

By P. N. S.

GENIUS, it is said, is an infinite capacity to take pains. Gopinath, the Madras cricketer, may not be a genius, but his masterly batting against the New Zealand cricket team at Bangalore was the result of hard work at the nets.

His failures with the bat this season evidently worried Gopinath as these would spoil his test chances against the visitors from New Zealand. But he was quick to perceive that his failures were not due to any 'bad luck' but was the result of lack of practice. So, with the South Zone match against the visitors a few days off, he decided to get down to business. He approached A. G. Rani Singh, the Madras coach, for guidance, and the veteran was only too willing to help him. For more than a week the two pegged on at the nets till Gopinath was put into proper shape. Such labour paid rich dividends, for Gopinath played the innings of his life at Bangalore.

This display alone must regain for Gopinath his place in the remaining tests against the New Zealanders.

When he walked in to the crease on the final day of the match an innings defeat for his side appeared inevitable, and many thought it would all be over by lunch. With more than 300 runs to make, four of his batsmen had fallen abject victims to the guiles of Cave and Alabaster. It was a situation which would have pulled down the spirits of even the most courageous player. But Gopinath must have seen the scene in an entirely different light; here was an opportunity to prove his mettle beyond doubt to the cricketing authorities of the country.

And how well did Gopinath proclaim his skill! He hit up 175 of the 276 runs scored while he was at the wicket, but his innings was greater in quality than in quantity. Gopinath is always a fine exponent of the square cut and the drive through the covers. On this day the beauty and power of the strokes—the result of exquisite timing—held friend and foe in breathless appreciation. Not once during his stay, did he falter, while the 25 boundary hits spoke of the extent of his domination over the New Zealanders, bowlers and fieldsmen alike. Gopinath had indeed played the innings of his life!

Will the selectors of our test teams now prove their worth by being fair to Gopinath? Even in the past few seasons, this player had proved his worth by consistent displays whenever he was given a chance. But, for reasons known only to themselves, the selectors have passed over Gopinath for the first two tests this season, driving the young player to play his most inspired innings and point the accusing finger at them.

It might be said in defence that all the batting positions in our test side are occupied. This, however, is not so. Our long search for good openers is still on, and we have been shifting from player to player—Apte, Roy, Punjabi, Mehra—in search of a true one. Why not try Gopinath in this position?

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

FROM 5th December 1955 the Bombay Presidency Women's Council is holding a festival of children's films in Bombay. During this festival about 71 short and feature films will be shown. These films are supplied by nine countries including India, Britain, U.S.A., U.S.S.R., Czechoslovakia, Italy, China, Japan and France. Out of these countries, the U.S.S.R. leads in supply of feature films, while India has supplied only one feature film, "Pamposh." It is a pity that though the Children's Film Society was formed two years ago, not a single children's film has so far been produced in India; it is a greater pity that of the other pictures only "Pamposh" was considered worthy of inclusion in the festival. It would have been correct to incorporate at least one reel of "Insaniyat" featuring Zippy in the festival. It would have been also correct to show Atre's "Shyamchi Aai" and Em Seth Productions' "Shashi" in the festival. After reading the synopsis of the Russian film "Two Friends," which is included in the festival, I feel that "Shashi," a story of the friendship of a Hindu and a Muslim boy ought to have been included in the programme. But the festival is organised by 'society' ladies who do not care to see Indian films, especially films in provincial languages. They ought to know at least that in Marathi, Sane Guruji is considered to be an expert in writing children stories and that "Shashi" is based on a Sane Guruji story.

Though the list published makes no reference to the Films Division's shorts, it is to be hoped that they

will be shown, especially the colour short "Little Ambassadors."

The Children's Films Society in the meanwhile must accelerate the tempo so that in future our children will be able to see Indian pictures and not foreign pictures with which it is difficult for them to identify themselves. As it is, though the festival is organised for primary municipal school children, it is only the students of 'Convent' schools who can really enjoy them.

Picture of the week

It was, I think, Shri Vasana who once said that the kind of films he makes are children's films and that there is no necessity for making special children's films. There seems to be much truth in this and it is manifested by Vasana's latest *magnum opus* "Insaniyat." I am surprised that the organisers of the Children's Film Festival in Bombay forgot to include "Insaniyat" in their programme. At least they could have shown one reel in which Zippy gives a variety performance on the stage at Agha's behest. The children would have enjoyed it as much as the grown-ups seem to enjoy it now.

Indeed, Zippy has come to Vasana's rescue in "Insaniyat;" it is his entertaining tricks that appeal to the picturegoers and account for the success of an otherwise poor picture to emanate from Gemini Studios. The story and screenplay has nothing new to offer. The tyrant king laughing in the style of the old villains of Ranjit and Saroj stunt films is too familiar a figure on the Indian screen; and just as his tyranny for tyranny's sake is pointless, similarly the valour of the kisans and Captain Bhanu Pratap appears to be equally pointless. Ramanand Sagar's patriotic dialogue in "Insaniyat" seem as much off the mark as they did in Talwar's "Rukhsana."

Basically it is a triangle drama with Dilip loving Bina who in turn loves Dey and for whom Dilip sacri-

fices in the end. Dilip is a past master in playing the role of the frustrated lover; but by trying to put on a rough exterior and making monkey-faces to disport his emotional crisis, he has succeeded only in making people laugh. Moreover his efforts to be sincere and serious in a picture which verges on the lines of comic opera seem to be ludicrous. But one must say to his credit that apart from Zippy, he appears to be the only sincere worker in the picture. The rest have taken it as a light-hearted affair so much so that there is no regard for continuity, photographic angles, logic or even technical finish.

Coming as it does from the producer of "Chandralekha," "Bahut Din Huwe" and "Avvaiyar," the technical score of "Insaniyat" is backward. Seldom have I come across such carelessly directed and photographed

picture; and thanks to confused blending of Greek-Rajput and South Indian costumes and the introduction of spectacle and skates every conceivable rule of time, place and period supposed to be so important for dramatic structure is broken. Even Rajendra Krishna and C. Ramchandra seem to have taken no pains and as a result we have so many songs but not one of them worth mentioning for either its words or tune.

Yet, in spite of the shoddy production and technique and illogical and absurd story and ham acting and stale music "Insaniyat" is a hit. Has any critic a right to criticise a film acclaimed by picturegoers? What does it matter as long as people flock to see it. But people flock to see the monkey rather than man! "Insaniyat" only proves that monkey scores over man.

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. December 17, 1955 No. 46

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	4
HIGHLIGHTS	6
NAGARJUNA: A MANY-SIDED GENIUS	9
CLASSICS FOR THE MASSES	12
HIGHER EDUCATION IN U. S. A.	14
WILL NEHRU OR MACDONALD INFLUENCE MARSHALL?	17
GOOD FAITH IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS	23
GARRISON—AN AMERICAN FORERUNNER OF GANDHI	26
STUDENT LIFE IN BRITISH UNIVERSITIES	30
SHORT STORY: GIFT OF GOD	33
NEW BOOKS	36
KUMARI CHANDRALEKHA	40
SOCIALISM IN REVERSE GEAR	41
SPORTS: CHEPAUK REVISITED	43
FILMS	45
Vighneswara	
Saka	
D. Anjaneyulu	
Santha Rungachary	
Andrew Roth	
C. A. W. Manning	
Roland E. Wolseley	
Bruce Burton	
V. K. Subramaniam	
K. R. Malkani	
N. S. Ramaswami	
V. P. Sathe	

ON THE COVER:

Kumari Chandralekha garlanding Marshall Bulganin when he was in Madras during the recent tour of the Russian leaders in India.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4. Advertisement rates can be obtained on application to the Manager.

Cut along this line

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Make certain that you get your copy of SWATANTRA regularly by completing this form and posting it to the address boxed to the right

To:
The Manager,
SWATANTRA,
2, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE : MADRAS 4.

I enclose remittance of Rs. 20; £1-16sh.; \$8 for one year's subscription (or) Rs. 10; 18sh.; \$4 for a half-year, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

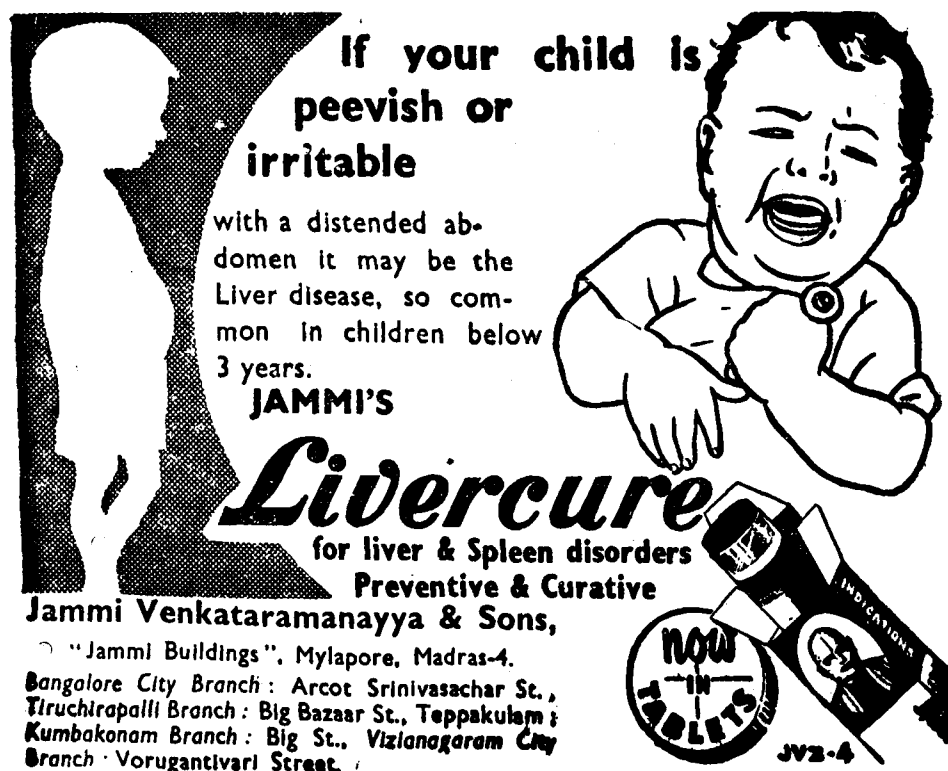
If your child is
peevish or irritable

with a distended abdomen it may be the
Liver disease, so common in children below
3 years.

JAMMI'S

Livercure
for liver & Spleen disorders
Preventive & Curative

Jammi Venkataramanayya & Sons,
"Jammi Buildings", Mylapore, Madras-4.
Bangalore City Branch: Arcot Srinivasachar St.,
Tiruchirapalli Branch: Big Bazaar St., Teppakulam;
Kumbakonam Branch: Big St., Vizianagaram City
Branch: Vorugantivari Street.



SWATANTRA

Vol. X. DECEMBER 17 SATURDAY 1955 No. 46

SUBSIDISED ANACHRONISM

MR. K. C. REDDI, Union Minister for Production, announced at New Delhi the other day that about 6000 Ambar Charkas will be manufactured under a pilot scheme sanctioned by the Government of India. The Ambar Charka is intended to augment the supply of handspun yarn for handloom weavers, so that the quantity of Khadi (handspun and handwoven cloth) produced in the country may be substantially increased. According to the present policy of the Government, a rebate of three annas per rupee is granted for the sale of Khadi. Mr. Reddi estimates that if Ambar Charka cloth is to be considered as Khadi, rebate will have to be made available to that cloth also, and on the three annas basis, the Government subsidy for Khadi will amount to Rs. 50 to 60 crores.

Many handloom weavers who used to weave handspun yarn have switched over to mill yarn, and in the interest of Khadi production, the Commerce and Industries Minister, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari was asked recently to stop this kind of switching over. He replied: "The basic fact in this particular matter is that if the handloom weaver finds that by weaving mill yarn he gets more wages for his work than by weaving handspun yarn, the logical consequence follows and he is not going to be stopped . . . it is not possible to petrify production and wages at low levels for all time."

Any motivational impetus to Khadi by the Non-cooperation

movement made it expand spectacularly in crisis after crisis of the Gandhian leadership. People took to Khadi as a symbol of patriotic association with the nation's struggle for freedom. From that eminence it has fallen since. The old sanctity has disappeared as much from Khadi as from so many other values of life dear to the Mahatma which he was never tired of stressing as important, in the heyday of his influence. Khadi has now no spiritual or moral leg to stand upon. It stands or falls in accordance with its economic potency. And of late its vogue has been dwindling.

The Ambar Charka has already rung the death knell of the ordinary spinning wheel. This it could do on account of its multiplied capacity for production. On the basis of multiplied capacity for production, the spinning mill is infinitely more effective than the Ambar Charka, as the Ambar Charka itself is as compared to the hand-propelled spinning wheel. There seems to be little difference between the spinning mill and the Ambar Charka except that the former utilizes electrical power and is of larger magnitude. The Ambar Charka is a fractional unit of the spinning mill, worked by hand. The spinning mill is an aggregation of connected Ambar Charkas driven by electricity. There is no reason to hope that the Ambar Charka will ever score over the spinning mill either in the quality of its product or in its capacity to provide income to the worker.



the safest treatment

For Bruises & Sprains!

AMRUTANJAN



Famous for over
Sixty Years!!

In the modern age the right balance cannot be secured in the economy of a country unless its government acts with intelligence in formulating the dividing line between centralised organisation with application of power and decentralisation with full scope for individual initiative, craftsmanship and freedom. We cannot have teachers or painters under factory conditions of labour. But the common needs of ordinary people are best served by mass production, and it is uneconomic and wasteful to reserve manufactured goods in use on an extensive scale for methods of production out of alignment with the latest scientific developments. In the artistic world the craftsmanship of the hand is irreplaceable by machinery. In the domain of industry there are special areas where the skill of the artist is a more valuable factor than the prowess of the mechanical producer—in these areas individual craftsmanship can compete with power-driven mills and survive. Indian handwoven textile fabrics have won world renown for their exquisite superiority because the weavers that wove them are

really artists in the disguise of wage-earners. These fabrics are a national asset, and they can repay all that a solicitous government can do for their encouragement, not only in the matter of economic value but also as a source of aesthetic satisfaction and of national pride and glory. But there is no meaning in insisting on the forced use of hand labour for producing goods in common use that can be made better and cheaper and with more ease in power-driven factories.

The sanctity of age will not preserve what is doomed to eventual extinction under the ruthless pressure of world changes. It is a waste of good money to indulge in heroic efforts for the prevention of the unpreventable in the inexorable march of change opened up by the advancement of science in the world. Our rulers have no right to squander crores of public money to hoist the Ambar Charka with its feeble potentialities on a swiftly changing world where it has no chance of proving its worth and surviving on its merit and is already an anachronism.

Sotto Voce

★

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD



MADRAS had the pleasure of welcoming a very different sort of 'Russian' last week-end in Mr. Nabakov, the Secretary-General of the International Congress for Cultural Freedom. Russian-born, he escaped the regime by migrating to

America in early youth. He achieved distinction as a musician, composer and critic before a strong sense of duty made him accept at considerable sacrifice his present position. Artist and man of action, he sees that the battle of freedom in

the age of totalitarian tyranny must be fought on every front, not merely on the political.

★

Mr. Nabakov has for some years now been living in Paris, but he is of the truly enfranchised who are at home anywhere. He speaks English with the deliberation of a foreigner and the sensitiveness of an artist. And whether in conversation or in public utterance his determined pursuit of the right word produces on the listener an impression of earnest integrity which is redeemed from heaviness by a way he has of screwing up his eyes as if he were quizzing you, while a merry smile is never very far away. The zest of the crusader is tempered by the good-humoured shrewdness of Sancho. It breaks out in moments of excitement in a Latin abundance of gesture.

★

Speaking at the Music Academy he made two points which seem to me worth labouring in these days of spineless eclecticism and vague good will. He observed that unless one was surely grounded in one's own culture and clearly realised its distinctive quality and underlying inspiration one would not be able truly to appreciate a different culture. To apprehend it in its totality and, apart from obtaining from it such insights as it may afford, to get the right orientation towards the people to whom that culture is native, calls for imaginative sympathy of a high order. And that goes only with robust individuality.

★

His other thesis was that European music was the result of a fundamental tension. The offspring of Christianity, it originated as the religion of a persecuted minority, and it voiced their emotional protest. Though Mr. Nabakov did not refer to it, I believe the nearest modern analogy is the music of the Negro spirituals. Where-

as Greek music was melodic, modern contrapuntal music represented a striking psychological reaction. Christianity "served as a kind of emotional catalyst which unbound the deep-rooted effective energies in Western man." That momentum, said Mr. Nabakov, had now fairly spent itself, according to some of the most thoughtful of the younger composers.

★

It so chanced that I was asked to take the chair at another much smaller meeting which Mr. Nabakov addressed on the broad cultural activities of his organisation. As, mercifully, it escaped the attention of the Press, it gives me an excuse for recapitulating the gist of the rather disjointed observations on the Indian attitude to culture and freedom that, pressed for time, I had to content myself with. (I see I have not left myself space for a more lucid statement here!) I pointed out that while the Western concept of freedom, like Western music, is anchored in protest, ours, like our music, is built not on "Either—Or" but on "The One and the many."

★

So far as inner autonomy is concerned, we acknowledge no limits to it, neither external power of constraint nor inhibitions from our own timorous impulses. Thought is free to a degree of which the West has no idea, since the Occident's basic attitude to life is that of struggle—struggle for survival, struggle against the dominance of the external world, struggle for mastery. We have, against the pressure of circumstances, immemorially sought refuge in the deep sanctuary of the Spirit. But we have no use for the anarchy which is the logical consummation of individualism. We believe that the world and the spirit are not antagonistic but can be har-

(Continued on page 42)

SIDELIGHTS ::

NOW that the Russian visitors have come and gone, an estimate of the effect of their words and actions on India and the rest of the world seems timely. The grandest thing that Mr. Khrushchev said was that he would share his last crust of bread with an Indian. This solemn offer, which should have put cheer and comfort in the hearts of our hungry millions, seems to have fallen flat. Nobody, to my knowledge, took it seriously. For myself, instead of being emboldened by it to face adversity with renewed optimism, I felt only nausea.

The kissings in public of the Russian leaders were reported to have produced an atmosphere of vast emotional fervour in the welcoming crowds. In the cinemas, the spectators enjoy the kissing of the actors and actresses vicariously. The immense popularity of the cinema is in fact due to its supply of vicarious romance on a generous scale to men and women starved of romance in life, and so condemned to a drab existence. You thrill with excitement to a scene on the screen charged with love in all its various, glamorous vicissitudes. But no such thrill is evoked by the mind's vision of Khrushchev and Bakshi liping each other in the face. The stage and screen apart, we Indians are sadly lacking in the gift of exhibiting affection in public places. Our affections are not for show but for each other's satisfaction. The public have therefore to be carefully excluded if kissing as a pledge of affection is to yield that kind of satisfaction. Two for company is just fitting for the highest exaltations of love in this and other forms. A third becomes an intrusion. A crowd vulgarises with its blazing publicity the sanctities of a sentiment of which the intrinsic reality

is beyond capture for any show business. Mr. Khrushchev's kissing, on the other hand, was just show business. The moment it was done, it achieved what it set out to achieve, and nothing more was left of it. A tableau in a vacuum.

Of the statements in ever so many speeches made by the Russian visitors, two in particular seem to have driven Western critics to fury. Here, for example, is what the *New York Times* writes in answer to Mr. Khrushchev's charge that the United States and Britain "started the second World War, they sent the troops of Hitlerite Germany against Russia":

"Has Mr. Khrushchev forgotten the Molotov-Ribbentrop treaty of August 23, 1939, that freed Hitler of his then existing worries about a second front and gave him the go-ahead signal to plunge Europe into war?"

"Has he forgotten the cynical agreement of that same date under which Stalin and Hitler decided how to carve up Poland?"

"Has he forgotten the Russian oil that Stalin delivered to his ally, Hitler, in the months from August, 1939, to June, 1941—oil that helped Hitler stage his air attacks on Britain?"

"Has he forgotten the Russian grain and manganese and chrome ore and scrap iron that the Soviets fed to the German war machine during this same period?"

"Has he forgotten Molotov's cheery message wishing Germany 'complete success' on the day Hitler treacherously invaded Norway, or that other message of June 18, 1940, following Hitler's defeat of France, in which Molotov sent his warmest congratulations on the splendid success of the German armed forces?"

Commenting on the Russian leaders' attack on the Western powers as "imperialist" and "colonial" the

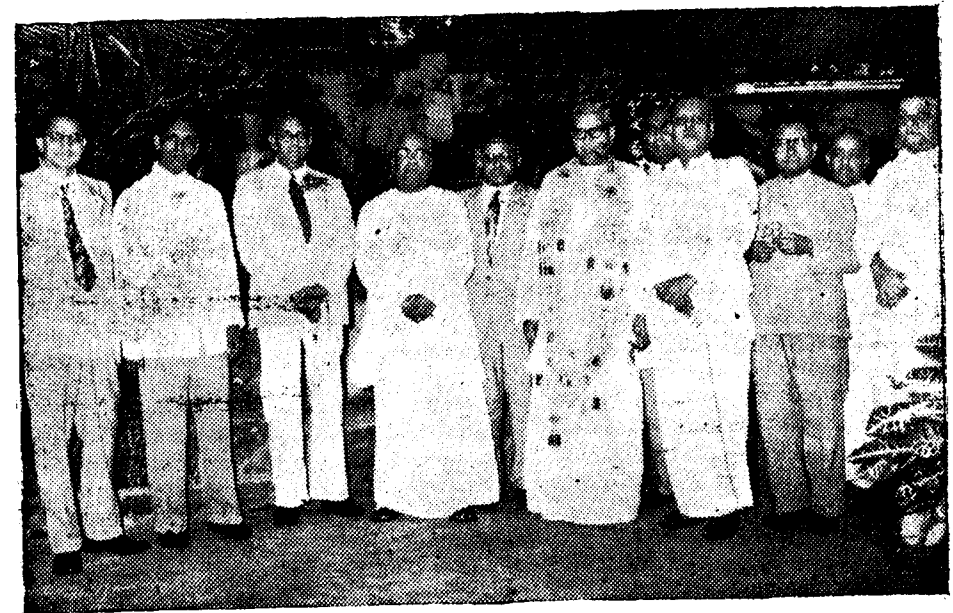
same paper comments:

"So far as 'imperialism' and 'colonialism' are concerned, the record shows that during the past decade or so the Western powers have freed some 600,000,000 people from colonial rule and that they continue to free others capable of self-government, while putting those not yet so capable under United Nations supervision. During this same period the Soviets have enslaved more than 600,000,000 people in Europe and Asia. Millions of refugees are mute evidence of the character of this Red colonialism."

These retorts are factual, pertinent and devastating. They will no doubt influence people in many parts of the world. But they are lost now on an India filled with resentment against Mr. Dulles for sanctifying the possession of Goa by Portugal and overflowing with goodwill for Russia on account of Mr. Khrushchev's snub to Pakistan over the Kashmir issue. Russia's record since the second World War has been all that Western critics charge against it; it has been

execrable. But Russian strategy, as reflected at any rate in the pronouncements of the Russian leaders in their Indian tour, has been consummate, exuberant, and extravagantly fraternal. The West has had a democratic record and an abominable strategy. On the one side, the sugar coat of sweet promises over the bitter pill of past aggression; on the other, a creditable record marred by incredibly foolish and wholly unnecessary pronouncements seething with illiberality. It will take time for India to wade to the bitter reality underneath the delicious sweetness of the Russian promises. But meanwhile it is the word of the moment and not the history of the past that counts, and the heart of India has been won by Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev (over-riding the record of the West in the cause of freedom) with words which Western statesmen like Mr. Dulles have not known how to use wisely at crucial moments.

SAKA



Sri H. D. Rajah at a reception to him at Woodlands Hotel, Madras this week.

NOW RUNNING SUCCESSFULLY



VIJAYA'S GUNASUNDARI

DIRECTION: K. KAMESWARA RAO B.A. TAMIL

Produced by
NAGIREDDI & CHAKRAPANI



NAGARJUNA: A MANY-SIDED GENIUS

By D. ANJANEYULU

IT was indeed a happy thought that the gigantic multi-purpose Nandikonda project (for which the Prime Minister recently laid the foundation-stone) should have been named after Nagarjuna. This definitely is one of the rare instances in which it could not lightly be asked "What's in a name." There is much in this name as it seeks to perpetuate the memory of one of the great ancients who had left an abiding impress on many branches of human knowledge, sacred and secular, metaphysical as well as scientific.

The celebrated Buddhist teacher, who is believed to have lived and died on the hill, now known as Nagarjunakonda (15 miles north of Machilra in Palnad taluk in Guntur district), was a many-sided personality—a religious preceptor who was also an expert in medicine, a speculative thinker who was also a chemist and a magician who was a mathematician and physicist. In fact, he seems to have claimed all knowledge under his ken and touched, literally, nothing that he did not adorn (for he was reputed to be an alchemist and is credited with having turned stones into bricks of solid gold to replenish the coffers of his king).

As the project begins to take shape, it is feared that the site around the Nagarjunakonda hill (originally known as Sri Parvata), where many valuable Buddhist relics had been discovered, would be submerged by the huge dam and reservoir that will come into existence, leaving only the crest of the hill visible above the vast sheet of water like a top hat worn by a tall man standing in a dense crowd. Among the relics that

had already been unearthed were a number of viharas (square-shaped rooms), stupas (semi-global mound-like structures of the Sanchi type), and chaityas (prayer halls). It is quite possible that many more would be found if the excavations are continued, but as it is, students of history have to rest content with the fact that the relics that had come to light will be properly preserved and ferrying facilities would be provided to reach the top of the sacred hill where they could rest their minds in contemplation awhile on the place where Nagarjuna had spent many years in fruitful meditation. There is, of course, the consolation that what was only a sacred memory is now associated with a State endeavour with a social purpose.

Life And Legend

The life of Nagarjuna, with all the colourful legends attached to it, reads like a romance and it is at times difficult to see through the tangled web of tradition and sift facts from fiction, history from legend and the actual truth from apocryphal stories. From the bewildering mass of mutually contradictory statements of different historians, we could faintly glean the fact that the famous Nagarjuna (there seem to be as many as four Nagarjunas and many foreign scholars seem to have got hopelessly mixed up) lived in the second century (134 to 194 A.D.)

Born in Vidarbha (modern Nagpur) of Brahmin parents, Nagarjuna finished the study of the four Vedas and all the sastras while still in his teens and attained mastery of mantra vidya, with the help of which he could appear and disappear as he

liked and take any shape he pleased. This almost fatal proficiency in an occult art seems to have landed him in trouble. The gay Lothario that he was reputed to be in his carefree youth, along with three other profligate friends, legend has it, stole into the inner apartments of the royal household in sly search of clandestine pleasure and all the four were caught. The other three luckless companions seem to have been hanged while Nagarjuna managed to escape by the mere skin of his teeth because of his vow that he would become a Buddhist Bhikku if only he was left alive. This then was how he was led to don the saffron robes.

March Of Victory

The story of Nagarjuna's conversion to Buddhism, interesting as it is, has a proselytising ring about it and one seems to have heard similar tales before, meant chiefly to gild the glory of other faiths. Be that as it may, there was no doubt that he became a Buddhist. After being initiated by his preceptor Kapila, Nagarjuna wandered about the Himalayan regions, where he is said to have obtained the principles of 'Mahayana' from an anonymous yogin. He then proceeded on a mission to Ceylon (referred to as Nagaloka) and on return home, settled down on Sri Parvata (which came to be known after him later as Nagarjunakonda) where he erected a 'stupa' and 'mahachaitya', which was maintained by the rulers of the Ikshwaku dynasty. It is mentioned by the Sanskrit prose-writer Bana that Nagarjuna received from Nagaraja a pearl-necklace, which was supposed to provide a miracle cure for snake-bite and other complaints.

A dramatic touch is given to the incident about the propagation of Buddhism by Nagarjuna. After his home-coming, Nagarjuna used to go about with a red flag, the flaming banner symbolic of the victory of Buddhism. When he was accosted

by the king (of the Satavahana dynasty, presumably) with the question who he was, Nagarjuna answered rather jauntily: "I am the all-knowing man." He was thereupon asked what the gods were then doing, to which he replied that they were fighting with the asuras and, lo, as eloquent evidence, there was a rain, in the court, of drops of blood, severed limbs and weapons of war. The king was stupefied, and with 10,000 of his learned followers, embraced Buddhism on the spot.

Andhra By Adoption

Though some would prefer to take these miracle-working tales with a pinch of salt, none could deny that Nagarjuna was a great Buddhist preceptor. Taking to the Hinayana tradition first, he later switched over to the 'Mahayana' school of Buddhism and started the 'Madhyamika' way of thought. He was the 14th in the line of Buddhist preceptors and was described as a 'Darsanika'. Prominent among his disciples were Aryadeva, Nanda and Buddhopalita. As proof of his great intellectual powers, it was stated that he mastered the voluminous 'Tripitakas' in a matter of 90 days and easily trounced, in debate, Deva, the religious teacher from Ceylon, who, in turn, became his disciple. Though he was not born in the Andhra territory, he became naturalised in Andhra and is believed to have lived in Kanchi for some time.

Legend credits Nagarjuna with having been a kind of medieval Methuselah. He is supposed to have lived for 600 years with the help of a wonder-drug of his own discovery. His patron Sri Yagna Satakarni of the Satavahana dynasty is said to have lived for 300 years and would obviously have lived longer but for the unfilial impatience of the crown prince who had approached Nagarjuna with a request to oblige him with an early access to the throne. Nagarjuna, thereupon, shut himself

up in the room of meditation where he cut his throat with a sharp blade of kusa grass and thus ended his life. The king died immediately thereafter, as according to the compact of longevity, his life would not last after Nagarjuna's. Historians, however, say that Nagarjuna attained nirvana in his 62nd year (in 192 A.D.) and it might be a coincidence that the king also died on the same day. What was likely, however, is that Nagarjuna must have practised the science of kaya kalpa, and known the art of becoming a vajra sarira.

Shades Of Sankara

According to Chinese sources (the Tripitakas), Nagarjuna Bodhistiva was the author of 24 books, some of which are extant in Chinese and Tibetan translations, though the originals in Sanskrit and Prakrit have not survived. The 'Suhrllekha', containing the letter written by the Satavahana ruler, embodies the general principles of Buddhism, while 'Prajana Pradipa Sastra Karika' outlines the Madhyamika philosophy. There are many other works which mark him out as an original thinker and a skilful dialectician. Suffice it here to give a sample of his philosophic postulates which elude the grasp of those outside the esoteric circle: "The soul has no residence. It is neither eternal nor transient; neither perishable nor imperishable. It has no home, nor is it homeless. There is neither birth nor death, neither eternity nor decay, neither unity nor duality and no future, no past." In this doctrine of apparent contradiction (vyatikravad) some students of philosophy see a family likeness to the mayavada of Sankara.

Nagarjuna, however, believed like other great teachers of religion, that man is distinguished from the beast only by his practice of religion. How true is this saying about life and time: "Time flies. Knowledge is endless and limitless while the span of life is brief and uncertain. So, like a

swan that separates the milk from water, let us take the good in life." Nagarjuna realised that while the knowledge of arts and crafts was necessary for livelihood, the supreme knowledge, the science of truth, consisted in the liberation of the soul; and that: "the friendship of good men, even in jail, is better than the company of kings."

Chemist And Alchemist

Nagarjuna was hailed as the father of Indian chemistry, by the late Sir P. C. Ray, for his work "Rasaratnakara." He was also reputed to be an alchemist (parasavedi), knowing the art of turning baser metals into gold (rasavada). Just as he had brought relief to the starving people of his day when the land was visited by dreadful famine, with the help of his powers of alchemy, it is to be hoped that the project that bears his sacred name would bring plenty and prosperity to the people and make the land flow with milk and honey. The memory of Nagarjuna, who is well-known in other lands as the Aristotle of Buddhist philosophy and the St. Paul of Mahayana, would then remain ever fresh in the minds of people nearer home.

They (scientists) exist almost entirely in a barren middle ground, being neither good animals nor lovers, poets, sages, seers. They understand graphs, statistics, plans, public opinion reports, but not the life of man. Already some of them are compressing the structure of our lives and draining the colour out of them. Give others a little more time and rope, and those of us who are left will all live underground, below plains of concrete where not one bird sings, doing our best to get along with dwarfs, giants, and brand new experimental types with pointed heads and eight arms.—J. B. PRIESTLEY

CLASSICS FOR THE MASSES

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

THE octopus is reaching out again.

The Central Government, we are told, is going into the publishing business in a big way. The book-sellers and publishers in the country are too "slow" and "cautious" according to Mr. Nehru who wants the light of knowledge spread to the four corners of the country in the quickest possible time. The publishers, of course, try to make money which is very naughty of them. The Government, on the other hand, is going to pursue this profession purely on a humanitarian basis. It is going to publish our own classics as well as translations of classical books from other countries for the benefit of the masses who are "hungering" for books.

The effort, no doubt, is laudable. Even the masses cannot obviously live by bread alone. But knowledge, like democracy, cannot be dispensed in "large editions" at a cheap price. In a very coxcombry of vanity and self-confidence the Government, the reformers, the zealots, the fanatics and the dreamers have been persuading us gently but firmly to burn our boats behind us as we set forth into a bright, free future. Our moorings have sought to be shifted and upset. Very well. Change, let us admit, is the very life-breath of progress. The British, we have been told, had dug deep into our lives in their efforts at building our society but the superstructure they had constructed was all wrong; it was a cruel imposition on us. But now, methinks, we are trying to build a gigantic superstructure on the flimsiest of foundations. "We want to reach our public quickly," said Pandit Nehru at the annual meeting of the Federation of Publishers and Booksellers' Associa-

tions last week in New Delhi. In a famous post-war novel called *Insatiability* the Polish writer Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz describes a new kind of pill called the Murti-Bing Pill which had the miraculous power of bringing calm and happiness to the man who swallowed it. He ceased to worry. These Get-Wise-Quick plans of the Indian Government smack of Murti-Bingism. The men who are building this new India seem to be impelled by a demonic craze for speed. And because no private individual or corporation can ever do anything with the speed with which a Government can, we have greater and still greater encroachment by Authority on private initiative and enterprise. The Government has already gone into the banking business. It has a large share of the Industrial cake. Of course it is already in the broadcasting business. And it has entered the culture business on a large scale. It has become almost impossible to escape centralized authority whichever way we turn. And the Government, like the customer, is always right.

Mr. Nehru spoke of an "enormous market" for books in the country and of the Government intending to be "business-like" about publication and bringing out "large editions" at cheap prices. The last two together seem to imply that the books would be written not by the top men in the literary field—who would most likely be too expensive—but by second-best writers out to make hay while the sun shines. Most important of all, what language are they going to be written in? In the thirteen official languages or in all the various unofficial lingos? A three-man Commission would first have to be appointed to go into the question and

decide on which of the classics, indigenous and foreign, could be turned with advantage into "simple worthwhile books for the common people," though it might not be so easy to recognize what is worth the while of the common people. Both the American and Russian Governments subsidise Propaganda and Publicity Departments which produce books giving the history, the geography, the cultural heritage and the folklore of their respective countries. There is nothing cheap about these publications. Even this method of encouraging the reading habit is preferable to putting out on the market haphazard translations of foreign classics in cheap editions.

It took years to build Socialist Britain,—in fact, it is not yet quite built—Communist Russia and Capitalist America. How can we hope to build in less time a country which is attempting to be nothing as simple as Communist or Capitalist or Socialist but partakes of practically all kinds of governments existing in the world? Our goal is yet merely an ideal on the far horizon when India would be fully industrialised and employed, educated, prosperous, honest. But we can't all of us get there on "Time's winged chariot," nor can we be bound to that mythical carriage and dragged along. People cannot grow quickly. They can only grow day by day. And even Pandit Nehru cannot conjure up a nation of scholars out of a country of illiterates in one lifetime. In the art of government, mere idealism or even mere courage of convictions are not enough.

By all means let us give the people books. But let us give them books as books should be given—with pride and veneration. We have already too much reading material produced cheaply on the news-stands. The world of books is perhaps the last of the magic worlds left us untouched by drab political philosophies. If people must be trained to read

Shakespeare—as indeed they must—let us give them Shakespeare bound in a cloth of gold, in beauty and dignity and majesty, not printed on the same cheap news-print that some of our vernacular weak-end reading is printed on. It would be heart-rending to lovers of books if Pandit Nehru's Government tried to take our literary Utopia by storm from New Delhi with "large editions" of the classics printed cheaply.

Light In The Darkness

SIR IAN FRASER, the blind M.P., who is Chairman of St. Dunstan's, the organisation for the training and after care of men and women blinded on war service, firmly corrected in a BBC broadcast, the impression that the blind man's world is a black one.

A composed and practical man who was once a Governor of the BBC blinded in the First World War before he was twenty-one, Sir Ian is South African born and although he is a British M.P. he still retains dual nationality. He is a company director, President of the British Legion and many other things and considers all these achievements to be nothing remarkable. He is wonderfully independent and self-sufficient and needs little help in the ordinary matters of everyday life. Rosemary Sands who went there to record the interview wondered why he kept fingering his watch during his conversation with Stephen Black until she realised that it was a Braille one and he was counting the time as they talked. Sir Ian chain-smoked throughout the recording but never used a lighter and always gauged exactly the right instant at which to hold the match to light his next cigarette.

Sir Ian has never seen his wife but takes a great interest in her clothes and always likes to know what she is wearing, holding long consultations with her before she buys a new frock.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN U. S. A.

CORPORATE SUPPORT BY BUSINESSMEN

MANY students who entered American colleges this year are being helped financially by such businesses as a mail-order firm, a large appliance manufacturer, a radio network, an oil company and a soap manufacturer. In addition to furnishing scholarships for the students, the firms are helping pay the salaries of some university professors.

Until recently, higher education has been financed by churches, private fortunes, various branches of government or combinations of these three.

Why then have businessmen seen fit to engage in an activity which seems to be far afield from the business of producing and selling goods and services? The answer is found in the history of education and business in the United States, and in the intricate pattern of collegiate development, especially, since World War II.

The American college was founded to meet the "spiritual necessities" of the new continent. Not only the colonial colleges, but nearly all of the colleges founded before the Civil War were organised, supported, and in most cases controlled, by religious interests emphasising the purpose of the college as an institution for training clergymen. Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton and Rutgers are among the many prominent colleges founded by religious groups.

As their graduates followed the American frontier westward, they in turn founded other colleges patterned after their alma maters. Practically, all received their principal income from church sources. During the latter part of the 19th century, the religious character of the insti-

tutions became less pronounced as the colleges began to liberalise and expand their curricula to better serve their communities, but church support was still considerable.

Land-Grant Colleges

Under an Act of Congress in 1862 the federal government offered each state a substantial grant of public land to support and maintain at least one college to teach agriculture and the mechanical arts. Thus, with the establishment of the land-grant colleges, government for the first time began large-scale support of higher education. State and local governments contributed importantly to the establishment of new colleges while maintaining their support of existing ones.

As financial fortunes were made by many of the various colleges' graduates during the late 1800's, large endowments and philanthropic gifts came to the institutions from grateful alumni to be used for expansion of plants, scholarships, and added service to new students. Other wealthy men, not alumni, also made generous gifts to colleges. Although the relative contribution of each has varied considerably during the past 50 or 60 years, four sources have supplied the funds for the support of higher education: (1) endowment earnings; (2) philanthropic gifts; (3) student fees; and (4) government appropriations.

Government aid to higher education increased considerably following World War II when the federal government provided education for World War II veterans, through payment of their fees and a subsistence allowance. Federal support in 1939-40 was only 5.4 per cent of the total income of higher education, but such

support rose to 35.7 in the war year of 1943-44 and continued at approximately the same level throughout the veteran programme.

Whereas 12 per cent of boys and girls reaching 18 years of age sought higher education in 1930, more than 30 per cent now seek admission to colleges and universities. The cost of educating them has risen 50 per cent since 1948, but tuition fees have been raised only 25 per cent. The hard fact is that it costs colleges more than ever to educate more students on proportionately less income. Caught in the financial squeeze between skyrocketing enrollments and diminishing revenues, educators have been worried.

Businessmen Step In

But businessmen, too, have been studying the plight of the colleges and universities. They wondered what part business might legitimately play in helping alleviate the situation. Business, from large corporations to small firms, has a need for more and more college-trained men and women each year. Far-sighted businessmen in 1948 were asking themselves this question: "Since industry must have a steady supply not only of trained technicians, but also of men and women taught to think, should not some of the responsibility for educating them rest with industry?" Men like Frank W. Abrams, chairman of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Irving S. Olds, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. of the General Motors Corporation said publicly that business concerns should give financial aid to U. S. higher education—and should do it directly.

In 1952, the Council for Financial Aid to Education was formed—not of educators, but businessmen; not to seek immediate financial profit, but to draw plans for wisely spending money to educate more young people.

The Council's public activities have

been under way for over a year. They are being financed initially by four respected foundations: Carnegie, Ford, Rockefeller and Sloan.

Under the guidance of the Council, big corporations are devising imaginative new ways to help private colleges and universities do the job for which they are best fitted. Business executives are saying that a company is neglecting the obligations of "corporate citizenship if it fails to invest part of its profits in aid to higher education."

Opposition from stockholders has been almost nil. When Standard Oil Company of Indiana decided a year ago to distribute a large sum of money among liberal arts colleges in its Midwest marketing area, it sent a circular letter first to its 118,000 shareholders explaining why the company's directors felt the programme was sound. At the end of six months only one complaint had come.

The Council, headed by Dr. Wilson Compton, former president of Washington State College, is dedicated to the proposition that colleges should be supreme in governing their own affairs. The Council has therefore rejected all suggestions that it act as a disbursing agency through which corporations would make their grants to education. Instead, Dr. Compton and his colleagues have urged businessmen to make their own decisions as to where their money will go. Dr. Compton stresses only one thing: he asks businessmen not to limit their gifts to a handful of "prestige" institutions. He emphasises that the greatest merit of the American educational system is its diversity.

As a result of this individual approach to corporate giving, new plans for helping colleges and universities appear in newspapers almost daily. When the Ford Foundation recently gave \$50,000,000 to help raise faculty salaries, it focused attention on the

whole programme of corporate giving. Among large manufacturing companies which have set up continuing scholarship aid programmes are Union Carbide, General Foods, Bethlehem Steel Company, United States Steel Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, E. I. DuPont de Nemours, Proctor & Gamble and General Electric Company. Dozens of smaller businesses and manufacturers have aided education either in the form of scholarships or in direct financial assistance to colleges. The General Electric Company is unique in that it offers to match, up to \$1,000 for any single gift, all donations that its employees make to their alma maters. It is estimated that the company will pay out between \$250,000 and \$500,000 each year under this programme.

Secondary School Scholarships

But perhaps the most significant and far-reaching help to future students is the mammoth plan in which the Ford Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation, Time, Inc., and the Sears-Roebuck Foundation are offering secondary school students the largest scholarship programme in the history of American education.

The Ford Foundation, following its \$50,000,000 gift to raise faculty salaries, announced that it would make initial grants totalling \$20,000,000 for student aid. The Carnegie Corporation's share in the huge new aid programme is to be \$500,000; Sears Roebuck, \$600,000; and Time, Inc., \$30,000.

The organisation created to administer the new programme is called the National Merit Scholarship Corporation. It will conduct what the corporation calls "an annual nationwide search for talent at the secondary school level." By competitive tests, the corporation will seek out young men and women of high capacity and make it possible for them to go to college regardless of their financial means.

The average four-year scholarship will amount to about \$6,000. During the first year scholarships will go to 350 students who place highest in tests given in the nation's 25,000 public and private secondary schools.

Educators who have long been worried about raising additional funds are greatly encouraged. Although they know that more and more boys and girls will be asking for admittance to their institutions and that the cost of educating them will be great, they are glad that the businessman has now stepped in to supplement traditional financial sources that have maintained U.S. higher education.

Steel Production In U.S.A.

THE United States Steel Corporation, the nation's largest steel firm, is preparing to spend more than \$500 million in 1956 to expand its facilities, according to the *Wall Street Journal*.

In recent months expansion plans announced by American steel producers add up to some 6,500,000 tons in new capacity. The present industry capacity of 125 million tons, the *Journal* says, is headed for a 140-million ton capacity by 1960.

The automobile industry uses 23 pounds of every 100 pounds of finished steel. Twelve pounds go into construction, containers for food and varied products consume about nine pounds, machinery and industrial equipment about eight, and railroads about four pounds. The rest is used by hundreds of other fabricators of steel products.

Despite a vast expansion in the use of light metals and plastics, Americans are using much more steel per capita than in prewar years. In 1940 the nation's steel-making capacity was 1,240 pounds yearly per person. Production today is about 1,500 pounds annually per person.

WILL NEHRU OR MACDONALD INFLUENCE MARSHALL?

By ANDREW ROTH

THE brief Indian stay of David Marshall, Singapore's Chief Minister, may well have had an important influence on his London talks.

As an idealistic son of Asia, Marshall has long been sensitive to Pandit Nehru's message. His Labour Front has the support of the Singapore Indian Congress and many Indian voters.

But Marshall's anti-Communism has more the flavour of Malcolm Macdonald, Britain's High Commissioner in New Delhi and long-time Commissioner-General in Southeast Asia. It was Macdonald who recommended Marshall to Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd and the British business community in Singapore as Britain's best bet in newly-awakened Singapore.

Marshall certainly seeks in India a clue to whether he should compete with, or continue to conflict with, Singapore's Communists.

Knowledgeable Britons are welcoming Singapore's dramatic Chief Minister, David Marshall, with all the breath-holding hopefulness with which one regards a trick cyclist on whom one's money is reluctantly but necessarily placed in an all-important race.

Britain's highly-intelligent Colonial Secretary, Lennox-Boyd, has advised the Cabinet and the Conservative Party that this Singapore-born moderate Labourite is the only man worth backing. Marshall is in the race only for self-government by 1959 and is willing for Britain to retain its business and strategic interests. Singapore is Britain's Army, Navy and Air headquarters for the Far East and a SEATO base. It is

simultaneously Southeast Asia's chief port and economic center. With the adjoining Federation of Malaya it is the Commonwealth's chief dollar earner.

To British Conservatives David Marshall has come to be a Singaporean Ernest Bevin: a moderate, anti-Communist Labourite who can defend Britain's imperial interests better than a more conservative person because he can win support in circles impervious to more conservative influences. Significantly, the orthodox Conservative *Daily Telegraph* recommended him on November 23 as some one who "could teach many (British) Socialists how to be moderate and 'advanced' at the same time."

It is indicative of the rapid maturing of the political situation that when Mr. Marshall was last in London at the beginning of this year he considered himself a political novice. He was taking a couple of months off from his £1500-a-month criminal law practice in Singapore to study British Labour politics at Transport House. This was the result of an invitation from Morgan Phillips, General Secretary of the Labour Party, whom he met casually at a dinner party in Singapore for the Labour Party delegation returning from China.

Mr. Marshall was preparing for a race he had no expectation of winning. The Labour Front he had helped form was not even a party, merely a heterogeneous collection of ambitious individuals with Labour or Socialist leanings. Some had been officials of the Singapore Labour Party which had repeatedly collapsed amidst squabbles over office.

Marshall was sure he himself would not be returned because he had chosen to oppose C. C. Tan, President of the Progressive Party, the only coherent party until that point with the exception of the underground Malayan Communist Party. This was the party of the timid locally-born English-speaking Chinese businessmen of Singapore with enough Britons, Indians and Europeans to give it a non-communal appearance. Since 1947 it had held most of the minority of elected seats in Singapore's legislative council, elected by under 30,000 voters.

Encouragement to the Timid

It was precisely the timidity of these Anglicized Chinese businessmen and the seeming indifference to politics of the vast majority of Singaporeans which led to the new Constitution under which Marshall fought. Of Singapore's 1,200,000 population fully 950,000 are Chinese although mostly locally born. But they seemed, until last April, to follow the Chinese tradition of having as little to do with Government and politics as possible.

This encouraged the British Government to take what it thought to be a moderate step toward self-government. They added 250,000 to the electorate by automatic registration, increasing it to over 300,000. This changed its ethnic background; on the old register half the voters were Indians or Pakistanis, who had been born in British-governed countries; now two-thirds of the electorate was of Chinese origin. For the first time Singapore was given a majority—25 out of 32—elected members with power over all fields except finance, defence and internal security.

The first indication Singapore's long-dormant Chinese majority was stirring was the decision of the well-heeled Chinese Chamber of Commerce to sponsor the Democratic Party. The avowed intention of these Chinese-speaking

"Chinese Chinese" businessmen was to knock out the English-speaking "Queen's Chinese" of the Progressive Party. This was evidence of the rising pride of even Singapore's wealthiest Chinese in the new status which Peking had achieved, particularly at the June 1954 Geneva conference.

At the same time the Leftwing Socialist People's Action Party (P.A.P.) began tapping two powerful reservoirs of influence: the majority of unorganized workers in the back-street rabbit-warren tenements and the Chinese-language secondary schools. This latter group was particularly important because more than half of Singapore's population is under 20 years of age.

The brilliant Cambridge-educated barrister who heads P.A.P., Lee Kuan-yew, known as "Harry" to his many Western friends has always conceived his role as competing with the underground Communists in trade union and nationalist militance rather than fight them openly. This task was complicated by the fact that Communist-infiltrated unions and student organizations threw their support to the P.A.P.

Bush Jacket under the Apple Tree

Amidst these subterranean stirrings David Marshall conducted his flamboyant campaign beneath "the old apple tree" on Empress Place near where Stamford Raffles, founder of Singapore, had first landed. He wore a bush-jacket as a symbol of revolt against "this stuffed-shirt colonial nonsense" of collars and ties.

In this Marshall was expressing the discomfort of Singapore's lower middle class—largely Indians, Eurasians and Chinese—against the stiffly colonial code of conduct imposed on them by their British governors and economic rulers. Marshall himself had been born in Singapore in 1908 of Iraqi Jewish parents, which placed him socially among the Eurasian in-betweens of that caste-and-colour-conscious city. Educated locally at

St. Andrew's school and Raffles Institution, he had started studying law while a clerk in a shipping office. He had saved £400 to travel to Britain where he qualified as a barrister at Middle Temple in 1934, having eked out his stay by working as a waiter and giving chess lessons. He applied to join London's Metropolitan Police, but they turned him down.

If not to be a jailor, he was to see the inside of jails. When war threatened he joined the Singapore Volunteers and was taken prisoner and sent to Japan as a labourer, returning only in 1946. (This was his second imprisonment because of his being a British subject; during World War I, as a child, he had been interned by the Turks in Baghdad.)

Even before his election Marshall was one of Singapore's most popular figures. He was the Colony's leading criminal trial lawyer, earning an estimated £1500 monthly. A warm-hearted and compassionate man, he had a capacity for dramatic language. He threw himself into the April 1955 election with the same single-minded dramatic fervour, making perhaps the wildest speeches heard in English. He predicted that the growing generation would revolt if they had to live in the same Singapore slums and "blood will flow in every Singapore street." "It is the coolie thrown on the slagheap of our gold-mining-town economy who made our prosperity; the sweat and misery of that coolie fed the wealthy few to slake their thirst for more money."

When the election results showed not only that Marshall has won his own seat but that the Labour Front had secured 10 of the 25 elected seats, it is difficult to say who was more surprised: Marshall, the British Governor or the hard-crusted British business community. An analysis of the votes showed that the Right had won a majority of the votes cast, but by fighting each other in every constituency they knocked each

other out. Typically, Marshall beat his opponent by 3305 votes to 2530 in a three-cornered poll of 7,000. Seven of the other nine victorious Labour Front candidates won on a minority of votes polled; in all, the Labour Front polled a quarter of the 160,000 votes cast.

As significant as their freak victory was the fact that the P.A.P. won three of the four seats contested, with 'Harry' Lee winning by Singapore's largest majority. This meant that every time that Marshall's performance fell short of his election promises to achieve early self-government and an end to the Emergency regulations, 'Harry' Lee would be at his elbow, accusing him of playing false to the workers who had elected him.

Novice in the Saddle

Marshall likes to tell this story on himself to illustrate the discomforts of unexpectedly becoming the Chief Minister of a colony in which the politically submerged four-fifths of its population is turbulently coming to life. He compares his plight to the man going to the stables for the first time. "Please remember that I have never ridden a horse before," the novice tells the stable keeper.

"That's all right," replies the keeper, "I am going to give you a horse that has never been ridden before either!"

Marshall was eased into the saddle with British help. After allying to himself the three Assemblymen representing the UMMA-MCA (United Malaya National Organization and the Malayan Chinese Association) Alliance which was to sweep the Federation of Malaya elections, he was still short of a majority in the Singapore Legislative Assembly. The Governor appointed two Labour Front supporters among the four nominated members. With the three British Civil Servants in charge of security, economics and defence, Marshall was able to form his Government.

He soon found the Colonial Office wanted him to go much slower than his moderate demand of full internal self-government by 1959. "They acted as if we were hairy monkeys just down from the trees," he told the *New York Times*. "They expected a stooge Government to act within the framework of a Constitution that was rigged to render us powerless."

"On the very day I was appointed Chief Minister," he told the Assembly, "I asked for my office and discovered I had neither office nor staff nor even a piece of notepaper. I was told I was Minister of Commerce and the term Chief Minister meant that I was leader of the (elected) Ministers. I was further told I had no right of coordination over other Ministries."

"Then I discovered at official functions that a host of dignitaries, including the Chief Secretary, were supposed to take precedence over me. The Governor said I must accept the position . . ." But Marshall insisted he be treated like the Prime Minister of an independent State.

"To my own acute embarrassment I had to act like a bad-tempered prima donna in order that there should be a proper respect for the people of this country in the person of their chief elected representative." He threatened to put a table and chair under "the old apple tree" where he had electioneered and work there in full view of the public. The Governor gave in and showed Mr. Marshall a room he could use under the stairs.

Attempts to Unseat

Hardly had he pried a more dignified seat from the British when a Communist-backed attempt to unseat him and the British erupted riotously. Singapore had long been a tinderbox with its extremes of rubber and tin millionaires and its hundreds of thousands of underpaid Chinese workers. Since the Communists had turned in 1948 from trade

union organisation to military insurrection, successful labour organization had been limited largely to workers employed by the Singapore Government or the armed services. The P.A.P. had started organizing militant but non-Communist unions when they were infiltrated by the illegal Communists who had decided to renew their interest in trade union organization.

The results of the Singapore election had encouraged the Communists. A Communist document captured by the authorities spoke scathingly of the "recent soft and compromising attitude of the British imperialists in both Singapore and the Federation." In the back streets the word was passed around that no law could be enforced if the people are sufficiently united and determined to resist. By May 3 Singapore's leading Chinese paper, *Nanyang Siang Pau* saw "a new tide of revolution surging and shaking the entire community."

Marshall was given his first test on May 1st, with six strikes and a large section of the Chinese community, particularly the school boys, turning out to demonstrate. It was the bus strike which opened the gate for a demonstration of Communist strength. The P. A. P.-led bus strikers were striking against the attempt of their employers to establish a company union. The volatile Chinese schoolboys decided to give demonstrative support. The underground Communists decided to use it as a means of capturing the allegiance of the workers and students by 'direct action.' The upshot was the murderous riots of May 12-14 in which four were killed, including the American newsman Gene Symonds.

Marshall appealed for public support against the "forces of chaos." But then he turned his powerful rhetoric on the employers and persuaded them to accept a settlement which ended the strike. But his anti-Communism had been stiffened

by this example of Communist methods and he attacked P. A. P. leader 'Harry' Lee for "allowing himself to be a cat's paw of forces which he knows to be evil in his desire to maintain intact" the P. A. P.

Retorted Lee: "In a straight fight between Colonialism and Communism, Communism is sure to win. How can a nationalist patriot in a place like this be anti-Communist . . . We cannot fight both the British and the Communists. The British are in control so we fight them . . . Give (independence) to us now and we will fight the Communists or any other enemy that seeks to destroy an independent democratic Malaya."

For Marshall however "Communism is the only real danger." When the Communists decided to stage a general sympathy strike in support of the Singapore Harbour Board workers last June, he authorised the arrest of six allegedly Communist trade unionists, but restrained police action. He explained he wanted to convince the 15,000 illiterate strikers that the Government was not repressive but that they were being exploited for political ends. The upshot was the general strike fizzled out and the Communists were forced into a tactical retreat. He released four of the trade union leaders; one of the others, the secretary of a P. A. P. Union, pleaded guilty to writing a report to the illegal Communist Party. Seventy trade unionists told him of the efforts by undercover Communists to incite them to attack the police, but not one would repeat in open court the evidence which would convict the inciters.

It was this sort of evidence, fed to him in quantity by the British security authorities, which led him to change his position on the Emergency Regulations which had permitted detention without trial among other things. Before election he had said "the Emergency Regulations are not justice . . . a man can

be convicted out of hand, as a result of confidential reports of which he and his lawyers know nothing or very little. We are for law and order. But we believe it can be maintained without these extraordinary laws."

After his election the Governor made him an offer, Mr. Marshall subsequently disclosed. "It was officially suggested that we should repeal the Emergency Regulations in this Assembly, the Governor would reimpose them under his special powers, and then everybody would be happy. That was perhaps the biggest shock—that there should be such contempt for the people's representatives as to assume that we would cheat the House . . . and evade our own responsibility to the people." "We made it quite clear that if the Governor ever used his special powers in domestic matters against our advice, the Ministers would resign en bloc."

Instead, in September, while demonstrators jeered and booed outside, Chief Minister Marshall introduced the Public Security Bill, which 'Harry' Lee stigmatized as "essentially the Emergency Regulations . . . respectfully garbed in a bush jacket instead of a strait-jacket colonial tunic." It prohibited strikes in essential services without fourteen days' notice, gave the Chief Secretary the right to authorise the dispersal of crowds if there is an immediate threat to public peace, penalized acid-throwing and restricted the import of Communist literature. It permitted detention without trial if the Cabinet agreed.

Marshall explained that some extra-judicial weapons were needed in a situation where Communists could so intimidate workers that they declined to testify in open court. India, Pakistan, Indonesia and Burma had more drastic preventive detention laws. If Singapore's law tolerated the Communists "we would make Singapore a rest camp and re-arming center for terrorists . . ."

"Let us remember this—Singapore eats because it serves the free world. If Singapore were to become Communist we would cut ourselves off from the free world and we would all starve and suffer even worse than during the Japanese occupation."

Communism, he insisted, "is the only obstacle in the way of a greater and more prosperous independent Singapore."

Triumph in August

This conviction that Britain will give Singapore early self-government came out of his undoubted victory in August. It had arisen from Marshall's effort to appoint four additional parliamentary secretaries. The Governor thought two were enough, considering the fact it would leave only two Labour Fronters without Government portfolios. Moreover, it was thought this was Marshall's payoff to his office-hungry followers.

Marshall turned the tables on the Governor and decided to fight it as a question of principle. "It's a question of whether we rule or the Governor rules," he insisted. He wanted the same status as a British Prime Minister, of having his advice accepted.

He threatened to resign and within a few hours received a cable from Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd to stay his hand until the latter arrived in Singapore.

On August 18, after several talks with Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd, Marshall emerged with two significant victories. The Governor, in future, would accept the advice of the Chief Minister whenever consultation was required under the Constitution. He was promised, too, that a Singapore delegation would be welcome in London after April 1956 to discuss self-government. Marshall made it clear he wanted self-government by 1959.

Lennox-Boyd was disposed to come to terms with Marshall because the

riotous events of May and June had convinced the Colonial Office that there was no chance that Singapore would move back toward moderation again. Malcolm Macdonald, the outgoing Commissioner-General insisted the choice was between Marshall and a swing further to the Left which might mean the suspension of the Constitution and another British Guiana or Cyprus-style problem. Lennox-Boyd was also impressed by Marshall's determination to reassure British businessmen and to continue to rely on British defence even after 1959.

Marshall's current visit is a continuation of August's talks and the informal beginnings of talks as to where Britain can go from here. Marshall insists that Britain can best protect its strategic and economic interests by naming 1959 as the date by which Malaya can have complete internal self-government. He wants, too, to double the size of Singapore's Assembly, permit its debates to be in language other than English, and to extend Singapore citizenship to some 200,000 foreign-born permanent residents, mainly Chinese. He also wants a new Malayan bank to be shared jointly with the Federation.

But the Colonial Office is not sure how to stop the process at self-government. If this joint Malayan bank is set up what guarantee is there it will contribute Malaya's dollar earnings wholly to the Commonwealth pool?

The Colonial Office, while considering Marshall as Britain's best bet, is not sure Marshall is strong enough to carry out his aim to stop Singapore from falling out of "the Colonial frying pan into the Communist fire." It has sent a moderate Labour expert to encourage pro-Marshall unions, but it cannot send organizers for his Labour Front. All it can do is make concessions which can strengthen Marshall without the guarantee that it will strengthen him enough

GOOD FAITH IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

THE EXAMPLE OF BRITAIN

EXAMINING the record of a sovereign State as a member of the society of States is both like and unlike reporting on the character of a man. In the usage of diplomacy, the State is assumed to be a person; and its conduct can, metaphorically, be described in language which treats the assumption as true.

But in the perspective of sociology the evidence takes on a more complex appearance. For what on the formal face of things are the doings of the State are found reducible, if viewed through a different analytical lens, to the comings and goings, the moods, the calculations, and the choices of beings of flesh-and-blood, figuring now as leaders and officials, now as humbler rank-and-file.

Thus the behaviour of Britain both is, and is not, that of individual Britons; and a forecast of "her" future course is, in some sense, a guess at what men and women will think and feel.

Altered Atmosphere

But it need not be a random guess. For it can take considered account of the conditions (so far as these are foreseeable) by which the behaviour is conditioned; or, more concretely, of the world situation—the state, that is, of international society—to which it must respond. And if that world situation is to be a novel one, then, whatever the thinking-patterns

of the people and whatever the traditional attitude of the State, the lock of Britain's resulting behaviour may foreseeably be, in some sense, new.

Now who will deny that, with the advent of the Bomb, the world (and Britain with it) is faced with a novel situation? It is in an altered atmosphere that the intercourse of States must henceforth be carried on—though no one may as yet be able to see precisely what may prove to be the full implications of this.

Two impressions, however, seem to be winning endorsement. The first is that man's need of a social technique for the avoidance of war is more urgent now than ever; the second, that if we suppose that need is met, it must involve not merely a marginal, but an essential, change in the ethos of relationships between States, giving a difference not simply of degree but of kind.

"Peaceful co-existence," to use the current term, will not, indeed, be free of tensions. But, as within the circle of a happy family or among the sailors in a "happy ship," the acknowledged rules, the tacit understandings, and the forms of individual self-restraint will presumably furnish the artificial context in which, bad though things may sometimes be, the worst will yet never come to the worst.

By C. A. W. MANNING
Professor of International Relations at
London University

Creating confidence

Now it is presumably never within the unsupplemented power of one man alone to bestow the state of happiness upon a ship. If it takes two to make a quarrel, then to make a community it certainly takes more than one. But one man, if so inclined, can do much to keep a ship unhappy. And similarly, we can think of States whose action—were they so inclined—could go far to bar the emergence, in the international context, of those community-conditions in which peaceful co-existence might endure.

But whereas it is not in the power of one State—of Britain, for instance to dictate the attitude of others, each State is certainly answerable, in a measure, for its own. And to one who has lived long among the British, it comes natural here to consider what there may be in the character of Britain to create confidence in her capacity—should other things, and other peoples, permit—to play a happy part in the production, internationally, of the moral and mental atmosphere of the happy ship.

One could look, to start with, at Britain's past behaviour, though that might not be decisive in itself (for it occurred in the conditions of the past). One could take Britain's traditional position with respect to international law, whether in the matter of assuming new commitments or in the fulfilling of obligations earlier assumed.

To make much, however, of the zest with which Britain has joined in the framing of multilateral conventions and subjected herself to their regime might invite the comment that, given her share in their conception, such conventions have presumably suited her book—and she need not be smug about that.

Setting An Example

By contrast, in the fulfilment of promises given—and perhaps regretted since—and in the observance of

general international law, there is virtue of a less questionable kind. What member of the United Nations has submitted, or offered to submit, its cause to the International Court of Justice so frequently as Britain—and this by no means only when she can have felt certain to win?

If there is to be life in community, there must be rules, and the members must be content to pay, in occasional inconvenience, the price of their imposition. Britain, it may well be claimed, has set in this respect an example second to none.

And no other member State, it may be added, has evinced a like concern at the tendency (so much more marked in the UN proceedings than in the old League of Nations setting) to underplay the importance of legal refinements and the reality of technical snags. Let go of the sanctity of law, and so much else goes with it. No country has shown as much awareness of this as Britain.

But what—someone may ask—about the expression *perfidie Albion*, coined, it would seem, in ancient times, resurrected in the French Revolution, and echoed, if faintly, even today? No man, and no country, can take a constructive hand in public affairs without incurring enmities.

Hard things are said, hard things are invented, hard things are believed of Britain in places abroad. But of the epithet *perfidie* it may suffice to remark that, were there all that in it, her ill-wishers need not have striven so hard as they have done to give it a vogue. For the facts would have spoken for themselves.

And, if a British promise were not worth having, how would we account for the anxious and strenuous and sustained efforts put forth by so many other countries in the inter-war years to prevail upon Britain, by one means or another, to promise something more? There need be no doubt of it. In official circles

throughout the world, Britain's credit, as ally and as partner in any matter of common concern, has heretofore stood high.

Destined Role

One can illustrate this. In 1917 it became the declared British policy to foster Indian independence. No one, in the Oxford of the 1920s, had doubts as to the meaning of that. The young men who in those days, following family tradition, sought service in India saw their destined role as different from that of their fathers. They would be helping to wind up the show. And when, eventually—the task completed—they found themselves displaced, they showed no surprise at that.

Mr. Everyman, in England, who has assumed British good faith as a matter of course, does not realize how bad a press his country has sometimes had. He, for his part, retains as an element of his social heritage a picture of the world of States as a society of actual or potential friends—a veritable community in being. He believes in the majesty of law, as law; and he believes in the reality of a universal moral, as well as of a legal, order.

If at the time of Munich he was not without his qualms, that was because he knew the sentiment of human solidarity. If in 1939 he stolidly went to war, that was because

it was to the Poles—unlike the Czechs—that his country was committed, as it had been committed to the Belgians in 1914.

Of matters international he may know but little, but these—to him eternal—verities—he does implicitly assume. With apologies to Nelson, we may put it that Mr. Everyman expects that England every day will do her duty.

Hopeful Outlook

And this expectation and these assumptions on the part of Mr. Everyman—coupled with those fortunes of history which have permitted British diplomacy to play so generally beneficent a role in the affairs of States, so that participation in the full spirit of membership in a future community of mankind would involve a less violent break with tradition for Britain than it might for some—all contribute (it may perhaps, without undue complacency, be claimed) to justify a not unhelpful assessment, so far as Britain's disposition is concerned, of the outlook for "peaceful co-existence" in time to come.

If Britain in the future shows care for the interests of others as well as for her own, and regard, in the dealings of States with one another, for the requirements of morality and law, she will at least be running true to form.

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R
E
G
D.

Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,

19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.

(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

GARRISON—AN AMERICAN FORERUNNER OF GANDHI

By ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

PEOPLE in India familiar with America's great men are widely acquainted with the views and life stories of Lincoln, Thoreau, Monroe, Washington, Madison, Jefferson, and many others. But they appear to have had little chance to become acquainted with another influential American: William Lloyd Garrison, whose 150th birthday occurs this month.

Garrison was the anti-slavery editor who declared, while he was a young Boston journalist: "... if my life is spared, my name shall one day be known to the world, at least to such an extent that common inquiry shall be unnecessary..." And it was Garrison who burned copies of the U. S. Constitution of 125 years ago because he could not tolerate what he considered a national charter that sanctioned human bondage. This man takes on new interest in view of the progress made in the U.S.A. during the past two years in combating segregation of the Negro people.

Garrison's name did indeed become known to the world, although in those days of less thorough and rapid communication it was heard mainly by the defenders of the unjustly treated. In his own country it was a controversial name that could provoke a riot in some quarters.

One of several children of poor parents, Garrison was born on December 10, 1805 in New England. He worked from boyhood on and had little schooling. As one of his biographers has put it, he became literate but not literary. He had his journalistic start on a semi-weekly in his native town, serving as a prin-

ter's apprentice for seven years; the printing case was his college. He read Scott, Pope, Milton, and other classic authors at night; in spare time he wrote essays for his paper as well.

A few days before his 20th birthday his apprenticeship expired; he forthwith became publisher and co-owner of another New England weekly, but the paper lasted only six months. He then went from one paper to another, gradually acquiring hatred of the slave trade in Negroes then going on in the U.S.A.

Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker abolitionist who also ran newspapers to further his views, influenced Garrison greatly. They united in publishing an anti-slavery sheet, "The Genius of Universal Emancipation" in Maryland, a southern State. Slavery was a characteristic of the south. Garrison's bitter attacks on the trade in humans brought him a 7-week jail sentence and fines that he refused to pay.

Garrison's full journalistic attack on the slavery evil came when he founded, in Boston, the weekly paper for which he became famous: "The Liberator." Under the name on the first page he printed a slogan adapted from Thomas Paine, another courageous and earlier American writer and journalist: "Our country is the world—Our countrymen all mankind."

In the first issue, dated January 1, 1821, there appeared in an editorial the statement for which Garrison is best remembered: "I will be as harsh, as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak, or write with

moderation... I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

For months Garrison struggled to keep the paper alive. It received subsidy from various private citizens who felt as he did about slavery. At first he had only fifty subscribers; they amounted to only a few hundred more for many months. Most of those who bought "The Liberator" were Negroes who had been freed.

Although Garrison pleaded for immediate freedom for all Negroes, he opposed violence, for he believed firmly in the power of non-violence, one of the many views he held in common with a later man of greatness, Gandhi, who was influenced by Garrison through Tolstoy. Expression of his views in his paper enraged the pro-slavery people to such an extent that once a committee of citizens in South Carolina offered a reward of the equivalent of Rs. 7,000 for conviction of anyone who circulated "The Liberator." On one occasion Garrison was mobbed after speaking; on another he was burned in effigy.

Garrison at this time was encouraged by the success of the first of several trips to England and by the rise of anti-slavery organisations in America. No; that trouble ceased, however. It continued vigorously, for as the abolitionist movement gained strength so did its opposition—his paper carried on but only weakly and he lacked money more than ever, for he had married. The paper was not widely accepted even by those who held his views in general. Emerson, the great poet and philosopher, called it "a scold". Cleavages were becoming evident among the abolitionists, many of whom favoured Fabian tactics and opposed Garrison's call for immediate freedom. One of Garrison's numerous biographers termed 1835 and 1836 as "the mob years" because of the mistreatment of the abolitionist speakers.

As Garrison's own interests broadened "The Liberator" became wider in scope. For the fiery editor had been attracted to such new causes as women's rights and the peace movement. He ran a column each week headed "Non Resistance." He stood for abolition of all militarism—arms, navies, armies, monuments or holidays commemorating military events, conscription and other military laws, and of course all ranks and titles. His views on peace did not stop there, for related to them were certain ideas on government then labelled anarchistic. Despite the split in the ranks of the abolitionists Garrison's personal influence mounted. By the early 1840s he was nationally known and widely demanded as a speaker.

By now "The Liberator," although still financially insecure, was a general reform publication, opposing cock fighting and other cruelty to animals, duelling, smoking and drinking. It discussed women's fashions and diets; Garrison most of his life was not well and became something of a food faddist. Generally only four pages in size, by today's standards "The Liberator" was not well written or edited. But it was forceful.

Another point of friction was his dislike of political action. He refused to believe that moral reform and politics could mix. He advocated non-voting. But it was in part political action that spurred and strengthened his companions in the opposition to slavery.

As the Civil War years approached, the public in the north was more tolerant of the abolitionists. Garrison failed to become the outstanding leader of the group because of his extremist views. That leadership went, instead, to Wendell Phillips, after whom Garrison named one of his sons.

The year 1852 saw the publication of a novel which is widely known if not much read anymore in India: Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's

Cabin." Garrison reviewed it in his paper. His prejudices asserted themselves in what he wrote, for he saw no anti-slavery significance in it but judged it to be a novel of non-resistance. As we now know, the book became an international sensation and a famous document of the anti-slavery movement in America.

Such misjudgments were not unusual in Garrison. He similarly misunderstood Lincoln at first. He said the Republican party should have nominated another man, calling the leader who later was to earn the title of Great Emancipator "a dwarf in mind."

More and more of the other abolitionists came to the view that the slaves could be freed only after bloodshed. But Garrison, the believer in non-violence, naturally would have none of this policy. He therefore had no knowledge or part in an event in U.S. history known as the John Brown Conspiracy at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in 1859, an attempt to free the slaves of that State by insurrection.

Despite his views on war and his early opinion of Lincoln, when the President sought to crush rebellion by force at Fort Sumter, Garrison rallied to him, somewhat inconsistently. He rationalized his stand by saying in editorials that the pacifist could hope for the success of the right cause even if his principles prohibited him from taking part. He urged Lincoln to issue a proclamation of emancipation of the slaves publicly.

Garrison's attitude was justified when on 1st January 1863, the final Emancipation Proclamation was issued by Lincoln. Thereafter Garrison reaped some rewards from his thirty years' flight against slavery. He represented to the American people the symbol of victory over the evil. From then on he lived a quiet and milder life. "The Liberator" was more moderate in tone. He continued to be loyal to Lincoln when other

abolitionists, notably Phillips, maintained bitter opposition. When Lincoln espoused the ideas that later were incorporated in the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which gives the Negro civil rights, he felt vindicated. By 1864 other abolitionists took over leadership of the principal organisation, the American Anti-Slavery Society, which Garrison had headed in New England. The editor retired to his paper, by now smaller than during the height of the work for freeing slaves.

"The Liberator" ceased publication on December 29, 1865—just ninety years ago—after never exceeding 3,000 circulation and usually having only about 1,500 subscribers. Soon after its cessation Garrison dropped out of the abolitionist movement altogether. He made an unsuccessful attempt at writing a history of abolitionism, did desultory reading, and a little lecturing. He visited various European countries. In England he met an unexpected reception. He was greeted as the moulder of the emancipation. During a big session in his honour in London he heard himself lauded in speeches by John Stuart Mill, the Earl Russell, John Bright, the Duke of Argyll and Thomas Henry Huxley.

On his return to America in the autumn of 1867 he found that a national fund of about Rs. 155,000 (today) had been raised as a testimonial to him. Many leading political and government figures joined in it, as well as such leading literary lights as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier (himself an editor of abolitionist papers) William Cullen Bryant, and James Russell Lowell.

Garrison resumed journalistic work in 1868 as a regular contributor to the New York "Independent" and as an associate editor of the "Woman's Journal." He wrote articles for the "Independent" until 1875, dealing with some of his reform

in erests, adding to the older ones of temperance and non-resistance the topic of the vicious organization called the Ku Klux Klan, giving support to the women's suffrage movement, opposing injustice in the treatment of American Indians, and fighting the Chinese exclusion policy of the Government.

When Mrs. Garrison died in 1876 he was too sick to go to her funeral. He remained alone at his home in Massachusetts except for one more quiet visit to England. Within two years he again was so ill that he could not leave his home or remain alone, so he was persuaded by his children to move to New York City into the home of his daughter, Fanny. He died there on May 24, 1879. The governor of Massachusetts proclaimed May 29 an official day of mourning. His grave is in a Boston cemetery.

Garrison was bold and defiant but peaceful in his methods, if not in

his editorial language. He often denounced his opposition as "moral lepers" and as thieves, expressions in common use by the journalists of those days.

His family consisted of his wife, Helen, and seven children, five of whom survived infancy. He was ill often and continually in financial straits. His appearance was not entirely in his favour. Prematurely bald, he was sturdy but not handsome. He was slightly under five feet ten inches in height. He had no appreciation or understanding whatsoever of the arts.

William Lloyd Garrison was utterly serious at all times, something of a fanatic, but indubitably sincere. A man of a single, noble purpose around which minor aims revolved, he was indefatigable. He was possessed of many of the best characteristics of the notable reformers of all time.

FOR INSURANCE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Consult

VANGUARDS



COMPETITIVE RATES OF PREMIUM
PROMPT, EFFICIENT SERVICE TO
POLICY-HOLDERS AND LIBERAL POLICY
CONDITIONS ARE OUR WATCHWORDS

Wanted agents on very attractive terms

THE VANGUARD INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
THE VANGUARD FIRE & GENERAL INSURANCE CO.
LTD.

Head Office: "VANGUARD HOUSE", 11 & 12 SECOND LINE BEACH.
MADRAS 1.

STUDENT LIFE IN BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

Educational Democracy Has Come To Stay

"YOU can lead a boy to college, but you can't make him think" so the old adage runs. The recognition of this important truth by the university authorities contributed greatly to a harmonious relationship between teaching staff and students at British universities. "A British university . . . both teaches and researches but is primarily a teaching body, and in teaching it believes that the essential is less that the pupil should be trained to know than that he should be trained to judge." These are the words of one of the most celebrated figures ever to participate in British university life—Sir David L. Keir.

To be trained to judge, to learn how to learn, to be encouraged to use one's initiative, these are all regarded as essential ingredients of British university education. Every student at my own university of Oxford has to produce for his tutor at least one original essay a week. On the other hand, attendance at lectures is not compulsory (though it is definitely encouraged). This means that some lectures are poorly attended. A Glasgow University Professor of Medicine, on an occasion when his lecture was attended by one student sent an attendant to bring in the skeleton, in order that he could begin his address with "Gentlemen."

The life of the British student is

not all work. Pliny remarked "Studia hilaritate proveniunt"—"Cheerfulness is the key to success in studies." Students all over the world know that.

In all British universities there is a Students' Union, responsible not only for general student welfare, but also for organising facilities for recreational activity. As in India, the officers of these Unions are elected by the students themselves. There is keen competition between the universities in all sports, but especially between Oxford and Cambridge, and their century-old rowing rivalry in the annual Boat Race is well known. There are, of course, other spheres of relaxation besides sport, and at Oxford I remember, there were countless societies and journals functioning regularly throughout the term, for the poet, the philosopher, the writer, the musician, the artist, the bridge or jazz enthusiast, and many others.

There are political and religious groups which cater for all views, the political societies mainly confining their activities to the propagation of the policies and ideas of the national political parties they support.

Probably the most famous institution in Oxford is the Oxford Union Society. As in Indian universities, debating is popular among Britain's students and like its Cambridge counterpart, the Oxford Union func-

tions primarily as a debating society. As each of Oxford's thirty colleges has its own student welfare body, membership of the Union is a purely voluntary affair for the six thousand men students. None of the thousand women students are permitted to join, but they are invited to view the 'House' from the gallery of the debating chamber. Occasionally a lady undergraduate is invited to participate in one of the debates. Nearly a year ago I heard a fine speech by an Indian undergraduate, Miss Nandine Mehta (Lady Margaret Hall), who was the first woman ever to address the Oxford Union. The president at that time was Raghavan Iyer, the third Indian to become President of the Oxford Union. However, although at Oxford women are rarely allowed to participate in the Union debates, as in all other British universities they contribute greatly to student social life in other spheres.

In most other British universities, the proportion of women students is larger, higher education for women having steadily developed since the last war. Indeed, there have been a number of silent revolutions in British universities since the war. 'Oxbridge' is no longer the play-

ground for the sons of the idle rich. The majority of students at the two older universities are assisted by some kind of scholarship or grant, and the proportion is probably greater in the other universities. Educational democracy has come to stay.

An increasing amount of Britain's total student population is from overseas, perhaps 20-25 per cent of Oxford's students are visitors, particularly from the Commonwealth and the U. S. A. Indian students play an active and often prominent part in university life, and there have been many distinguished Indian cricket Blues.

One of the greatest needs of this generation is for some 'intellectual ivory towers' where young people of all nations can meet and discuss quietly together for a short time and then, refreshed by this intellectual pause, can go forth wiser as a result of the interchange of ideas.

I hope this claim is true of all British universities, but I know from personal experience that venerable and wonderful Oxford 'whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age' is one such haven of peace and is helping to meet a vital modern need.

INDO COMMERCIAL BANK LTD.

(Estd.: 1932)

Sir A. RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR, K.C.S.I., D.C.L. (Oxon)
(Chairman)

Offices in Madras City:
Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose Road: Triplicane:
Mylapore & Theagarayanagar.

Branches:

Ambasamudram, Ambur (N. A. Dt.), Chidambaram, Cuddalore, Erode, Kancheepuram, Karalkudi, Kumbakonam, Mathurai, Mayuram, Palghat, Pudukottah, Ramnad, Sirkali, Tanjore, Tenkasi, Tirunelveli Town, Tiruchirappalli, Vellore, Vijayapuram, Villupuram and Virudhunagar.

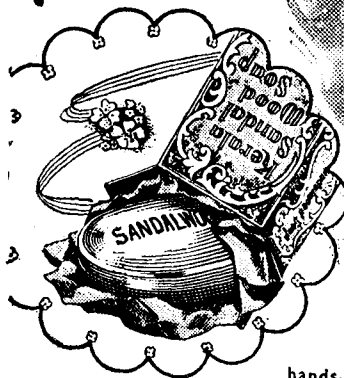
S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

By

BRUCE BURTON

Member of the British Universities Debating Team
which toured India in 1954

YOU COULD LOOK
JUST AS
lovely



Don't envy beautiful women
The key to beauty is in your
hands. Use Kerala Sandalwood Soap
regularly. Its wonderfully perfumed,
creamy, luxuriant lather will give you a soft
and lovely skin.

Kerala SANDALWOOD
SOAP
(PURE OIL BASE)

KERALA SOAP INSTITUTE,
KOZHIKODE

A DIVISION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIES &
COMMERCE, GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS.



Short Story

By V. K. Subramaniam

GIFT OF GOD

Mother—How she ached to be called by that name!

HER village home lay across the furrowed fields, behind the thick groves of coconut trees and the clusters of plantains and palms. Within its muddy walls, she lived—what kind of life? Even the nearest neighbours did not know. But they saw her daily rise with the lark and go to the near-by temple, drenched in wet clothes.

And the pock-marked widow told her colleagues at the temple tank: "Look at that one! Going to temple, Heh! why doesn't she talk with us all?"

"I have'n't seen another of her type in this place. I am sure something is wrong with her" chirped Lakshmi, the hunchback.

"Now, listen!" said the pock-marked one, "I heard that her husband"—she lowered her voice and the rest gathered closer—"is'n't sleeping with her!"

"Ha! That must be, that must be," the other explained, "otherwise tell me how after four years she has'n't brought forth any little one. Come on, tell me!"

Daily this gossip went on. Often enough these malicious words reached Thankam's ears. At first she felt angry at her village folk for their wanton mischief. But later her anger gave way to grief. Why blame them? Why not blame her own fate which maligned her? she thought.

How she wished to see the face of a smiling child! To hear his sweet lisps, to enjoy his little pranks and toothless smiles, to tell him to sleep in her lap, to shower him with

kisses, to feed him with her milk, to clothe him in colourful dresses! What would she not do to get a child? As she sat, day after day, thinking of her barren world, her whole being writhed in agony and she knew not how to soothe her aching soul.

Of what use were her prayers at the temple? But then she had faith in her God. A strange feeling lurked in her mind that if she went to her God in all humility and prayed for a child with tears in her eyes, He would not refuse her.

It was the final day of the temple festival. In the midst of a gay and happy crowd, Thankam stood in dreary loneliness and prayed—with lumps in her throat and tears in her eyes—for a child of her own—a child who would call her in his lisping voice "Mother!" (How she ached to be called by that name!) As she begged the Lord in the shrine to be merciful, she made a vow, firm and sincere, that if by the next year a child be born to her, she would bring to the temple the soon-to-be delivered calf of her cow and dedicate it to the Lord.

As she came out of the temple, Thankam felt a new faith in herself and her God. The night had already set in when she reached home and it was, as usual, empty. Her husband had gone out on his usual round of drunkenness. Thus it had been all these four years. Not a single night had he stayed at home. Thankam had'n't protested; she could not, for she knew what it was to oppose him . . .

One day he had asked her money for his drink.

"I have none," she had replied.

"Where is the eight-anna piece you took from me this morning?"

"I didn't take any money from you today," she said calmly. Slap! down came his grisly hand on her smooth face and left a red patch.

"Give me now eight annas, will you?" he roared.

"I have only eight annas left with me and I must buy straw for the cow."

"To hell with your cow! Take out that money," he ordered.

Thankam knew his mood at his drink-hour. Wisely she had surrendered it to him.

Such was he—her husband—brutish and insensible; how could she deal with him? For a long while she sat wondering how God would help her.

Next day, Thankam rose earlier than usual. "Today I must do it," she said to herself. She returned from the temple and wore her prettiest blouse—one she had got on her wedding day, but which she had never worn, and put on, the white saree which she had carefully washed the day before. She looked at herself in the tub of water and combed her hair and tied it into a serpent-like knot. She plucked a handful of jasmine flowers from the neighbouring grove, wove them into a string and set it on her hair. And as she applied collyrium to her eyes, she murmured "I'll do it."

Outside, Velan still lay snoring and Thankam hastened to make him *kanjee*, after which she waited for his waking up, trembling at the threshold. At eight, Velan opened his eyes and into them floated this vision of Thankam in all her radiance. For a moment, he stared at her half-believingly.

Thankam forced a smile into her lips and said sweetly, "Shall I bring your *kanjee*?"

Without answering her query, Velan sat up and asked in his gruff voice "What is on today?"

Thankam fluttered for a while; then throwing a prayer heavenward, replied "Oh, today? It is Friday—the first Friday of the month."

"Hum," he grunted.

While he ate his grub with the jack-tree-leaf made into a bowl, he kept on looking at her and something new in her seemed to strike him. As he set out to the fields, he could not help remarking "Thankam, you are beautiful today" and he laughed, a hoarse laugh, with a merry twinkle in his eye. The evening came. Velan returned home and Thankam strove hard to win his notice. It was soon eight o'clock, the hour when the lord of liquor would beckon her husband away from her to his daily fountain of forgetfulness. Her heart beat faster, as she came desperately to where he lay—ready to walk out. She sat beside him, the smell of jasmine flowers gently emanating towards him. Slowly, she nestled close to him. For a moment, she feared that he might throw her off and go away to the benumbing goddess of wine. But to her surprise, that night he slept with her.

When Thankam found that she was with child, her gratitude to the Lord in the shrine knew no bounds. Now as she walked towards the temple, she did not lower her head and she saw with pride that there were only gentle whispers where loud, malicious chatter had been heard before. Even the pock-marked woman was silent.

Her child was now six months old and Thankam felt it her duty to fulfil the vow to her God. So one day she lulled her child to sleep and went to the cow-shed. The cow licked her saree and bawed 'Ma!' Tears welled up in Thankam's eyes as she untied the calf and led it to the temple. Often, it turned back home with a

heartrending cry, but she pushed it on until they reached the temple. There she tied it to the flag mast and knelt down in satisfaction of fulfilling her vow. But as she looked up, she saw the calf frantically bawling for its separated mother and a strange uneasiness crept over her. Hurriedly, she fled home, to hide her face away from its view. Way back home, a sudden panic seized her—what if the separated cow had run wild and destroyed her home, her child! Oh! he was alone. Why did she leave him alone? And she ran like a mad woman to the side of her child.

But when she reached home, she found her child sound asleep. Tears of joy rushed down her cheeks. Then she ran to the cowshed. There she saw the calf-less cow standing in silent agony. The sight filled her with remorse and she wished she had not taken away the calf to the temple.

Did she not remember how she felt when she was childless? Now, when she had a child to fondle and caress, her dear cow was crying for its separated offspring. The cow too had a mother's heart. Why did she undertake this unjust vow?

Thankam felt ill at ease and beads of perspiration stood on her face. Unable to compose her mind, she went and fell at the feet of the temple Deity and sought an answer. She did not know how long she remained thus, but suddenly she stood up. An unknown joy pervaded her whole being. She rushed to the flag mast and let loose the calf. As she watched it hurry to its mother's side, Thankam wondered how foolish she had been.

Now she understood it all. Her child was God's gift to her, as the calf was to the cow. It was not her vow that God had answered, but the tearful prayers of her agonized heart. God gave His gifts to the needy and distressed, if only they prayed for them, and He demanded nothing in return.

India's Tea- India's Wealth



INVESTMENT :

Capital Invested in the Indian Tea Industry is estimated at nearly Rs. 75 crores.



No other drink refreshes
you so much, yet costs
so little as **TEA**

PST 152

New Books

THE MAKING OF A POEM. By STEPHEN SPENDER. Hamish Hamilton, London. 15sh.

WHAT is to the obstetrician just another case, is to the mother in the throes of childbirth, a phenomenon which seems to make her the temporary focal point of the universe. So also with poetry: The critic is not aware of those vague processes that led to the poem which he dissects and analyses with the detachment of a scientist. It is then that we feel the need for more poets like Coleridge, Matthew Arnold and T. S. Eliot—for poets who are equally competent as critics. And now, with *The Making of a Poem* Stephen Spender has joined the ranks of those giants by proving that his genius also is two-fold.

The Making of a Poem is a collection of essays written over a period of many years, and dealing with various subjects. The only quality that they have in common is that they all treat of some aspect of art or other, with special emphasis on poetry.

As with all works of general criticism, this book does not contain any elaborate exegesis and analysis of texts. Spender's aim apparently has been to view the poet in his environments and to examine his problems. And this is naturally in the nature of a revelation, because it involves an inevitable confession of the author's beliefs, and his attitude to the world around him.

The creative artist, according to Spender, is "inside the cage;"—inside a world of his own making. The extent to which he communicates with ordinary mortals, outside that cage depends on his imagination. Not only do these mortals lack ima-

gination, they also come to art with certain presuppositions which blind them to its subtleties. And apart from all this, utilitarianism is crippling creative talent: "Functionalism," Mr. Spender declares, "is the philistinism of people who talk about a work of art as a well-done job like any other piece of plumbing."

Psychology has infiltrated into art more than into any other facet of life. And therefore it is in its psychological approach that our literature differs from the literature of the past. To Spender, the chief manifestation of this difference is in the importance of the First Person Singular in the mind of the Modern Artist. The *They* of the 19th century has given place to the *I* of our time. The novelists no longer speak to us about their characters, they *are* the characters. Even the narrative (as apart from the dialogue) is no longer the prerogative of the author; instead of being a dispassionate commentator, like the Greek Chorus, he adopts different points of view in the very process of narration. And thus we have Virginia Woolf, Henry James and James Joyce, with their deceptive simplicity and their obfuscating streams of consciousness.

Spender is a follower of the "I school of thought" himself, and consequently he has a greater sympathy for a poet like Dylan Thomas. Auden's poetry, on the other hand, although often psychologically symbolic, is certainly not introspective. And for this reason, the author seems to think that Auden is old-fashioned. He calls Housman "the lyricist of English Repression" simply because the latter did not indulge in conflicts

of the mind and "psychological climaxes." He seems to be unable to conceive that the simple beauty of Housman's poetry could have arisen from equally simple sentiments in the minds of simple people.

Stephen Spender is a true child of the Modern period, and it is about that period that he speaks with conviction and ease. This conviction is absent in his brief excursions into the poetry of the past, and on such occasions there is a lack of spontaneity in his criticism. This lack of conviction also manifests itself in criticism that is startling in its originality. Consider, for instance, the following lines of Wordsworth:

And I have felt

A presence which disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man . . .

Spender asserts that this *presence* refers to the poetic imagination, implying thereby, that the latter occupied the position of a deity in Wordsworth's Scheme of Things. Generations of critics have been content to accept these lines as Wordsworth's confession of belief in a Superior Being. This stanza also agrees with the Romantic poet's philosophy of Immanent Transcendentalism;—with his faith in a Being which was at the same time instinct in nature, and which transcended nature. And for apparently no reason at all, Spender summarily rejects the whole body of older criticism, without trying to justify himself.

The author moves with greater freedom in the uninhibited inten-

sity of Keats's world. He seems to be in his element. But the uncertainty and hesitation return when he speaks of Goethe. Not only is he dealing with another age, he is dealing with another country, another culture. The tone of the introductory sentences is almost apologetic: "Byron . . . did not know German. Shelley's knowledge of it is not very complete, and his translation of the *Prologue in Heaven* contains school-boyish mistakes. Coleridge . . . made a number of howlers in his translation of Schiller's *William Tell* . . ." And so we are to be indulgent with regard to any "howlers" or "school-boyish mistakes" which may be made by any modern English writer (including Mr. Stephen Spender).

In the chapter after which the whole book is named, Spender reveals the magic formula that goes to make a poem. The five ingredients (if such a prosaic word is permissible) are Concentration, Inspiration, Memory, Faith and Song. But these abstractions can intermix and prove creative only if one is an artist—"a voyager on the earth come from another sphere, to whom everything remains wonderful, horrifying and new . . ." The artist is like the *Presence* in Wordsworth's poetry; immanent and transcendental. "The essence of art is that opposite is related to its opposite. The subject has to be made object, the chaotic the formal, the unique the generally shared experience."

Spender is a poet first and foremost, and this is clearly seen when we read his account of Van Gogh's art. Criticism forgets its own nature, and we see Van Gogh's art, not as paint on canvas, but as the artist's life-blood on the passive surface of the earth. "His art verges on a distortion of his medium, because every painting is a spiritual triumph over the medium."

Spender's English is remarkably simple and pure. The sentences are

short and well-constructed, and above all, they are euphonious. Yet, in his style, lucidity is lacking. Spender's thought-processes are so fast, and he springs from one subject to another with such astounding agility that an ordinary person finds it difficult to keep pace with him.

But in the final analysis *The Making of a Poem* is a truly great book. It is neither for the student, nor (to use a vulgar expression) for "the man in the street"; it is a book for those who love art for its own sake, and for the critic whose outlook needs broadening.

E. R. JAYPAL

SANSKRIT

BHRAMARA SANDESA. Re. 1-8 as VYAJOKTIRATNAVALI. Rs. 2. VANALATA. Re. 1. By Y. Mahalinga Sastri. *Sahitya Chandrasala, Tiruvalangadu, (Tanjore Dt.)*

THE temple of poetry is always in seclusion. Strange, it should be so; but fortunate it is so. The cult is too subtle and intimate to be capable of general appreciation; and so, as all attempts at understanding must be fraught with difficulty, the usual thing is to take for granted a not too large gathering of worshippers at that shrine.

How many among modern writers here, one wonders, have read Sri. Y. Mahalinga Sastri, or indeed, have ever heard of him as a Samskrita poet of much significance. For some reason or another, this unassuming poet has not only not received adequate appreciation, but has failed almost entirely to receive any recognition whatever. If his name is known at all, it is known by virtue of the few Tamil novels and short-story collections which have gained for him a discerning public.

But Sastri's highest claim to distinction does not rest upon his achievements in other fields like Tamil and English, creditable as these are no

doubt; it certainly rests upon his eminence as a master of euphonious Samskrita, especially in lyrical cadences. Perhaps, his misfortune is that he is born during an age when Samskrita has been much neglected due to various causes. His proper place would have been three centuries earlier when Royal courts of Delhi and Madura encouraged poets like Jagannatha Pandita and Nilakanta Dikshita and a glorious tradition prevailed, proving congenial to the growth of Samskrita. "I wish I were born in the age of Kalidasa" said Tagore once. We might as well wish that Sastri had been born at least in times not so unpropitious to Samskrita as at the present. Mahalinga Sastri has been "amidst the storms and stresses of life, steadily faithful to his vision. Coming of a line of great scholars who trace their descent from Appayya Dikshita, the world of Samskrita was to him a family heritage. And like a good husbandman he has cultivated his garden intensively." In recent years he has added to the numbers of his already enjoyable collection of Samskrita works, three more beautiful booklets. In the wake of Kalidasa, the *Bhramara Sandesa* of his has been conceived with distinctness of individuality and effortlessness. No doubt one is reminded of Kalidasa even in some of the phrases and idioms, apart from the main theme and metre, though still one finds him not totally imitative of everything of his predecessor's genre and canvas. The choice of the bee as messenger of love looks too not inapposite, and some of the best lines in this short poem of a hundred and ten stanzas revive in us a taste for delicacies of sound which Samskrita poetry alone could furnish even untrained ears.

For charm of style and picturesque delineation of nature Sastri wields a very facile pen. Sri N. Raghunatha Aiyar's introduction in English to this poem is perhaps one of the most enduring pieces of literature

ary art. How one wishes there are more such competent critics in this land!

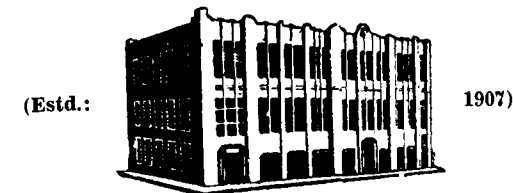
Anyapadesa is an old, old yet ever fresh medium in Sanskrit poetry for making the heart of a *rasika* dwell in a surfeit of suggestions. Certainly the writer, unless he is quite observant of life in all its vagaries of change and intricacies of behaviour, cannot become a success in that art. Further a poetic core of heart alone will invest the lines, which shape as well-contained stanzas, with much that can draw the mind to reflection. *Vyajoktiratnavali* of Sastri thus bids fair even to compare somewhat with Tagore's *Stray Birds*—a collection no doubt of deeper suggestions and profounder thought. Some of the ideas here, hinted at on the pretext of a mere

description of what happens around one, make us only contemplate longer on their faithfulness to truth.

Vanalata, though cast in the manner of the conventional romantic episode in five cantos, is flowing with eddying currents of both human love and devotion to God. With a spray of variety in the metrical contrivances suited to the variegated Rasas enshrined, Sastri has woven out of strands, again taken from his own dear Kalidasa, something supremely the pattern of his own imagination. If skill and grace like twin brother and sister playfully dance on the tip of his pen, it only proves more forcibly how much of absorbed wooing should have won him the heart of poetry and made her yield him her treasures.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

THE INDIAN BANK, LTD.



Head Office: INDIAN BANK BUILDINGS,
North Beach Road, MADRAS-1.

Branches and Sub-Offices throughout South India
in Bombay, Calcutta and New Delhi.

CAPITAL

Authorised	..	Rs. 1,00,00,000
Subscribed	..	Rs. 72,00,000
Paid-up	..	Rs. 57,80,000
Reserve & other Funds	..	Rs. 76,50,000
Deposits as on 30-6-55	..	Rs. 27.69 crores.

All kinds of Banking Business including Foreign Exchange transacted.

N. GOPALA IYER,
Secretary.

KUMARI CHANDRALEKHA

VIVACIOUS and charming Kumari Chandralekha, disciple of Guru Ellappa Pillai of Conjeevaram, has leaped into stardom in the course of a few years. She is considered by the discerning critics to be one of the most outstanding amongst the Bharata Natyam dancers of today. She possesses an enviable mastery over some of the most intricate numbers of Bharata Natyam. In Chandralekha's art we see the great tradition at work in its purest form. At no point of her dance she mixes it with lesser forms in order to make it popular. She follows the Kandappan style of dancing. There is a difference in style between the Kandappan school and the Pandanallur—the latter, as presented by Rukmani Devi and Shanta Rao and the former by Balasaraswathi and Chandralekha. In the latter we see broad movement and severe sculptural poses, while in the former there is intricate footwork and rhythm pattern combined with tempo and subtle Abhinayam. Both these styles however occupy their distinctive places in the great art of Bharata Natyam. Chandralekha's repertoire is rich and varied. Padams in Telugu, Tamil and Canarese are rendered by her with grace born of individuality. But her greatest number is "Useni Swarajati Varnam" and Thana Varnam which she renders with eviable mastery. Her footwork is sure and unfailing and her movements are marked by considerable force, in fact she combines great force with charm. She excels in Abhinayam and successfully creates illusions of swift and subtle emotions. She portrays the emotion with much intensity of feeling.

Kumari Chandralekha visited Russia and later China as a member of the Cultural Delegation and danced before vast audiences and

her art brought her encomiums from thousands of people in the Soviet Union including artistes, musicians and dancers. She received many presents in appreciation of her art. The ones that she values most are an old set of rare Uzbek jewellery from no less a dancer than the world famous Tamara Khanoum, a beautiful lacquer box from Maya Plisevskya, the Prima Ballerina in Russia today, and rare paintings on silks from the greatest living painter of China, 94 year old Chi-Pai-Shi.

In India she has attracted the attention of such eminent persons as Dr. Radhakrishnan, Sardar Panikkar, Poet Vallathol, Musiri Subramania Iyer, Chittoor Subramania Pillai, E. Krishna Iyer, G. Venkatachalam and Charles Fabri who have all paid great tributes to her art.

Chandralekha has danced at Rashtrapathi Bhavan in the presence of the President, Vice-President and Prime Minister, many distinguished guests and she was awarded a medal by the Rashtrapathi in appreciation. She danced at Tirupathi at Sanskrit Viswa Parishad before a distinguished gathering of about 15,000 people. Recently she gave a dance recital at the Madras Raj Bhavan in honour of Marshall Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders. It was a magnificent performance and the guests were immensely impressed. She was time and again applauded during the performance, after which she was warmly congratulated by the Soviet leaders and also the Governor Sri Sri Prakasa. The Soviet leaders want her to visit Russia to dance to vast audiences there and have invited her to a dance tour of Russia as the guest of the Soviet Union. The Music Academy has invited her to dance in their December festival this year

SOCIALISM IN REVERSE GEAR

By K. R. MALKANI

IT is one year since the Congress passed its "socialistic pattern of society" resolution at Avadi. Pandit Nehru said on the occasion that Socialism had always been the goal of the Congress. He did not explain why, in that case, the Congress Socialist Party had come into being more than twenty years ago.

I for one would wish the Government to be democratic and socialistic—the twin claims made in its behalf by the P. M. But what is the reality? Indian business circles are making so much hay under this Socialism of the Nehru brand that the *Economic Weekly* of Bombay wrote on the Avadi resolution: "Dalal Street wants more of this Socialism." Of course Socialism served the Congress excellently well, politically. It made the way easy for ex-Congressmen to return to the fold without loss of face. It took away from the P.S.P. its only talking point. But what has been the economic impact of this Socialism? One could describe it only as Socialism in reverse gear.

Economic disparities have always been great in our country. They have grown very much worse since Independence. As the Taxation Enquiry Commission reported only last year: "In the rural sector, the comparatively large landholders, particularly such as have regular irrigational facilities and have been growing cash crops, have improved their relative position . . . On the other hand, the position of an important section of the agricultural population comprising landless agricultural labour, which also includes artisans and nonoccupancy tenants, has always been particularly vulnerable, and appears to have suffered some further deterioration. In the urban areas, the middle classes and those with fixed incomes have

lost in real terms, while business classes, both in commerce and industry, especially in the higher income groups, have gained . . ."

The recent fall in agricultural prices has reduced farm incomes. According to Dr. P. J. Thomas, formerly Economic Adviser to the Government of India, in the single small State of Travancore-Cochin alone, the purchasing power of the peasantry has fallen by Rs. 60 crores as a result of fall in farm incomes. *It is significant that, due to the Government's various policies, there has been no corresponding fall in the price of manufactured goods.* For example, whereas food prices fell from 384 to 394 points between April 1954 and February 1955, the prices of manufactures fell by only four points, viz., from 381 to 377 during the same period!

It is estimated that the peasantry has lost a purchasing power of Rs. 1000 crores—the national income from agriculture being Rs. 5000 crores, (half of the total national income) and the price fall being 20% as a result of the slump of agricultural prices. In effect its loss is even greater, for while the peasantry gets less than wholesale prices for its products, it pays more than the wholesale prices for the factory goods it needs. Neither the post-Avadi budget, nor even the draft second Five Year Plan, made any proposals for reducing this mounting disparity of incomes.

It is well known that indirect taxes bear heavily on the poor consumer. It is significant that the proportion of indirect taxes has been steadily rising for the last ten years. Whereas taxes (direct) on income have fallen from 48% in 1944-45 to 30.6% in 1946-47 and to 26.4% in 1952-53, customs (an indirect tax) has risen

from 10.2% to 20.8% and to 26.9% during the same period. Central excise has also risen during this period from 9.5% to 9.7% and to 12%. While excise (indirect) duties increased from Rs. 85.75 crores in 1951-52 to Rs. 123 crores in 1954-55, income and corporation taxes fell by Rs. 22 crores! Of course, as balance sheets of companies show, their profits continued to grow.

Full employment is another ingredient of a socialistic economy. During the first Five Year Plan period our population grew by 2.25 crores and our adult labour force by 90 lakhs. But even according to the wildest claims of the Government, only jobs for half of them were found. Of course that would mean that none of those unemployed at the commencement of the Plan period got any work. The employment exchange registrations are an index of this growing unemployment.

Actually in some sectors of big industry, employment literally fell. According to official figures, during the period 1948-52, the number of registered factories rose from 6144 to 7155, fixed capital rose from Rs. 195.64 crores to Rs. 300.94 crores and working capital increased from Rs. 482.19 crores to Rs. 730.77 crores. But the number of workers in organised industry actually fell from 17,04,230 to 16,48,443! Obviously industry has been rationalising plant by displacing labour.

It is true that the Government is starting some industries on its own. But that does not make our economy socialistic. By that standard Chiang's Formosa, which has the largest state economy, would be the most socialistic country outside Russia! It is important to remember that Japan and Germany—no socialist countries any time—also had big public sectors of economy when they launched on industrialisation and when private capital was relatively scarce and shy. Sri G. L. Bansal, Secretary General of the Fe-

deration of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry interpreted the official mind aright when he said: "It would be safe to say that even in a socialistic pattern of society, the private sector will have an important and growing role to play." The conclusion is therefore inescapable that the Congress chanting of "socialistic pattern" is little more than empty phrase-mongering calculated to impress our gullible electorate. In the words of Mr. Chester Bowles, former American Ambassador: "Upon close examination his (Nehru's) concept of a mixed economy and Welfare State turns out to be hardly more radical than the economic programme of Winston Churchill's Conservative Government in England."

(Continued from page 5)

moniously subsumed in the unity of the Divine.

Conformity has never been to our thinkers the terrible bug bear that it is to the Western intellectual. In an organic society life falls into patterns which reflect our instinctive needs—the alternation of commingling and solitude, of silence and communication. Though superficially large areas of external life might appear to be regulated by custom and usage, they do not irk. After all, vitally speaking, most of us, like the iceberg, remain three fourths submerged. The subconscious does its work and does it well in a traditional society. It saved old India from the harassment which is the lot of the unoriented modern who cannot find his place in what has ceased to be a real community. For our ancient Government was not the all-pervading blight that it threatens to be under the Welfare State. That, I said, is our problem in India today—a problem which is, too, at the heart of Western Democratic Socialism.

VIGNESWARA

SPORTS

CHEPAUK REVISITED

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

A remarkable incident occurred in a City League match last Sunday at Chepauk which, as far as I am aware, has not been mentioned in the daily Press. A fast bowler, on coming up to the wicket, slipped and the ball fell a few yards away from him. It was thereupon picked up by a nearby fieldsmen.

Such incidents are far from uncommon. But what followed invested the occurrence with more than ordinary interest. The batsman, possibly guided by the fact that his team was in need of runs, insisted that as the ball had been bowled he was entitled to hit it. Thereupon, while the fieldsmen stood around him in wondering array and with neither umpire offering any opposition, he stationed the ball much as if he were playing golf and hit it into the "country". However, his partner, who is the Madras State captain, declined to take any runs. He returned to the wicket and was, perhaps not undeservedly, bowled when his side needed four runs to achieve victory.

This strange incident provoked much discussion. It is not clear whether the batsman could not have been given out for handling the ball had an appeal been made against him. There was also this fact to be considered that the ball had been previously touched by a fieldsmen. The fact, to be highly applauded for the splendid spirit it displayed, that no runs were scored for that particular stroke (three could have been made) rescued the incident from

further, possibly acrimonious, complications for the team, as I have already said, badly required runs.

The essential factor, of course, is that the runner disdained to utilise the opportunity to amass some runs. In the paralysis of action which had apparently overtaken the umpires, he could have well done so. In fact it must have been difficult for him to resist the great temptation. If these runs had been taken, his side might have won. But it is to his credit that he refrained from doing so. There was a nobility about him as he waved back his impetuous colleague. This incident more than any other confirmed him in his moral right to be appointed the captain of Madras.

This noble gesture rewarded my first visit to Chepauk this season. The ground wore a strange look as I entered. Near the front gate I was assailed by the familiar feeling that, though they were only a hundred yards away from me, the players were disporting themselves on a totally different planet. From Wallajah Road cricket at Chepauk has always appeared unreal and incredible. It was so last Sunday. But thenceforward I appeared to be moving in a strange world. The ground looked preternaturally vast. The few spectators scattered beneath the trees on the western side merely confirmed this forlorn impression. The game appeared to be aloof and remote. It was with something like astonishment that one heard the shouts and clappings, hollow and ineffective as they seemed.

The truth is that Chepauk has become a strange ground since the Corporation Stadium was preferred to it as the venue for Test matches. There were no doubt excellent reasons for this change. But they have in course of time come to produce a deterioration in one of the historic grounds of India, while the Stadium is yet to endear itself to the public. As a matter of fact it appears impossible that the latter, huge and monstrous as it is, will ever recommend itself to the affections of the public. It does not and because of its vastness cannot possess the intimacy and charm of the older ground. It may be argued that the public is able to find better accommodation there than at Chepauk, whose harsh wooden planks with their cruel capacity to eat into one's flesh are an unpleasant memory. Nevertheless, on a balance of conveniences it will, I think, be found that the public prefer Chepauk.

The Stadium is a parvenu, while Chepauk is instinct with history. For decades it has been synonymous with cricket in Madras. My first visit to it was made to watch Hobbs and Sutcliffe in action. I beheld neither of these celebrities for the excellent reason that the gentleman who was to have taken me there was late and I arrived after both had been dismissed. But I still remember the feeling of disgust expressed by the spectators that Hobbs should have been bowled by a "shooter" from, if I am correct, Gopalan.

Since then a notable galaxy of cricketers has trod Chepauk field. One recalls the grave Jardine, the debonair Valentine, the stylish Walters, the scholarly Verity, Macartney with his old magnificence still in him, the elfish Hassett, the mercurial Miller, the suave Worrell, the ponderous Walcott, and the tigerish Weekes. They have become a part of the tradition of Chepauk and every player and spectator must feel their unseen presence. The Stadium, if

only because of chronology, has little to show. Only one Test match, that against the disreputable Silver Jubilee Overseas cricket team, has been played there.

In consequence, I looked at impoverished Chepauk with dismay. It has gone down badly in the world. There was an air of listlessness about it; the trees appeared to be heavy and mournful. Cricketers and spectators seemed to be a vexatious irrelevance there in the midst of all this melancholy. It would have perhaps been better if I had not revisited it. But, on second thoughts, I would have been deprived of the incident to which I have already referred.

No greater contrast to the heaviness of Chepauk could be conceived than the Marina. This ground is in the popular and democratic tradition. It is not exclusive and haughty as Chepauk is. Jolly and vehement noises float over it, while there are occasions when one is as chary of making a noise at Chepauk as if one were at a shrine. The spectators audibly participate in the match at the Marina. But probably because of its comparatively small extent it has never been the venue of important games, though I remember a Ranji Trophy match with Mysore being played there.

SURPRISE ENDING

Emptying her husband's pockets before sending his clothes to the cleaners, a housewife found a slip of paper on which a telephone number was written. Curiosity being what it is, she dialed the number. Busy. She waited and dialed it again. Another busy signal. Dialing the third time, she happened to notice the number in the center of the dial—her husband had made a memo of their own new number.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

AT a meeting of film journalists last week in Bombay Prithviraj, Balraj Sahni, Krishna Gopal and Jagat Murari gave the impressions of their tour to China.

Prithviraj who was emotionally moved narrated his purely 'subjective' impressions of the tour. He said when he left China he cried, while he had not cried when he left his home and family! He was impressed most by the humble approach of the artistes, film workers and the spirit in which they worked on very low salaries—the highest paid star receiving about Rs. 500 a month. He was so inspired by Indo-China friendship that he composed a poem—the first poem in his life—on this theme and when he read it out, he was warmly applauded.

Unlike him, Balraj Sahni dealt with 'social' and 'political' aspects and gave a racy account of the welcome changes brought about by the liberation of China. He paid tribute to their discipline, to their cleanliness and he said there were no thieves in China and no beggars.

Krishna Gopal said that to appreciate the Chinese film industry one must forget first everything about our own film industry. For the standards of the Chinese film industry are absolutely different from our own. The entire industry controlled by the Government is working up to the plan. He also confessed that wherever else there might be regimentation, there is none in the Chinese film industry.

There were no Russian bosses or technicians to guide the Chinese film industry. He said that the Chinese

film industry was in a state of development and it was developing on the right lines. The films were made with a purpose to serve the nation. The film artistes, unlike Indian stars, were prepared to play any kind of roles. The "hero" was ready to appear as an 'extra' if his services were needed. Inadvertently, perhaps, but drawing comparisons between the working of the two different industries of India and China and showing marked preference for the latter, Krishna Gopal made a strong case for the nationalization of the Indian film industry. For, whatever might be the case with other evils, for the star-system the best remedy could be only nationalization. Balraj Sahni pointed out he would rather prefer to work on a less salary provided he was assured of a long term contract rather than grab as many contracts as he can while he was in 'demand.'

Though many producers may not like it, to a true artiste or technician, nationalization would be a blessing.

Picture of the week

In spite of the failure of "Badshah" it is really commendable that Amiya Chakraborty has not fallen a prey to box-office formula in selecting the subject for his next picture "Seema" which was premiered at Eros (Bombay) on Friday last.

"Seema" is a rather unconventional theme, but with social purport and dynamic characterization. It revolves round Gauri, a poor orphan girl who lives with her relations and works for a living. As the girl is illiterate, she does menial jobs; one of her colleagues, Banke, harasses her and gets her involved in a theft which he committed.

Caught with the stolen necklace, she loses her job, and though the court discharges her for lack of corroborating evidence she is branded as a thief. As a result she fails to secure a job and her relations turn her out. Jobless, homeless, Gauri's first desire is to take revenge on

the man who brought her misery; so she goes to Banke to teach him a lesson; but again she is caught and taken to the police who hand her over to an Ashram.

Innocent that she is, Gauri's first reaction to the Ashram is also of revolt. She tries to run away; she resents all restrictions put on her. She refuses to eat food. But the humanitarian chief of the Ashram (played by Balraj Sahni) calms her down gradually and Gauri starts taking interest in the Ashram. Yet she has to settle her dispute with Banke. So one night defying the Ashram restrictions she goes to Banke and beats him. Back in the Ashram, she is put in solitary confinement. Again she revolts, breaking windows and creating an uproar. Tactfully, the chief of the Ashram manages the situation and through the help of his friend succeeds in bringing Banke to book and proving Gauri's innocence.

Now that Gauri is free to go, she requests Babuji to be allowed to stay and work for the Ashram, little knowing that soon she would be called upon to save the man who saved her. The romance and the subsequent union of the two are handled with tenderness and restraint. In the latter half, a couple of instances irrelevant to the main story are introduced to heighten the significance of the Ashram and its contribution to the welfare and reform of women. The Ashram is an ideal place; and hence perhaps it would appear to be too good to be real; its chief is also too ideal a man. As against his idealism, the impetuous, haughty, upright heroine appears to be very natural and human. Superbly played by Nutan who has added considerable weight, Gauri is the life and soul of "Seema."

More than for its story, which is rather thin, "Seema" will be remembered for the dynamic characterization of Gauri and the remarkable

manner in which Nutan has portrayed it.

A complex theme, it is handled with great understanding by Amiya Chakraborty; he is helped by his technicians and dialogue writer. But the scenario and the dialogue writers have sometimes shown a tendency to prolong the scene unnecessarily. The music is catchy; the lyrics are apt and timely. At least four songs: *Suno Chhotisi Gudiya Ki Lambi Kahani*, *Jara Janewale*, *Manmohana*, and *Tu Pyar Ka Sagar Hai* are delightful. The classical rendering by Lata of "Manmohana", in Jayjaywanti is the musical highlight of the film.

Personality of the week

Motilal Rajvansh celebrated his birthday with great eclat on Saturday, 3rd December 1955. Incidentally, I think, December is the month in which all front-rank male stars are born—viz., Motilal, Dilip Kumar, Raj Kapoor, etc. (Dilip's birthday is 11th December and Raj's is 14th December).

Motilal had invited most of the 'Mathur's' film personalities, including producers, directors and stars. About 100 guests attended the function and wished him many happy returns of the day. The presence of Bibbo, the erstwhile star who has now settled in Pakistan and the presence of W. Z. Ahmed and Neena added colour to the party. While Bibbo has come just for a holiday, Ahmed, who has been mainly responsible for the present deadlock between India and Pakistan, is reported to have been here to negotiate for exchange of Indian and Pakistani films.

How far Ahmed succeeded in this mission during his short stay, one does not know. But it was interesting to find that W. Z. Ahmed who left India nine years ago and indulged in rabid anti-Indian film industry propaganda should have found many friends in Bombay. These friends felt that the business quarrel should

not come in the way of their personal friendship. So Ahmed met many of his old associates including Ramanand Sagar, Agha Jani Kashmiri, Krishen Chander. He had a very busy time in meeting other film people and his brief stay in which he enjoyed Indian hospitality would, it is to be hoped, help him to have a better understanding of the problem of export and import of Indian films into Pakistan and vice versa.

Incidentally during his stay Ahmed also came to realize that certain Indian producers would rather have to release their pictures in Pakistan than accept the price offered, viz. exchange of films. In that case the Indian producers are in danger of losing the market. For, it is quite possible that Pakistani producers may copy the popular Indian films—their stories and music, and thus have the best advantage of both. Ahmed is reported to have drawn the attention of Indian producers to this fact also.

After over a week's stay he and Neena returned to Karachi. In Bombay they stayed as the 'guests' of Baburao Patel whose "Filmindia" is banned in Pakistan.

News of the week

This week one music director and well-known poet died. The music director was Arun Kumar, a cousin of Ashok. He was first a playback singer and then a music director. His latest picture was "Parinneta". The poet was Majaj. Among Urdu poets, he ranked very high. He did not write film songs, though some of his poems were included in films. Only recently his famous *AAi Game Dil Kya Karun* was incorporated in Jubilee Pictures' "Thokar" and sung by Talat it had proved a hit.

Nirupa Roy, Balraj Sahni, Shammi Kapoor and Gope went to Calcutta to attend the gala premiere of "Tongawali" at Paradise on 9th December 1955.

Nargis returned from Baroda after completing the work in "Mother India" and flew to Madras to work in "Chori Chori".

Bimal Roy's next subject, it is learnt, is based on the famous novel "Boatmen of Padma" and Bimal Roy is keen on shooting the film in East Bengal, provided, of course, he gets the necessary permission.

Kanu Desai has been signed by Shantaram as art director of his next technicolour as well as black and white picture. The black and white picture which Shantaram is making is based on the biography of a Marathi poet. Sandhya, who has been recently operated for her leg-trouble, Panditrao Nagarkar and K. Date play the lead in both the Hindi and Marathi versions.

NEW BOOKS

The Myth of Sisypus by Albert Camus Rs. 11- 4 as

A Mountain Called Nun Kun by Bernard Pierre with illustrations Rs. 12- 0 as

The Call of Honour: War Memoirs of General de Gaulle Rs. 13- 8 as

Champion in Exile: The Autobiography of Jaroslav Drobný (Wimbledon champion 1954) Rs. 12- 0 as

The Meaning of Creative Art by Nicolas Berdyaev Rs. 13- 8 as

A Perfect Woman: A Novel by L. P. Hartley Rs. 9- 6 as

Officers and Gentlemen: A Novel by Evelyn Waugh Rs. 9- 6 as

The Hidden River: A Novel by Storm Jameson (Book Society choice) Rs. 9- 6 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

Dog's Diseases

ALL dog lovers who buy a new puppy dread its getting distemper or hard pad, two diseases that ravage the canine world. Anything that can be done to combat them is obviously of great importance, not only to the thousands of people who keep dogs as pets, but also to the greyhounds kept for racing, the Army dogs, police dogs, guide dogs for the blind, foxhounds and many others. A new treatment for the protection of dogs against distemper and other diseases caused by a virus has been discovered at the Canine Research Station of the Animal Health Trust at Kennett near Newmarket and Hardiman Scott described it in the BBC's "Radio Newsreel." The preparation, which will shortly be available for the general use, marks a pronounced advance in the treatment of distemper and Britain is the first country in the world to make use of the discovery for veterinary purposes. The Research Station, on the borders of Suffolk and Cambridge, is the only one of its kind in the world and is solely concerned with diseases of the dog and it was in its modern laboratories, which were once Army workshops and later prisoner-of-war camps, that the new methods of treatment and protection have been discovered. An anti-serum has been used against distemper for more than twenty years but this is not much use against certain viruses and the new produce, Immune Gammaglobulin nicknamed the "Glamour Girl," will treat several different kinds of viruses at the same time. Mr. John Hodgman, the Station's Director, told Scott that the product is more concentrated than the ordinary injection so that smaller doses can be given. It can be stored at room temperature almost indefinitely provided it is kept in the dark. There is no preservative in it so that it can be given in any way, either under the skin or into a vein, without causing trouble. Last of all, it contains an anti-body

to three diseases, distemper, hard pad, and canine virus hepatitis, a virus disease which chiefly affects the liver. The early stages of these three diseases are often difficult to diagnose but this injection hits all three so that if the dog is suffering from any one of them he will stand a good chance of recovery. Once the "Glamour Girl" can be produced more economically, it is sure to be very widely used.

Aid to Good Grammar

VIVIAN Ogilvie, talking in the BBC's West of England Home Service on "Learning by Heart," recited numerous jingles that had helped English schoolboys to memorise various odd facts about English grammar, for many years. He quoted an easily repeated rhyme which should be of help to many people even now:

"In English, so the grammars teach.
You always find eight parts of speech.

A Noun's the name of anything,
As—school, or garden, hoop or string.

Verbs tell when anything is done,
As—Henry walks. She rides. They run.

Adjectives tell what kind of Noun,
As—Trees are tall. The book is brown.

Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand,

As—He is happy. She is grand.
The where, when, how, the adverbs tell,

As—He is here. Now she writes well.

A Preposition stands between
Two words, as—She stood by the Queen.

Conjunctions join our thoughts together,

As—March brings cold and windy weather.

An Interjection shows surprise,

As—Ah! how happy! Oh! how wise!"

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. December 24, 1955 No. 47

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	5
SIDELIGHTS	7
SELECTIVE OBSCURANTISM	9
INDIAN AFFAIRS	11
ANU-ANANDA AGAIN	14
AN UNWANTED AMENDMENT	17
RETHINKING BRITISH SOCIALIST POLICY	19
HOW IS PEACE TO BE PROMOTED?	20
COMMONWEALTH CONCEPT OF INTERNATIONAL CITIZENSHIP	22
GREENLAND WILL BE GREEN AGAIN	25
Y. G. SRIMATI	28
SHORT STORY: BETWEEN THE SISTERS	30
LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES	34
PHILIPPINES' ROLE IN ASIA	39
NEW BOOKS	42
MARUNGAPURI GOPALAKRISHNA AIYAR	44
MARTHA GRAHAM—EXPONENT OF MODERN DANCE	45
FILMS	47

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

Advertisement rates can be obtained on application to the Manager.

Cut along this line

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Make certain that you get your copy of SWATANTRA regularly by completing this form and posting it to the address boxed to the right

To:
The Manager,
SWATANTRA,
2, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE : MADRAS 4.

I enclose remittance of Rs. 20; £1-16sh; \$8 for one year's subscription (or) Rs. 10; 18sh; \$4 for a half-year, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



the safest treatment

For Bruises & Sprains!

AMRUTANJAN



**Famous for over
Sixty Years!!**

SWATANTRA

Vol. X. DECEMBER 24 SATURDAY 1955 No. 47

PRE-ELECTION FURY

THE Tamil Nadu Congress Committee passed the other day a resolution condemning Sri L. S. Karayalar for calling the Chief Minister a dictator. The resolution is an indication of the hold that Sri Kamaraj has on the Committee. But it neither proves nor disproves the charge of dictatorship. Perhaps, if such resolutions are not passed, there might be greater scope for the free and easy play of opinion and of judgments on leaders and Ministers, which forms part of the training for the democratic way of government. The distinguishing mark of democracy is the impermanence of rulers—an impermanence caused by periodic shifts in public opinion. There is a failure of democracy when opinion is stifled to the extent that no change can take place in the party ruling a country or the set-up of the personnel governing a party. Democratic leadership is subject to constant and continual challenge by would-be supplanters. Mr. Attlee worked for twenty years as leader of the British Labour Party but there was no moment in all that period when he was entirely free from the potential possibility of another aspirant taking his place. Revolt against prevalent leadership, which is treated as treason to the regime and even punished with death in a fascist or Communist State, is a recognised constitutional right in a democratic system. The practice of democracy is filled with perpetual challenges to the power of leaders, some of which may not even be reasonable, but the right of chal-

lenge is the precious thing it provides the stimulant of competition that maintains the character of leadership at a high level.

Sri Kamaraj has established himself very firmly in the saddle of power and he has managed quite skilfully the agitations which used to give so much trouble to his predecessor in office. There is now comparative quiet and a hushing up of discontents. The Chief Minister has revealed himself to be a master of mass psychology. It must also be said to his credit that we do not find him indulging in purposeless verbosity which in the past brought so many leaders down to levels of controversy where they became vulnerable to deadly attack. Perhaps in the whole of India there is none in a comparable position who has assimilated so usefully the political and administrative virtues of the golden rule of silence. Above all, Sri Kamaraj has risen in stature with responsibility and developed a kind feeling for common people, and whatever deficiencies of intellect were attributed to him have been balanced by a shrewd humility and a certain reputation he has acquired for identity of interests with the rank and file of Congress workers. The only flaw that can justly be levelled against the Chief Minister is that in the choice of candidates for the legislatures, his influence has not always been exercised in the public interest, and instead of seeking to secure the best available talent for these sovereign bodies, he has been packing them

with docile agents tested for obedience. Other higher considerations have been sacrificed for the building up of a Kamaraj party. Both in the Central and in the State legislatures there are far too many who would not have been there but for Sri Kamaraj's desire to provide for them and who are not endowed with any outstanding qualifications. It is now generally recognised that loyalty to Sri Kamaraj will pay good dividends in politics, and this impression is in no inconsiderable degree the secret of his power.

As the legislature is the sovereign body in the Constitution from which all administrative power emanates, its character will determine the worth of our democracy and its power for good in the years to come. There is no greater national dis-service than contributing to deterioration in the quality of the legislatures and no more valuable patriotic service than ensuring their independence and efficiency. Unfortunately, in the rush of opportunities for important positions provided by freedom, Congress leaders have fallen into the temptation of making a tactical use of the legislatures as a lever for their own advancement. That is why we find all over the country so many choice spirits capable of rendering meritorious service shut out of the legislatures. It is their blemish that they are not safe followers from the standpoint of the political interests of the party bosses.

There has been great dissatisfaction as to the manner in which candidates to represent the Congress in the legislatures are being selected in successive elections. To some extent Sri Karayalar embodies the stifled voice of public dissatisfaction over this experience, and the Parliamentary Board elected by the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee is in itself proof of the perspicacity of his protest. Four of the five members of this Board are Ministers. An election board packed so fully with Ministers

is undesirable, as the Ministers are likely to be more interested in maintaining themselves in their positions than in filling the legislatures with the most competent persons. There should have been a disinterested tribunal set up as Election Board with no interest of a personal sort in prospective Ministry-making. The heat and passion of personal jealousies tend to run riot at election time, distorting normal values, and rousing anger and resentment against even fair exercise of legitimate citizen rights. We fail to see the need for so much fury being thrown against poor Karayalar into the proceedings of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee, unless it be that the Committee itself happens to be overweighted with election aspirations and went off the balance under the load. It is not so harmful to the democratic spirit of our institutions that Sri Kamaraj should be called a dictator as that he should run a Congress Committee that will brook no criticism of him.

The present Election Board will create a packed legislature and result in bad blood. Despite the unanimous resolution of the T.N.C.C., a board like this endorses Sri Karayalar's charge by laying the foundations of dictatorship for the future. The Chief Minister will enhance his reputation by taking steps to get this untenable Election Board scrapped.

Here in Andhra you were not long ago talking about the ceiling of 20 acres of WET land. To put it in a nutshell, it means that whether the Congress be in power, whether the Socialists be there or whether the Communist Party holds the reins, none of them has the courage to displease the middle class, to dislodge the middle man!

We, on the contrary, are alone aiming at the total abolition of the ownership and proprietary rights of the individual over land.—
VINOBA BHAVE.

Sotto Voce

★
NOT A SLAP BUT AN ACCOLADE



IDEAS are irresistible, as Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev have been proclaiming. And who would doubt it after reading of the delirious mass welcome accorded to the two conquering heroes at Moscow airport? Mr. Nehru may well pride himself on having given this new idea to a drab world. Under the strait-laced rules of protocol the arrival and departure of foreign worthies in the old days was an occasion for the display of frock-coated dignity against red carpets, *hoi polloi* being carefully fenced off beyond hailing distance.

In Russia, after "the glorious October Revolution" the Rulers were, unlike our old Kings who followed Manu, fanatical adherents of purdah. Big Brother, whom his humble 'comrades' were not allowed to forget even in their sleep, nevertheless remained a shadowy presence. The late lamented Stalin, whose stocky figure, pipe and all, was familiar to millions from the posters and photographs which they saw wherever they looked, was rarely seen in the flesh. So much so that when Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin were for the first time seen on the public highway, marching among thickly massed crowds arm in arm with Nehru, the massed Muscovites, after possibly a moment of stupefaction, were beside themselves with joy.

★
That must have come as a revelation to the Rulers, a reve-

lation as profound as that which discovered for Ho-ti the delights of roast pig in a flash. And the diet of popular adulation on which Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin were systematically fed in India must have confirmed their relish for this exotic luxury. But the hard-headed leaders of "people's democracies" are not likely to slide into reckless bouts of auto-intoxication. When they stage their stadium shows after the Nehru fashion they may nevertheless be as circumspect as the artist of the "Aryan dance" in the Tamil proverb who amidst his most spirited gyrations keeps a cool head and an appraising eye.

Mr. Bulganin, in what might in bourgeois societies be regarded as a left-handed compliment, said that some of Comrade Khrushchev's pronouncements in India had riled Western, particularly British statesmen. "They do not like our friendship with India, Burma and Afghanistan. But we like it—it suits us." Of course, it does. And the unusual mass demonstrations of joy at the Moscow airport—assuming that they were a fact—suited them, we may be sure, equally admirably. How could the Russian masses' enthusiasm for "Hindi-Russi bhai-bhai" be more convincingly brought home to the palpitating hearts that at Palam were left aching for the departing guests? And how could the Western Powers fail to note and be confused

by the new fraternising between the Soviet Rulers and their subjects?

Moscow Radio does not report that the airport reverberated with frenetic enthusiasm for 'Pancha Sila'. But the Soviet leaders spoke copiously of the triumphant march of Co-existence (Russian brand). Comrade Khrushchev, with that genius for foreshadowing which marks the expert in the management of propagandist perspectives, told his countrymen, "Indians, Burmese and Afghans are now allies of the Soviet Union in our struggle for Peace." And, lest they should mistake his Peace for the meaty-mouthed slogan which is so useful for confounding the bourgeoisie he seasonably reminded them of the infallible V. I. Lenin's thesis, that "India, China and the Soviet Union together form an invincible force." Did not the great man once say, "We shall conquer Europe by way of Asia"?

Mr. Khrushchev declared that (no doubt) as a result of the duumvir going up and down, back and forth in South Asia for six weeks) "the Colonial Powers had received a mighty blow and would not recover." That is the trump card which Comrade Khrushchev plans to play at the forthcoming 20th Communist Party Congress. A monolithic Party is not impressed with gaseous emanations of goodwill. It looks for hard results. And Mr. Khrushchev, like all good Party bosses would like to ride his steed on the snaffle if he can. Hence the assurance that "our country is growing stronger at home and the position of our country abroad is strengthened."

So much for the polite fiction about the Soviet yearning for universal peace and disarmament. Their virtuous horror of military alliances and power blocs apparently does not preclude them from entertaining dreams of world hegemony.

Meanwhile the cue in Asia is to tell the simpletons that ideas are irresistible, that Communism is inevitable, that the only way of producing "the homogeneous Socialist society" is to liquidate the industrialists and the kulaks. The Cominform will do its best to help them overcome their repugnance to the messy but effective process of liquidation. Meanwhile our own Red Shirt brigade must be feeling fearfully bucked up by the paring pat on the back. It was not a slap but an accolade. Khrushchev, in defending the Cominform, was unequivocally claiming the Reds of every country as "our own."

VIGNESWARA

THE SUBMERSIBLE BRIDGE

An unusual bridge is to be built in India, over the Chambal River near Agra; it is a submersible bridge—submersible so that exceptional floods will cover it to a depth of many feet without washing it away.

The contract to build this bridge, believed to be the longest of its kind in the world, has been secured by a British group of companies which has been very successful in obtaining contracts in the Far East. Hardiman Scott interviewed the Chairman of the group, Mr. John Gammon, for the BBC's "Radio Newsreel". Mr. Gammon told Scott that the bridge is to be 2,434 feet long. Special structural problems arise from the specification, which assumed a flood level of twenty-seven feet above the actual level of the bridge road. Nearly one hundred years have elapsed since such a level was reached, but there have been many smaller floods. Great solidity of strength is needed to resist the effect of heavy trees and logs brought down by the flood waters, and which would of course, batter the bridge to pieces. It is particularly important to design the bridge with a smooth face, so that there is no clogging up of flood material in the interstices.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THERE is a salutary rule in the House of Commons which forbids the hanging of anybody's portrait on its walls till full ten years have passed after he has ceased to be in power. I wish our municipalities and other institutions, particularly educational institutions like the universities, observed a similar rule. The amount of money spent all over the country in getting up receptions for persons in authority who are never heard of after they are ousted from it, is truly appalling. All this money can of course be much better spent. But that is not the worst of it. The worst of it is the damage to the soul of the nation inflicted through the public honouring of the undeserving climber. The honorary degrees of Indian universities are in these days getting largely diluted in prestige by the admission to them of indifferently educated mediocrities endowed with wealth or the pulling power of patronage. The Andhra University deserves therefore to be doubly congratulated, after angling for so long for scholars to honour in Government offices, on having turned at last towards Sri Venkateswara Sastrulu. A fortnight ago the title of Kala Prapurna was conferred on him at Waltair.

Sri Venkateswara Sastrulu is one of the most extraordinary characters of our time. His energy is amazing. He has rescued from oblivion and placed in currency through print many Sanskrit and Telugu classics that might otherwise have been lost. Without going in for quick returns by sale of school text books and the like, he has been concentrating on literature of intrinsic value, and his publishing firm has been fulfilling for many years the sort of public service appropriate to a university. He discovered and

maintained scholars and pandits, who, but for his support and encouragement, would have found no scope at all for their gifts. In political temperament he was Liberal, but through his reverence for Tilak and friendship for Srinivasa Aiyangar he came into close association with Congress politics. Among political leaders he appreciates none so much as Sri Prakasam, but his loyalty and admiration were given only to the late Srinivasa Aiyangar, and after he passed away Sri Sastrulu has been feeling rather forlorn with no hero to rally round for the ventilation of his irrepressible energies. Devotion to Tilak has left in him a surviving attachment for everything Maharashtrian. In a way he is a sort of bridge between different linguistic communities, and the large circle where he wields influence is multi-lingual and cosmopolitan in character. A unique distinction, this, getting rarer day by day under the pressure of the turbulent unilingual aggressions of our time.

The Kalakshetra Art Festival will be inaugurated by Sri C. Rajagopalachari at the Kalakshetra Theatre, Adyar, on Saturday (Decr. 24, '55). The programme extends over eight other days concluding on the New Year Day. Art is of course quite different from commerce, but the commercial has invaded the artistic in so many of its spheres distorting its quality and confusing values. Srimati Rukmini Devi has been striving hard to disentangle dance and drama from this predicament, as she has already succeeded in rescuing them from the disreputability into which they had fallen in the caste-ridden atmosphere once surrounding them. The dilemma of the artist nowadays is the conflict of



Rukmini Devi.

interests between the integrity of the cultural tradition of art and the requirements of popular appeal. It is on account of this conflict that the finest creations of talent sometimes go unappreciated. It is not therefore sufficient to flourish in choice quality over the heads of the multitude. Educative propaganda must proceed side by side with creative effort, generating not merely entertainment for the public, but also preparing a public for the right kind of entertainment. Srimati Rukmini Devi has had to be a teacher as well as an artist. In this double role lies her special distinction.

In this year's Art Festival of the Kalakshetra, the important items are Kumara Sambhavam, Kutrala Kuravanji, Ramayana and Kathakali, in addition to classical Western Ballet. From many quarters I hear high praise of Kumari A. Sarada

who is to give a Bharata Natya concert on the Inauguration Day. It would appear that some of the most difficult effects are achieved by her with an air of ease, an example of that great quality of art which lies in concealing art. Classical Western Ballet is represented at the Festival by Miss Myrta Barvie, a ballerina from Argentina. Though the Kalakshetra draws pupils without discrimination from any part of the world, it is self-contained in every aspect of its artistic endeavour. Srimati Rukmini Devi's attempt is to connect dance and music to the general culture of modern life, and the Festival registers the measure of her success in the attempt.

*

We are now passing through Courtesy Week. There cannot be too much attention paid to the need for courtesy in Government offices, and any plan to promote it is welcome. But the sort of courtesy that is reflected in formal rules of reception is not so satisfying as that other variety of it which springs from disciplined character and innate consideration. The most vexatious experience of people in their dealings with officials is to be asked to call again. They are asked, when they make a request, to "put it on paper." The putting of the thing on paper has only the effect of shelving it for the time being. A chronic avoidance on the part of officials at all levels of the duty of taking quick decisions on the spot, involves our long-suffering public in

(Continued on page 47)

SELECTIVE OBSCURANTISM

By S. NARAYANASWAMY

THE Editorial in SWATANTRA of last week entitled "Subsidised Anachronism" was magnificent. It is my hope that it will pop the cork off those numerous bottles of sedulously repressed opinion held all over the country on the growing unrealism of our national programmes to mitigate unemployment. The birth of the Ambar Charka—with its claim to increase yarn output four fold—is itself the most conclusive acknowledgement of the discontent with the conventional Charka of the Sarvodaya school. To the extent to which Government have thought of the Ambar Charka as a substitute and want to put through pilot programmes with the new device, it reveals a healthy impatience with a long tried programme which required all the prestige of Mahatma Gandhi to boister public enthusiasm over. The economics of the Charka is such that after thirty years of spoon-feeding and propaganda and several years of subsidy, it continues to require large blood transfusions to avert the anaemia that threatens to engulf it.

Whenever one reads the Tariff Commission's Report on diverse industries and peruses the lengthy homilies on the long periods of protection some industries have enjoyed; how such protection is at the consumer's expense; how demoralising such indefinite protection is to the industry in so far as the industry had consequentially little incentive to reduce costs and improve quality and how the time had arrived for spoon-feeding to stop and the rest of that very stern highbrow stuff, one cannot help looking back over the economic history of the Charka and handspun yarn over the 35 years of its life without wondering what these remorseless economists of the Tariff

Commission would have had to say about Khadi if the industry had been subjected to *ad hoc* scrutiny without the overpowering background of Gandhiji's sponsorship.

In the last few years, the textile industry in India—an industry that exceeded its First Five Year Plan targets in its fourth year—has been made to contribute cesses that went to subsidise the handloom and the Charka. At this altar of the handloom, crores of rupees have been sacrificed and there is little indication that the handloom weaver will do without subsidy in the future. In fact all evidence points to his continued improvidence. He has learnt to treat the present subsidy as one to which he is more or less entitled under some fundamental right of the Indian Constitution and of which nobody dare deprive him—what time the Governments of States think with elections round the corner, it would be the height of indiscretion to stop any subsidy; if anything they must be enhanced.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the impression that when cesses and excises are levied on mill cloth, the prosperous mill owners are impoverished. This is wholly untrue. The consumer of cloth in India is the ubiquitous paymaster. The consumer cannot understand why he should be made to pay a higher and yet higher price for mill cloth—in order that an uneconomic and losing battle may be waged against the spirit of the machine age. The consumer was correctly described by John Stuart Mill as the forgotten man of economics. The policy of the Government on the question of handloom, the Charka and such like is a melancholy illustration of how irrele-

vant the consumer seems to appear in the scheme of things.

The Ambar Charka experiment is going to cost the tax-payer about Rs. 60 crores. Messrs. T. T. Krishnamachari and C. D. Deshmukh have both lifted their eyebrows in pained surprise at the fresh onslaught on an already depleted exchequer. Mr. Deshmukh has been obliged to observe his customary deferential reserve as an outsider not riding the Sarvodaya chariot. Mr. Krishnamachari was a little more outspoken. Meanwhile the Karve Committee wants to "freeze" textile spindles at present capacity and not augment it in order to help the Ambar Charka. This suggestion comes at a time when India's export market for cloth is expanding and we can do with a lot of external markets, considering the gargantuan demand for foreign exchange we are building up under the financial exigencies of the Second Plan. Nothing can be more tragic than this effort to arrest economic development in the only direction in which it will endure, in order that we may indulge in our fanciful and expensive experiments in expanding employment.

The Mahalanobian conjectures as to the employment potential of investments in diverse sectors during the Second Plan period have now come to be regarded as being decisively optimistic. But the Karve Committee has its own formula based on the simple expedient of stopping the pendulum of the clock of industrial advance. Even if our Sarvodaya friends want that the country should be made to use more Khadi and handloom cloth, the power spindle and loom need not be prohibited from expanding if they serve to create an increasing export demand for Indian cloth. There are only a few things of Indian manufacture that are cheaper than those produced abroad. Cloth and steel are among them—and we are deficit in our steel production and therefore the ques-

tion of exporting our steel does not arise. In cloth we have an exportable surplus of certain varieties. Governments as in Japan and Germany help nurse and cultivate export markets by free shipping of goods abroad, tax rebates and such like. The Government of India need not do this. But they can abstain from doing that which hampers the building up of export markets by the private sector of industry. The freezing order suggested for textile spindles would amount to an act of economic sabotage, the sinister significance of which will become apparent only in the years to come.

The idea that industry limits employment has been so persistently fostered that it is amazing to me that the industrialists have done so little to dispel the false notion. For every 500 persons directly employed by a textile mill there are at least 2,000 indirectly employed in ancillary trades that are fed by it. How can the patent fact be lost on us that maintenance of full employment has been possible only in the most heavily industrialised country in the world—and one which employs the largest number of automatic, labour-saving machines—the United States of America? When Mr. Johnston, the President of the United States Federation of Chambers of Commerce was in India, he told us that Labour leaders vote for automation in every industry as it actually releases manpower for less routine and more remunerative jobs! What a far cry from suggestions to freeze power spindles!

Another thing that intrigues me vastly is that our Sarvodaya votaries are obscurantist only about the textile industry, about vanaspati and one or two other things besides. They are modern, indeed fastidious about all the other things they use. Aeroplanes they generally prefer to trains and they are not known to have declined the use of motor cars

(Continued on page 13)

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

- A SUSPENDED BRIDGE?
- NEW LINKS AND OLD LIMITS ON TRADE
- INDIAN INFLUENCE IN THE U. N.
- A DEAD-END FOR THE PLAN

WITH the departure of our Russian guests, a mood of doubt has prevailed in important quarters about the future role of India in world affairs. The thought, frequently expressed, that India has not lost her capacity to manoeuvre, to regain her formal neutral position, is only the offspring of the wish that she should always maintain the old status which both camps had recognised as neutral and independent enough to serve as a bridge. Some damage has been caused to that position now and the Prime Minister has taken pains to point out, at the reception given to Mme. Sun Yat-sen, that India desires to maintain friendly relations with all countries. This damage has not been due merely to the visit of the Russian leaders, or the receptions accorded to them, but to the entirely different circumstance that their references to Goa and Kashmir have had the effect of making these two issues part of the cold war, which no Indian would like, considering the increasing complexity of all cold war issues. On the one hand, it has seemed good that India should have secured Big Power support on these two questions somewhere, and since it seemed unlikely to come from the West, it had to be sought elsewhere. The Dulles-Cunha statement provided complete justification for this view. But the snag here is that India was not

positively eager to seek any such support; it has been given almost in a gratuitous manner, almost making India get sucked into the cold war quite involuntarily. That is the worst that can be said against this aspect of the Russian leaders' visit. The joint statement issued on the eve of the departure of the Russian leaders is relatively innocuous and states only what was generally expected of it. The distrust of India as a bridge may yet be dispelled.

This is now an occasion for the West not to indulge in sniping at Indian policy, but to reassess Western policies of the last few years in a cold way. The preoccupation with military alliances has meant an abandonment of all other considerations of international propriety and SEADO was the supreme example of the breach of such propriety. It revealed the very uncomfortable fact that Western nations would compel the countries in this region to fall under their protection when they considered the areas to be in danger. It was nothing less than an assertion of the right of the West to continue its hegemony, though it was not in the old crude style of direct colonial rule for the sake of economic exploitation. The Baghdad Pact was not perhaps such a direct affront to the independence of the non-participating countries but even this has proved undesirable

enough and caused reactions in Egypt, Saudi Arabia and Syria. The emphasis on economic co-operation under the auspices of NATO or SEATO, as now proposed, comes too late to make an impression and will be easily read as an attempt to bolster up or rationalise these alliances, which were misconceived even at the start. India has not wavered in her view that these have steadily widened the areas of the cold war; and Panchashila, which was the direct answer, has gained ground in a surprising manner. It may be relevant to ask at this stage when the Soviet leaders have also subscribed to the Panchashila whether custom has made its quality stale but history alone can provide the answer and guesses one way or the other will be coloured by individual prejudices.

As expected, there is a mention of aid to India (in the Communiqué issued on Economic Relations between India and the U.S.S.R.) to the extent of supply of a million tons of steel and the purchase of oil and mining equipment by India. The supply of steel will fill a great gap in the material resources required under the Second Five Year Plan. In quantity, the annual rate of supply will be equal to what India has been purchasing from European countries in recent years, the terms of purchase are unsettled but if the U.S.S.R. gives credit, it will prove an important source of foreign aid for the Plan. But there are limits to what the U.S.S.R. or other Communist States can thus supply on credit. Besides this steel, which may be worth about Rs. 70 crores, the U.S.S.R. may not be able to supply on credit more than Rs. 20-30 crores worth of additional machinery or goods. The ordinary trade channels must be relied upon for any further assistance that may be required but here, the greatest obstacle is the inability of the U.S.S.R. to pur-

chase the goods which India can sell in substantial quantities. "It is hoped" says the Communiqué "that the total value of such purchases . . . will be equal to the total value of goods purchased by India from the U.S.S.R." India's inability to export enough may thus set the limit, unless it is possible to widen the trade on a multilateral basis and India can export enough to the other countries which have the raw materials, like rubber or tin, the Russians or other Communist States may need. The existing trade and commercial links are thus much more difficult to break than political links.

India has, meanwhile, gained some importance again for having successfully sponsored the admission of 16 countries into the United Nations. In New Delhi there has been some reluctance to claim credit for successful intervention with Mr. Bulganin for the final formula which resolved this old deadlock. The United States has again lost the initiative; the State Department was unable to prevent the veto on Outer Mongolia while India has been able to prevent the veto from operating against 16 other nations whose fates were linked with that of Outer Mongolia. Nepal, Ceylon, Laos and Cambodia are the countries of this region benefitted by the end of the deadlock, which have shown appreciation of this help. Though Japan has been now linked with Outer Mongolia, her admission may not become practicable until the question of representation of China at the U.N. is settled. It is on the basis of this achievement that the Prime Minister has presented another challenge to U. S. policy-makers by deciding to enter into diplomatic relations with Outer Mongolia at an early date.

All these developments have been read as indicating a need for less

reliance on foreign aid for implementing the Second Five-Year Plan. The Plan has been thrown again into the melting pot and even the few certainties which were apparent at the time the Mahalanobis Plan frame was presented, are no longer there. The panel of economists has discussed last week only a Plan which has not yet taken shape. What is now certain is that the State and Central projects which are regarded as essential, would involve an outlay exceeding Rs. 5000 crores and that only about Rs. 3000 crores may be regarded as the volume of resources which it would be practicable to mobilize by way of taxes and loans, even on optimistic estimates. Deficit financing has limits and the greatest danger is not so much the inflationary price-levels that may result but the revival of the cry for controls, which was in evidence among the economists last week. Controls may once again get the economy into tight corners and it is incredible how slow academic economists have been in discerning the causes of the dynamism in the Indian economy which set in only in 1952, not earlier. They have shadow-boxed with inflation but on the question of the priorities among projects and the degree of emphasis to be given to outlay among the several sectors, they have hardly been able to make any contribution, much less make an impression.

More than six months have elapsed without any success in matching outlay with resources, while distracting controversies have been waged on hand industries, employment, the Ambar Charka, Prohibition and questions of a second order of priorities, if at all they can be considered important now. The Planning Commission is not a body which can provide the expert guidance to planning, leaving only final decisions to be hammered out at political levels. Politics has invaded the Planning

Commission; the political orientation of the party in power is made the starting point of planning at all levels. This is not making solutions easier, but more and more difficult and the Plan seems to have reached a dead-end at last.

(Continued from page 10)

in preference to bullock carts. They generally go in for spruce foreign pens, expensive Swiss watches, very modern methods of publicity and propaganda. The broadcast receiver is not exactly an abhorrence to them. Wherefore, then, this selective obscurantism? Why stop one clock only while the rest indicate correct time?

We talk of the dumb millions, their poverty and their low buying power, but want them to buy expensive handmade things. We then subsidise the selling of the hand-made goods as we want the poor to buy them and the funds for so subsidising come again from cesses paid by the poor Indian consumer. It is going to be difficult to persuade even the unsophisticated millions of India that the serpent is not eating its tail.

The story goes:

Soon after the failure of East African groundnut growing scheme, a visiting English school boy entered an East African zoo and offered some groundnuts to a monkey across the bars. The monkey was listless and did not grab the proffered feed. The boy was annoyed and said, addressing the monkey, "Don't you know I am offering you the most expensive repast you ever got? This is what is left of a two million sterling venture in groundnut cultivation in your country by Britain," and amazed at the discourtesy of the monkey, he ate the nuts himself. Let us hope that the Ambar Charka won't similarly become a monument to an infructuous economic experiment—that comes to be remembered by what it cost the tax payer.

ANU-ANANDA AGAIN*

By S. PARTHASARATHY

I FELL at his feet: tears flowed from my eyes; my body shook with sobs and my strength ebbed away leaving me prostrate on the ground. He stroked me softly and in the gentlest of voices that I have heard of man speaking to another, he bade me get up. I began a profuse apology for having kept away from him during the last few years. I told him how people began to ridicule me for all 'the swamiar business'; how I was accused of neglecting my family and businesses and how I was told that I ill serve my country by not contributing to its material prosperity while possessing influence, wealth and ability. "I accuse you of driving away Goddess Lakshmi from your door" said a friend pointing at me an accusing finger. "But were you not doing all this before" asked Swamiji. "I mean, were you neglecting your duties before they accused you?" "Not entirely" I answered, "I was attending to everything but in a detached, listless sort of way. I was giving everything the minimum of attention. But after the admonition, I plunged deep into everything. I began to interest myself in every detail of my family affairs. Similarly in business my attention was very minute. I also expanded my activities and became associated with a number of industries." "And then —" Swamiji encouraged me to proceed. "Everything went wrong, Swamiji, the members of my family resented my intrusion and my unasked for advice and criticism. The executives in my business began to behave like automatons—not exercising their discretion and judge-

ment. The enterprises with which I was associated had no ethical foundations. I was an unwanted man except for my wealth. There were many who feared me, many who flattered me hoping to gain something, many who were jealous of me, many who either disliked me or hated me—but none, none who loved me." I had let myself go and got caught in another bout of sobs and tears.

"You were not born for death, thou immortal bird" muttered the Swamiji irrelevantly. I asked him what he meant but he brushed aside the question, "Nothing, nothing, go on, tell me more about what happened to you." I began again, "These few years have been a nightmare to me. I felt frustrated and unhappy. Then the remembrance of the happy days I had spent with you came to my mind. Why should I be caught in the Maya of this material world? Why did God create this Maya? Why does He want to fool mankind? Please, Swamiji, release me from this bondage. Secure for me at least that little peace I had before I listened to my friends." I became somewhat hysterical and cried, "Forgive this erring son, punish him in whatever way you like. But take him back and let him partake of your Grace."

"All is not lost" assured the Swamiji. Strangely again it was not what he said but his voice as he said it that comforted me. "But listen" said the Swamiji, "the world is not an illusion. You cannot get away from it. This false notion about the world is attributed to Sankara though he never meant it. When describing the infinite, Sankara had to employ the language of the finite and also when he compared the infinite with the finite. The infinite is *Anirvachaneeyam*, beyond speech and des-

cription. But yogis cannot for that reason keep quiet, for they must interest humanity by their descriptions to seek the infinite. But enough of all this. It is not this world that troubles you but that complex thought-ridden mind of yours. By and by we will deal with that mind of yours. But now let me hear some news of the moment that is interesting the people."

"Before I give you the news, may I ask one question?" Swamiji nodded and I proceeded "Why do you say the world is not an illusion?"

"Because," Swamiji answered, "it is a manifestation of the Divine. If the Divine is real, His manifestations cannot be false. But paradoxical as it may sound, that which has a beginning and an end cannot be the Real, for the Divine is eternal and unchanging. We therefore say that the changing world of colour and form is unreal. Imagine yourself for a moment to be a creature endowed with a body in which the eyes were so located that they could only look down on the ground beneath but cannot see the sky above. In every pool of water you would see a sun and there would be hundreds of suns for you. As you have never seen the sun in the sky, you would not know the suns in the water to be just reflections. The suns are not real but still the light is the light of the true sun and to that extent they are part of the real."

I thanked the Swamiji and proceeded with the news. "The visit of the Russian leaders, the nuclear bomb, the Goan issue and the Madras floods are the highlights of news. But if I did not mix up Rajaji with the first two items I would be omitting something interesting. The Russian leaders drew tremendous crowds. For the common man Russia seems to stand as a paradise for the poor. Whether or not he is

justified in so thinking it still does him and the country good, for the poor will fight to shed the poverty and ignorance. Of the leaders themselves, Bulganin was correct and suave, while Khrushchev was all bluster and bluff. You missed in their speeches the heart beat which you often hear when Nehru speaks. In its place there was background music, which was played with tiresome repetition. "Look at what we have achieved. See how great we are. We are perfect human beings." The refrain again was also monotonous. "We speak the truth but not the other nations. Believe us when we say we are for peace (an atom test is also heard in the background). Rajaji wants us to believe in the Russians. I feel we have so little material to base our belief in the Russians any more than the Americans. It looked to me as if Rajaji said, "Believe me when I say believe in the Russians."

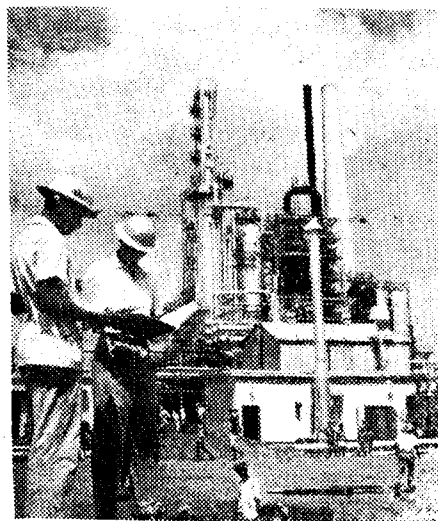
"I do not know why Nehru and Rajaji" said the Swamiji "should not speak to the world at large. As disciples of Gandhiji they should aim at getting at the hearts of the people. Bulganin and Khrushchev may be sincere when they talk of peace, Dulles may be really bellicose, but these men are here now and gone tomorrow. They are unreal like the world. But the heart of humanity is real. God dwells in the hearts of men. If there is love and laughter in the world today it is because of the Dweller in the heart. It is not by legislation or by fear of punishment or by external restraint that men are prevented from getting at each other's throats but by love. The world is still a good place to live in because there is love in the hearts of most men. When Nehru stands before a crowd, he gets stronger by the love the men have in their hearts towards the secular representative of the Divine. The love of the crowd for Nehru is therefore love of the

* Right of reproduction in full or in part reserved to the author.

Divine. If the future of humanity is threatened and if peace has urgently to be re-established in this world, let men like Nehru and Rajaji start talking to the world at large. If Hitler took the German people to ruin and damnation, it was because there was none who would talk to the German people warning them of the danger to which he was leading them. Politicians unfortunately take the unreal for the real and think that their world is none other than names like Bulganin, Khrushchev, Ike, Dulles, Eden and Tito. Panch Sila is meaningless until violence is abjured from the hearts of men. Co-existence in a circus takes place when the lamb and the lion eat from the same plate, only under the cracking whip of the tamer. When we are armed with tooth and claw to tear each other apart, co-existence can only mean a mood of contemptuous tolerance and not of amity. "The true endeavour should be to make the world safe against the emergence of future Hitlers and Mussolinis. There will be then no need to bother about atom bombs or hydrogen bombs. Just as a sadhu who has learned to love God discards his wealth, his anger and his greed, so also nations which have been taught to love other nations will discard the dreadful weapons of hate. Rajaji when he asked you to believe in the Russians failed to make sure that there was love in the hearts of the Russian leaders for the peoples of other countries. Were they talking in their own interests or in the interest of the peace of the world? If it was the latter, would their propagandists for peace strive to forget the wrongs of the past done to them by other nations or dig them up out of the past and hold up other nations for ridicule. There are no two standards, one for the

ordinary individual, and one for the leader of a nation, for the test of sincerity.

"Men like Nehru and Rajaji have the stature to carry war against war-mongering among the people of the world. Let them ignore the leaders who talk in doubtful language and go straight to the people. Let them tell the peoples of nations, 'Let us first learn to love each other, we will then know what disputes remain and how they should be settled.' If tons of money can be spent by Western nations for massacring the peoples whom they hate, India can spend a fraction of it to propagate peace and love and yet achieve lasting results. God will be behind our leaders in their efforts and they cannot therefore fail. The picture of Gandhiji will be before them encouraging them and exhorting them to go forward. It matters little whether Rajaji and Nehru are petty or great politicians of India. It matters very much for humanity if they evolve as usherers of Peace and Love into this world."



The Combination Unit of the Stanvac Bombay refinery.

AN UNWANTED AMENDMENT

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE seventh Constitution Amendment Bill along with its main provision fixing a time limit for the States to express their opinion on State reorganisation contained other provisions amending article 319 regarding the Public Service Commission, the Auditor General, and Article 311 guaranteeing the principles of natural justice in the dismissal of Government servants. It was fortunate in one respect that the amendment was invalidated for lack of a quorum, since the other two provisions not relating to State reorganisation, were also thrown out as a result. Of these the amendment of the Articles relating to the Public Service Commissioners and the Auditor General was quite uncalled for. Its serious implications are not widely understood.

The original Articles in the Constitution categorically stated that the chairman and members of the State Service Commissions were not eligible for any further employment under the Government except in the Union P. S. C. or in other State P. S. C's. while the chairman of the Union P. S. C. is not eligible for any further employment under the Government. Similarly the Comptroller and Auditor General are also debarred from any further employment under the State or Union Government. These provisions like similar provisions in many other Constitutions and in the Government of India Act of 1935, were meant to guarantee the independence of the Commissioners from the executive by placing them above temptation from

the latter in the form of offers of office.

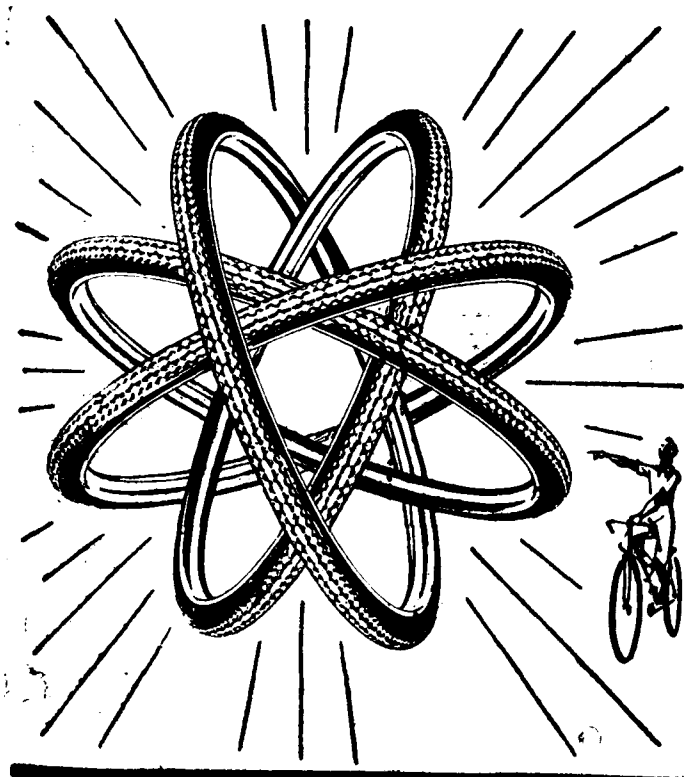
This salutary provision is sought to be amended by excluding the office of a Minister in the State or Union Cabinet from the provision. This is sought to be justified on the basis that the ministerial office is not an appointed post to be gifted by the executive but one to be won by election. This argument misses the essential reason for barring the Commissioners and the Auditor General from further employment. These officers have to be kept above a temptation by offices in the gift of the executive being kept away from their reach. Are ministerial posts really out of the category of such posts?

A Minister of the Cabinet normally has to be a member of the party successful at the polls, he has to be accepted as a candidate for election in a suitable constituency, win his seat, and be near enough to the leader of the party to be included in his Cabinet. This process involves more compromises and political log-rolling than any appointment to a high executive post. The Commissioner or Auditor General who wants to be a Cabinet Minister or Chief Minister would not be so naive as to announce himself an independent candidate on retirement and take his chances. As a shrewd man, he would normally curry favour with the party likely to win, to provide him a safe constituency and its publicity machinery, and would be on the right side of its leader or probable leader to get included in the Cabinet. This would involve

more political compromises and favouritism on his part during his term of office, than angling for a more high post, directly to be gifted by the executive. It is to avoid this very political interference in recruitment to the public services that the P. S. C.'s are kept independent of the executive in all possible ways. The whole edifice of independence would crumble down by the suggested amendment.

Sceptics may doubt whether this picture of possible evils is not too horrid to be true. But experience in America, with Service Commissioners in cities and States who are dependent on the executive and party machine, definitely shows that these fears are quite well-founded. In fact, while the trend in America is definitely away from the older

system of dependent Commissioners, due to the good work done by the reform movements in administration, it is a pity that Indian legislators should think of reversing an excellent convention built up laboriously during the last thirty years. We are already witnessing some of the evils of linguism in this respect when some State Legislatures are critical of the S. R. C.'s recommendations to have judges and Service Commissioners from other States. The proposed amendment would make nonsense of the independence of the P. S. C.s and inaugurate an era of unashamed political interference in recruitment. It is time that some at least of our far-seeing statesmen and legislators woke up to the evil they are unleashing and withdrew the provision in the amendment.



**BATES
DUNLOP**



*The
Cyclist's Choice*

PCTK-12

RETHINKING BRITISH SOCIALIST POLICY

By FENNER BROCKWAY

RETHINKING our socialist policy is much more important than rethinking our leadership. The chief need is to have a policy which will enthuse the movement.

In my view, we need to rethink in three directions.

First, on the issue of public ownership.

We have allowed nationalisation to become in the public mind the exact opposite to its historical purpose. It is widely held to be State domination and a danger to liberty. In fact, public ownership arose from the demand for industrial freedom to supplement political freedom. It found its inspiration in the claim for economic democracy as well as parliamentary democracy.

In practice, however, whilst nationalisation can be justified on the ground of profitable success, it has not established a new economic status for our people, not even for the workers in publicly owned industries. They still feel themselves the employees of distant bosses.

Therefore we must think out a new structure of public ownership, a structure which reflects within it the principle of industrial freedom and democracy.

Secondly, we must think out extensions of the socialist principle which was expressed in the free health service.

Already the Labour Party is pledged to remove the charges in that service; but why should not all the social services be free? Why shouldn't there be non-contributory old-age pensions, widows' pensions,

sickness and maternity benefits, employment and injury benefits?

As Aneurin Bevan remarked at the Labour Party conference, since we all pay the contributions, why employ 20,000 civil servants to collect them? Why not meet the cost out of national revenue, raised by taxation deliberately aimed to realise a more equitable distribution of wealth?

We must think out a policy which would provide to all the people as a free right the common elementary needs of life.

Thirdly, we must hammer out a socialist international policy.

It goes without saying that this should aim at ending the cold war (with all that means in Germany, the Middle East and the Far East), at furthering disarmament, and at transferring the use of atomic energy to peaceful, constructive ends.

But Labour does not yet realise with sufficient urgency that the most significant change which is taking place in the international sphere is the emergence of two-thirds of the human race, the peoples of Asia, Africa, the Caribbean, to social, economic and political equality.

Labour should instinctively sympathise with this historic development, because these peoples are reliving our own history—our struggle for human rights, for education, for trade union and cooperative rights, for political rights, for social equality. The political and economic implications of this approach to international affairs are immense.

We should begin our new thinking about the world by a full consciousness of this world revolution.

HOW IS PEACE TO BE PROMOTED?

Nobel Prize Winners' Views

SEVEN winners of the Nobel peace prize have answered the question, "What is the greatest contribution which nations or individuals today can make toward the practical achievement of peace?" their answers appear in the current issue of "collier's."

Norman Angell, British writer, author of the "Great Illusion," and winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1933, answered: "The greatest contribution that we as nations or individuals could make toward achieving peace would be to correct, by means we already possess but leave largely unused, those antisocial forces of the human spirit that are exploding all over the world, east and west, in irrational nationalisms or in Communism and other fanaticisms."

He suggested the promotion of unity among nations based on a wide and thorough study of the true meaning of freedom.

Carlos Saavedra Lamas of Argentina, one-time President of the Assembly of the League of Nations and Nobel peace prize winner in 1936, said: "Today in the darkness of world-wide restlessness and fears, it is incumbent upon us to seek to promote a greater international understanding. We must strive for the re-establishment of a freer international trade . . . The tendency will become stronger in the future for countries, whose needs for expansion are undeniable, to satisfy those needs in continents where geographical, racial and cultural affinities will serve as an incentive and an inestimable aid for the achievement of common goals of both colonizer and colonized."

Emily Greene Balch, one of the founders of the Women's International League for Peace and Free-

dom, former professor at Wellesley College in Massachusetts, and co-winner of Nobel peace prize in 1946, said: "Through the United Nations and its specialized agencies we are building a world community of a rich and complex sort. In such a world community, war tends to become unthinkable for the reasons that make war between our States unthinkable, reasons based on an intricate body of common interest, and on profound moral and emotional ties."

"In a situation where all things interlock, it is hard to specify any one greatest contribution to peace—unless, indeed, the priceless ingredient of good will which President Eisenhower has done so much to elicit and make operative may be said to be the most fundamental."

Lord John Boyd-Orr, former Director-General of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization and winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1949, said: "In this now small world, war between the great powers for their mutual destruction can only be replaced by co-operation for their mutual benefit. And the armament race on which the world is spending about \$120,000,000,000 a year can best be replaced by gradually diverting part of the expenditure to developing the resources of the earth to bring about a world of plenty and economic prosperity."

Half of the savings achieved through the reduction of defense budgets, Lord Boyd-Orr said, could be used to reduce "the intolerable burden" of taxation and thereby to raise the standard of living. The other half could be turned over to a world development fund administered by a board of businessmen

representing all countries or groups of countries.

Ralph Johnson Bunche, Under Secretary of the United Nations (U.S.A.), former U. N. Mediator between Israel and the Arab States and winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1950, wrote:

"Peace in today's world is a highly complex growth; its roots really extend into every household. In serving its ends, there is very much that is required of each individual in the way of alertness and understanding, in broadness of view, in acceptance of his fellow men of all origins as brothers and equals, in simple good will."

"Perhaps, this is really the greatest contribution we can make toward the achievement of peace: a simple faith in the ability of men and nations to find the wisdom and the strength, with god's help, to eschew nuclear war so that peace may long reign on earth and good will prevail among all men."

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, French missionary and philosopher who has devoted much of his life to medical work in Africa, winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1952, gave "Collier's" permission to quote from his earlier writings. He said: "Only by a new attitude of mind ruling within it can it attain peace within its borders; only by a new attitude

of mind arising between them can different States come to understand each other, and cease to bring destruction upon each other . . .

"Rules for treaties of peace, however well-intentioned and however ably drawn up, can accomplish nothing. Only such thinking as establishes the sway of the mental attitude of reverence for life can bring to mankind perpetual peace."

General George Catlett Marshall, whose name is attached to the Marshall Plan for the economic rehabilitation of Europe, winner of the Nobel peace prize in 1953, said: "The only good that can be said of a war is that it may have been the lesser of two great evils. It is better than appeasement of aggression because appeasement encourages the very aggression it seeks to prevent. And it is better than submission to tyranny and oppression because, without freedom and respect for human dignity, life would not be worth living."

"Unless faced with these two terrible alternatives, we should concentrate resolutely on finding peaceful solutions for world problems. They must be practical and not emotional. We should support to the full every existing instrument for building a more stable world. So long as there is a forum such as the United Nations for open discussion of international disputes, the United States should be a participant."

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R
E
G
D.
Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,
19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.
(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

COMMONWEALTH CONCEPT OF INTERNATIONAL CITIZENSHIP

By H. V. HODSON

NO study of Britain's international relations can afford to underestimate the part that membership of the Commonwealth plays in the formation of her foreign policy. That membership exercises a moderating and stabilizing influence in her counsels, just as the existence of the Commonwealth itself does in the counsels of the world.

The Commonwealth is an association of independent sovereign States, no more under one another's rule than are Persia or Peru. One of these sovereign States is Britain. It was she, above all, who fashioned the modern Commonwealth. If two dates in its progress can be isolated—1926, when the status of the older Dominions as independent nations under one Crown was first officially defined, and 1947, when two great Asian countries gained their independence and were accepted as equal members (followed by Ceylon in 1948)—it was Britain's statesmanship that each time showed the way. The Commonwealth is the achievement of all its members, but Britain has necessarily played a special part in its development.

The rule of the Commonwealth is good neighbourliness, a recognition that "we are members one of another". A member-nation, therefore, is not diminished by belonging to it, but enlarged; for it has the added inspiration of a wider sense of obligation and fraternity than its own private interests. Thus, the Commonwealth is in practice what idealists hoped the United Nations would be—an international community inspiring enough loyalty and sense of duty to ensure that, in its ambit,

conflicts would be assuaged and problems solved by goodwill and compromise.

The Commonwealth is, in fact, the embodiment of the empirical approach which Britain prefers. It is not federal, nor has it any constitution. It has no government or parliament, no "high authority". Its obligations are tacit. Any international association on the same lines of *ad hoc* co-operation between sovereign States for their common interest appeals to Britain: the Council of Europe, for instance, or the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (O.E.E.C.), or the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (N.A.T.O.), or Western European Union (W.E.U.).

One may go further and say that membership of the Commonwealth is an encouragement and aid to such policies of international co-operation. Without commitment, without creating new international links or breaking old ones, it has given its members fruitful experience of practical international citizenship. "We belong together, therefore let us work together" is its simple formula.

Mutual Aid

Consider an example: the Colombo Plan for the economic advancement of under-developed countries. This plan, which originated at a conference of Commonwealth Foreign Ministers in Ceylon in 1950, is not a one-sided grant from the rich to the poor, nor, on the other hand, an economic bargain like a series of tariff treaties. It is a scheme of mutual aid into which each country puts what it can. Naturally the least developed gain most, and the more highly developed

give most, but it is founded on the idea that all can flourish best if all are advancing, and that the backwardness of any is a handicap to all.

This, of course, is a concept of international citizenship and mutual dependence which is not specially confined to the Commonwealth. And it is significant that the Colombo Plan was deliberately made open to any country which wished to share its rights and responsibilities.

The value of the Commonwealth as a practical example of international citizenship is enhanced by the wide range of its membership. It spans the continents and the races of mankind, bringing together, in friendly colloquy and common endeavour, countries so diverse as Britain and India, Canada and the Central African Federation.

This comprehensive character of the Commonwealth is likely to be of increasing significance. Asia and Africa are on the march. Inter-racial problems look like becoming increasingly important. How fatal it would be if the world were to divide on racial or continental lines! If there is one institution more than any other which can prevent it, it is the Commonwealth.

Independent Membership

The members do not always think alike: no two countries do. They have different national interests and outlooks. Membership of the Commonwealth does not prevent them from following their own bent. What it does is to express, and turn into practical channels, a sense of belonging together: to provide the mechanism of consultation and agreement whereby each independent sovereign power can review its own interests and policies as a member of a wider community. All the time it is building international citizenship by habit and by example.

Membership of the Commonwealth, it should be re-emphasised, has not restricted Britain's good relations with any country outside it.

The Commonwealth is not a league against anybody. Britain is a loyal member of the United Nations; she is a key member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation; she takes part in the various organs of European co-operation. The Commonwealth connexion may hold her back from projects of international federation, which would be inconsistent with it; but truth compels one to add that such projects, however enthusiastically acclaimed, have never really reached the stage of practical politics.

Commonwealth membership, moreover, adds one great advantage to Britain's capacity to be a good international citizen. It links her with the new and raising nations of Asia and Africa on terms of special intimacy and mutual interest. Their outlook is different from hers, just as hers is different from, let us say, that of the United States. But she knows them, understands them and trusts them—and they her—in a way that would be impossible outside the Commonwealth. This essay in international citizenship is living and growing.

NET INCREASE DAILY OF 100,000 IN THE WORLD

UNITED Nations, New York: The accelerated rate at which the population of the world is expanding is being studied by a group of experts who comprise the Population Branch of the United Nations Secretariat. Since the initial meeting of the United Nations in San Francisco in the spring of 1945 world population has grown by 300 million persons.

The population Reference Bureau of Washington points out that in the decade from 1930 to 1940 world population increased by 225 million or about 22 million per year.

It estimates the present rates of increase at 35 million per year, a gain of about 50 per cent in the rate

the action of land-ice—glaciers. Thus came to be recognised for the first time the occurrence of a "glacial age," about 80,000 years ago, to be referred to as the Pleistocene Ice Age or the Quarternary Glaciation from the corresponding geological period within which it was grouped.

From the study of existing glaciers, it was subsequently shown that after advancing into warm regions, the ice melted and dropped its load of rock material, enveloped within and embedded in its sides during the journey, to form a deposit called "moraine." The controversial rock formation of northern Europe proved to be typical of such deposits. Furthermore, the denuding effects of moving glaciers were found to be responsible for the unusual landscape.

Scientists are still uncertain whether our planet has come out of the "recent" refrigeration. The present "genial" climate is believed to be an interglacial phase of the Ice Age, and the existing glaciers in various parts of the world are pointed out as remnants of that age.

Not for long was it believed that throughout the world's geological history, glaciation took place only during the Pleistocene Period. This belief in the uniqueness of the Ice Age was abandoned after the discovery of the "moraine" deposits in the older rock formation that indicated the recurrence of glacial age. The first such find was made in the carboniferous deposits (coal-bearing) of India. Other places well-known for these deposits are South Australia, Canada and Africa. So far, five cycles of glaciation are known to have taken place at regular intervals of about 250 million years.

Throughout his existence on this planet, man has had an opportunity of experiencing only the glacial climate. A creature of the Ice Age, he has had no chance to get the feel of the normal "warm" climate which has prevailed for the better part of the earth's history.

With the aid of palaeontological and geological data, a coherent picture of the "normal" climate has been pieced together and it gives a peep into a world much different from that of ours; a world with landscape conspicuous by a low-relief elevation and by a complete absence of snow either on land or in sea. In the lower latitudes, deserts extended from subtropical regions far into temperate zones and in the higher latitudes, vegetation prevailed to make lands green.

No single theory has yet been successful in accounting completely for the climatic anomalies. To explain the mechanism of climate fluctuation, a number of hypotheses have been advanced such as: changes in the intensity of solar radiation, varying composition of the earth's atmosphere, shift in the global wind circulation system, wandering poles, astronomical causes, geographic effects, and Wagner's theory of Drifting Continents.

From the climatic history, a significant coincidence is the interruption of the warm climate by a cycle of glaciation only after the completion of the mountain-building forces that have asserted themselves on the crust of the earth from time to time. These forces, known as tectonic forces, come into play when the isostatic balance, the weight of land and ocean on the earth, is disturbed through the process of denudation and deposition which tend to level off protruding land masses and deposit the resulting product in hollows such as ocean-beds.

When the isostatic balance is sufficiently upset, there begins nature's fireworks in a prodigious outburst of igneous activity with earth tremors racing around the globe, and volcanoes coughing up molten lava vociferously while at the same time emitting volcanic dust into the atmosphere. Accompanying all this is the adjustment of land and sea for regaining equilibrium; thus a moun-

tain may emerge from an ocean as has been the case with the Himalayan Ranges.

Out of this cataclysm is born a new order: nature giving to the evolving life a fresh lead to help it grope through unknown corridors in its quest for the ideal; while some of the older species, unable to adjust themselves to the changing environments, fall prey to the eternal law of the survival of the fittest and become extinct.

The eminent British scientist, C. E. P. Brooks, has maintained that geographical factors such as changes of elevation on land, due to the impact of the mountain-building forces, have exerted considerable influence on the climate, and have been partly responsible for its fluctuation. It is well-known that the formation of ice is aided by high altitudes. But, during most of the times in the "warm" periods, of the earth's geological history, the land has not sustained tall mountains and consequently the glacial age has been quite rare on this planet.

This geographical fact read in context with the effects of astronomy on climates does throw light on climatic anomalies. By the method of celestial mechanics, the Yugoslav geophysicist, M. Milankovitch, constructed a chart representing climatic variations in the northern and southern hemispheres as influenced only by astronomy. He showed theoretically that every 100,000 years extremes in climates should be observed, and this was found to be in agreement with the geological data.

Though climatic extremes may take place with this regularity, it has been argued that only during the mountain-building epoch in the earth's evolution are the conditions favourable enough for snow-formation ushering in a glacial age.

How does astronomy influence the climate? Changes in the position of

the earth with respect to the sun can vary the quantity of solar radiation reaching the globe and subsequently affect the climate. Of the three important means to achieve this, one is the "precession" motion of the earth's axis which, like the spinning of a top, is changing its position in space to describe a cone; second is the gradual change in the inclination of the earth's axis of rotation to its plane of orbit on which depends the annual seasons; and the third is the change in the earth's orbit so that its eccentricity (distance between the earth and the sun) is constantly changing. The cumulative effect of these three motions, independent by themselves but when acting unidirectionally, could be so as to be responsible for the climatic extremes.

What of the future? An American scientist, George Gamow, has visualised it in this way: "Since we are now living more or less in the midst of a revolutionary epoch in the evolution of our planet, with a number of high mountains already standing and a still larger number probably impending, we must expect the ice that has retreated some 30,000 years ago to come again and that these periodic advances and retreats will continue as long as mountains are there in northern latitudes. Only when, after many million years, all the elevations formed by 'our' revolution will have been finally washed away by rains, will glaciers completely disappear from the face of the earth, the climate become milder and more uniform, and . . . and then after another hundred or two hundred million years, a new revolution and a new periodic glaciation will ensue."

So the "green" of Greenland is not as fallacious as may have been supposed by its first European explorer. Within it lies compassed the wonder of history—geological history.

Y. G. SRIMATI

IN recent years, a new awakening and awareness has seized Delhi, which had till a few years back remained in complete indifference with regard to the art and culture of the South. Thanks to some of our renowned artistes, who have taken India's capital by storm and captured its heart, Carnatic music and Bharata Natyam are no more strange lingo from the South in that highly sophisticated city of varied tastes and interests.

One such artist is Kumari Y. G. Srimati from Madras whose paintings were exhibited recently in the Capital. The exquisite creations of this dexterous young artist won much praise. No intricate pattern of decorative art is too small for her nimble brush and no subject or character too commonplace. They are all exalted to the realm of creative imagination. Be it Ganesa, the Dancing Shiva, or the Goddess of Wealth or the Goddess of Learning or the Buddha or Andal or Mira, or the street singer or the village gossip, or the rustic family enjoying their bullock-cart ride—they all transcend the ordinary concept and create a world of their own.

Dr. Radhakrishnan, who opened the Exhibition, blessed the young artist and said that in a world full of modern civilization, and in this age of A and H bombs, our traditions of art alone give the spiritual solace we badly need and he was glad to find the young artist was not sullied by modernism but tried to interpret



The Artist

in her own exquisite way our great traditions in art.

To Srimati Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya goes the credit of bringing the talent and art of this young Madras artist to the notice of the Delhi public and art-lovers.

Srimati, who is in her twenties, began her art career about ten years ago. She has had no regular training in any school of painting or art and with what guidance she might have received in the earlier stages from some individual artists, she has been able to evolve a style of her own. Though most of her paintings may seem to be largely influenced by the Ajanta style, it is a curious fact that she has never been to Ajanta. But she has visited many of the great temples in the South and studied

the sculptures and frescoes in them with intent devotion.

Sri D. P. Roy Chowdhury, Chairman, Lalit Kala Akademi and Principal, School of Arts, Madras, a well-known painter and sculptor himself, paid a handsome tribute to Srimati. Referring to her pictures he said: "Seeing them, one felt great relief. She had all the best assets to grow and I hope she would. She had the capacity for taking infinite pains to satisfy her mission, which was motivated by religious trends and supported by connections of traditional technique. Her arrangements of colours have a musical quality. Srimati could be easily described as a genius for the amount of pains she takes to see the minutest details carried out in order, and the arrangements of the composition balanced to the best of her knowledge."

Srimati's facile brush can draw the most intricate patterns of deco-

orative art resembling the Rajput or Moghul style. The same brush can draw bold lines and create character studies of humanity. She has in her collection striking portraits of this type. Srimati also draws from life, and her pictures depicting a street scene or rural life are lively with colour and character. Being of a shy disposition Srimati shuns publicity and has not been too anxious to bring her art to public notice. It was only the persuasion of persons like the late Sri T. K. Chidambaramudaliar and the late Sri R. Krishnamurthi (Kalki) that made her release some of her pictures for publication in special numbers of Kalki, and got her to agree to the only exhibition of her paintings held so far, two years ago, in Madras. On that occasion, Rajaji who opened the exhibition blessed the young artist and complimented her work highly.



Exhibition of Kumari Srimati's Paintings at Delhi. Srimathi Kamala Devi Chattopadhyaya and Dr. Radhakrishnan along with the artist.

Short Story

By Krishnamani

BETWEEN THE SISTERS

All that they found after an intensive three-hour search was a defaced copper coin.

SEVENTY-seven-year-old Shambunath Shastri lay dying. But not a single relation of his came to see him simply because the news of his fatal illness had been carefully withheld. His wife had died when he was at the height of his fame as a leading lawyer, leaving behind two daughters to look after their father. Before Shastri gave up his practice and retired, he had married off his two daughters with dowry and jewels for each.

But Alamu and Sarasu were far from pleased with what their father had done for them. They had expected him to set apart for each a good slice of his fortune. Their husbands were mere clerks, struggling to make both ends meet. But the old skinflint would not lift his little finger to help his daughters and decided to keep aloof. He would not go and live with either of them, for that would mean additional expenditure and loss of creature comforts for himself. Nor did he regret the fact that his daughters were estranged from him. They almost turned hostile when he engaged a middle-aged widow as his cook and house-keeper. And he did not mind feeding her daughter as well.

Twice previously there had been false alarm. Parvathi, the cook, had been kind enough to send telegrams to the daughters residing in Calcutta urging them to start immediately if they wanted to see their father alive. On both the occasions the old man let them down and recovered from his rheumatism. But this time, four

hours before the daughters arrived, Death had laid his icy hand on Shambunath Shastri. When they saw the dead body, the two sisters set up a loud wail and beat their breasts. A few neighbouring women joined in the chorus and the two sons-in-law of the dead man wiped their eyes with their kerchiefs.

Soon, however, the weeping women subsided into silence and there started a heated argument among the relations. Who was to defray funeral expenses and who was to perform the obsequies? The hours flew by and enquiries elicited the reply from Parvathi that the old man had left little money and that three months' pay to her was overdue. Ultimately, Alamu's husband agreed to bear the first day's expenses, and Sarasu's agreed to light the funeral pyre.

The sisters finished their bath soon after their father's body had been carried away. They directed the cook and her daughter to fetch food for all from a distant hotel. Alamu posted her son Rajan at the entrance and warned him to keep off visitors. He was to admit the cook and her daughter only after getting his mother's permission.

The two sisters were well aware of their father's ways. Even when their mother was alive Shambunath was secretive with his money and hid it in his book-shelf or some bundle of papers or under the carpet. Though he had retired, Shastri used to read a lot and loved to keep his old law books and journals about him. The

old man's study had obviously fallen into disuse; the floor was caked with dust and littered with all sorts of papers. The sisters took out each book and turned over page after page. Even old postal envelopes, with one side slit open, were not spared. They pulled out the drawers from the tables and poured out their contents. With sharp pen-knives they tore out the cushioned seats of sofas and chairs. All that they found after an intensive three-hour search was a defaced copper coin. And a scorpion would have stung Alamu had not Sarasu spotted it emerging from the dry-as-dust ink-stand and alerted her sister.

Panting, exhausted and bitterly disappointed, the two women glared at the cook and her daughter who had come upon them unawares.

"Didn't my son tell you not to intrude like this?" shouted Alamu in a tone of vexation.

"Rajan is sound asleep at the entrance," said the cook submissively. "Kindly excuse me if I have disturbed you ladies. My intrusion was unintentional, really. And, now, it is high time you thought of taking a little food in spite of your sorrow. Won't you come downstairs? Your husbands have returned already."

The two women were mollified at this explanation but behind the cook's back they were spiteful. "She is as wicked as she is sly, they say. I was told that she served two old men before she came to our father. And she has killed all of them. Such witches must be drowned, don't you agree?"

"See how big her daughter has grown. She must be twenty-five, I dare say," mocked Sarasu. "Sister, is the allegation true that the girl was born two years after her husband's death?"

"I am not disinclined to believe the story, seeing how frivolously Parvathi behaves towards other men. My guess is that Father must have

left his will with his friend Lakshmana Rao, who is returning to town in a hurry to meet us. The moment we learn what our share of father's property is to be, I shall kick the cook and her daughter out, you are going to see!"

"Don't talk so loud, sister", cautioned Sarasu. "The woman seems to be all ears."

"Don't you bother, Sarasu, if she gets an inkling of what will happen to her tonight."

In the evening, Lakshmana Rao who had served under Shambunath Shastri as a junior at the bar and had possessed the old man's confidence to his last day, paid a visit and offered his condolences to one and all gathered in his late friend's house. Without opening his suit-case, he said simply: "Shambhunath Shastri wrote his will last week. I don't want to read it though it is very brief. I am afraid you would hate me for reading it. He had Rs. 60,000 in the bank in addition to his house. The will allots Rs. 10,000 to the man who performs his obsequies."

He stopped abruptly and looked round to study the effect of his statement.

Sarasu beamed delightedly at her father's friend and said: "My husband lit the funeral pyre, sir, and I presume he gets that sum?"

"Of course, I shall give your husband a cheque for Rs. 10,000 first thing tomorrow morning. You know, your father has nominated me as the sole executive trustee."

Alamu flared up on hearing these words. "I question the justice of your allotment, sir. My husband has defrayed today's expenses and my sister's husband has performed the obsequies with my husband's money. Since the two have entered into an agreement my husband is entitled to half that amount."

"If there has been such an understanding, it is only proper that I

should divide the amount into two and give each of you Rs. 5,000," conceded Lakshmana Rao.

"That is a lie," shouted Sarasu. "You must stick to the terms of the will, Mr. Advocate."

Lakshmana Rao blinked and stared at the two women, and then at their husbands.

"Better tell us how the rest of the property is to be divided, Sir," suggested Alamu, after an awkward pause.

"What I am going to tell you will be more surprising but I can't help making that announcement. Shambunath Shastri has left this house and the balance of Rs. 50,000 to Parvathi who nursed him through all his years of retirement."

The two sisters were shocked and speechless at this revelation and stood staring at each other in utter helplessness and misery. Alamu's husband, Raghupathi, broke the silence at last, "Mr. Lakshmana Rao," he said, "I should think my father-in-law was not in his senses when he made this will. Suppose we prove this point in a court of law?"

"Your father-in-law was himself a great lawyer. Mr. Raghupathi," retorted Lakshmana Rao. "He forestalled this possibility and when he drew up the will I brought in a registrar to his bedside to attest it. So we have to recognise it and resign ourselves to the inevitable. Personally I wish he had been generous to his daughters. I have done my duty and permit me to leave you. If Sarasu's husband, Mr. Vishwanath, calls at my residence tomorrow I shall readily hand him a cheque for Rs. 10,000."

Alamu wept bitterly on hearing these words and would not be comforted by her husband. She wouldn't speak with her sister, either, but turned to the cook. "Parvathi, I never thought that Father would humiliate me like this

even after his death. But I will not stay under your roof for another minute. We are leaving for Calcutta in another hour. I hope you will be happy."

"Alamu, I am afraid you have wrongly judged me all these years. You must relent towards me a little," pleaded Parvathi with tears in her eyes. "When I came to serve your Father I was starving. I did not know how to feed my girl, Radha, who was just five years then. He was more than kind to us but you don't know how many times I had begged of him to send for you two and make you happy. But he froze into silence whenever I made mention of you."

"Drop that patronising tone, won't you?" snarled Alamu. "And say what you have to say, quickly."

"We two never asked of your father any special favour at any time," went on the cook, ignoring the interruption.

"So what do you want us to do now?" Alamu snapped.

"I have a proposal to make and if you and your husband are agreeable, you won't be losers, I assure you."

"Well, go on," remarked Alamu haughtily.

"Don't take me amiss. I am prepared to give you Rs. 25,000 as dowry if you agree to my proposal that your son Rajan and my daughter Radha are married," said Parvathi. "We need not wait for long. In our community an old man's death is generally an occasion for rejoicing, not for mourning. We shall celebrate the marriage after a fortnight. But I will give you the promised amount earlier on getting the cheque from the advocate."

Sarasu was bursting with envy on hearing the cook's proposal. "Alamu, my dear sister, how can you entertain such a proposal? Only this afternoon you were telling me about

the obscurity of this woman's origin and the scandal about her daughter's birth. Just think of our high traditions and our respectability".

But Alamu ignored her sister's remarks, went up to Parvathi and embraced her. "Parvathi, dear, I have found in you a true friend and an elder sister. My son Rajan and your daughter Radha shall be married after a fortnight. Your daughter is charming to look at and she is as sweet-natured as yourself. You may take it that my husband and

myself have given our seal of approval to your proposal."

Alamu's husband nodded his approval from behind. "I am simply delighted, madam, to witness such a happy turn," he said.

"How atrocious!" exclaimed Sarasu in annoyance. "The boy is only 22 and the girl is 25, and they are to be married. My God! That is why they say this is 'Kali Yuga'".

But Alamu and Parvathi were already busy planning for the wedding on a lavish scale.

Britain's Postal History

"**H**OW many people know when the Royal Mail first started?" said Colin Jackson, broadcasting in the BBC. The answer was more than four hundred years ago, in King Henry VIII's reign. Another surprising discovery was that in the days of Queen Elizabeth I there were only four postmen in the whole of England—a very small number even when it is known that the population at that time was only a fraction of what it is today. These and many other facts about Britain's postal history he learned when taking a pre-sale look at a collection which had attracted philatelists from both Britain and overseas. It contained some very early postage stamps and date stamps put on postal parcels in the days before the postage stamp as such existed. People who grumbled now about paying 2½d. for every letter they posted had an easier time then for there was no check on letters and no charge for them either. But in 1661 customs changed and the first date stamps appeared. One of them was included in the sale and looked like a clothes peg, with the dies on the ends of the prongs, one bearing the name of the month and the other the date. The reason for introducing date stamps was because letters were often delayed and customers complained about the service.

A letter sent from Edinburgh to Portsmouth might take as much as twenty days whereas everyone knew that by good horses it should take only twelve. All letters had to pass through London and the Farmer of the Post, Colonel Bishop—a strange title for the job—said that every letter going through should be stamped with a month and date, which accounts for the name famous in postal history, "Bishop's Mark". After this a man in Portsmouth who received a letter on November 5th which had been stamped in London on September 20th would know at once that it was the Royal Mail which had held up his post and could act accordingly.

In early days the Royal Mail did not deliver letters in London itself and people sent their servants to collect their mail from the Central Post Office. Towards the end of the seventeenth century William Dockwra started a private collection and delivery service in London, at a penny a time, and grocers placed Dockwra's triangular sign outside their shops. People left mail there at the cost of one penny per letter and "Believe it or not" said Jackson, "there were twelve collections a day." Some of these special penny stamps were also included in the sale whose items covered Britain's postal history right through the centuries.

LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

By Lt.-Col. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI

LLOYD George strikes one as peculiarly fortunate in a friendship with three persons, totally different from him, but whose loyalty and constancy to him was unparalleled in contemporary history. They were Bonar Law, Birkenhead and Churchill. He would not have been what he was, nor would he have achieved what he did, but for the unfailing support he had on crucial occasions from them. What was there in Lloyd George which commanded the affection of these people? While, no doubt, it was in a great measure due to admiration for his genius, certain circumstances and chances appear to have played some part in bringing about this relationship.

"Dominating, impulsive, masterful, emotional to a degree, yet often peevish and childish . . . a leader great in conception, but in some ways lacking in the power of execution and follow through; in big things a man of action, but in small things, slow and hesitant." This is the pen-picture of L. G. by Sylvester who was associated with him for over twenty years. He could be coldly indifferent to old colleagues and had no genius for friendship with men. But if he so desired for his selfish ends, "he could charm a bird off a bough" (Birkenhead). Throughout his life he preached democracy but in his own life he practised autocracy. He developed in later life a disconcerting habit of 'dressing down' Ministers in the presence of others in the Cabinet. Once for talking at length without coming to the point at issue, Curzon was pulled up: "We have listened enough to those pomposities." His moods were so variable and

tongue so sharp that there was not one man with whom he did not come in sharp conflict, the only exception being Philip Kerr, later Marquiss of Lothian.

L. G. was abstemious, the utmost that he would have for a day was about two pegs of Irish whisky and water. He must have an early supper and get into his bed before ten. He read himself to sleep with the help of some wild West thrillers. He slept with the lights on, so that he may not have to search for the switch in the night. He always wore boots and never shoes, no matter what the occasion. He was so clumsy with his fingers that he could not dress by himself and had to be helped, and if his wife or his favourite maid Sarah was not there, his room was a shambles. At one time a whole bureau full of letters remained unanswered, a fair proportion of them not even being opened. He smoked both cigars and pipe and never cigarettes. He was an early riser and did a fair amount of work in bed from 4.30 to about 8 A.M.

David Lloyd George was elected to the Parliament in a bye-election on 11th April 1890 when he was only 27. It is recorded that the first person who compelled L. G.'s admiration at that time was Parnell. That was no wonder, as he was seldom able to withhold his sympathy for long from a lone rebel.

On the 13th of June, after eight weeks' experience, he made his maiden speech on the Local Taxation Bill. It was so well received that John Morley invited the young speaker to dinner.

To his uncle, who brought him up

after being orphaned early in life, he paid high respect by corresponding with him and consulting him on every important act. He wrote to him once: "These M.P.s. are frightfully decorous and respectable. My audience is the country."

Here is a description he has left behind of some of his contemporaries in Parliament at that time. About Asquith, his future Prime Minister and ultimate enemy: "A short, thick-set man, rather round-shouldered with a face as clean-shaven as that of the most advanced curate, keen eyes, and a broad intellectual forehead. He is only a few years over forty. There is only one man in the House who is more effective as a parliamentary debater and that is Chamberlain."

L. G. compares the Tory leader Balfour and his uncomfortable first mate, the ex-Radical Chamberlain; thus: "Chamberlain is by nature much more aggressive and stubborn than Balfour. The Tory leader lacks energy and application and puts on an appearance of being rather indolent. As Irish Secretary he accepted without hesitation any explanation which was offered him by the Irish constabulary in reply to complaints of injustice. It was less trouble than to make a personal investigation. That is not Chamberlain's way. He is mercurial, always on the move, and full of life and vigour." Mrs. Sidney Webb, who had a nice sense of character and knew how to draw one, has given an interesting estimate of Balfour along with her other contemporaries. For example, she said of Ramsay MacDonald that he was "the Parnell of the Labour party" but without belief in his party; and of George Lansbury that he was a "bewildered saint, alternately preaching universal goodwill and universal revolt." Of Balfour she said: "A man of extraordinary grace of mind and body, delighting in all that is beautiful and distinguished, music, literature, philosophy, religious feel-

ing and moral disinterestedness, aloof from all the greed and grime of common human nature, but a strange paradox as a Prime Minister." Balfour was so attractive in his youth that he was called 'Pretty Fanny.' He had a personal indifference towards his fellowmen or the fate of his closest colleagues. "He believed in nothing, not even the stars" said one who knew him well.

Early in Lloyd George's parliamentary career, when he was in opposition, Henry Labouchere gave him the following directive: "Go for Joe." "Attack and attack, and if attacked yourself—counterattack! Do not bother about justifying yourself." He was nothing if not personal in his politics. While criticising the budget under the heading navy, he remarked that it conferred "the incidental advantage of providing additional berths for impecunious sons of the aristocracy. Some of them may become admirals before they had properly learned to be before the mast."

In 1896, the Tory Government introduced the Agricultural Land Rating Bill ostensibly to bring relief to the farmers. Lloyd George, in opposing it, made out that its benefits would accrue more to the landlords than the farmers and made a direct hit at Balfour and others mentioning the figures they stood to gain by the passage of that Bill. The sessions became so stormy that Balfour moved for closure. L. G. and a few Irish members were suspended for a week for refusing to obey the Chair or leave the Chamber.

At the time of the Boer War, Lloyd George was relentless in his attack on Joseph Chamberlain, the then Colonial Secretary: "Mr. Chamberlain cannot understand any other man's nationality than his own. He prefers the patriotism which gives him a position of £5,000 a year—and ensures a dividend from the B.S.A. Factory in which his relations are interested."

Chamberlain: "I had sold out of Kynoch's on entering public life."

Lloyd George: "The first name on the list of shareholders is Mrs. Chamberlain. Other Chamberlains are interested in the concern. In fact the Chamberlain family owns the concern with the exception of a few shares. Yet this man has the audacity to go to war with the Transvaal because Kruger had enriched himself by a dynamite monopoly."

In the course of the Boer War, there arose an occasion for truce talks between Botha and Kitchener when the latter was inclined to concede an amnesty and financial grants to restore the devastated farms. Chamberlain snapped angrily, "The Boer proposals are preposterous." Cried Lloyd George in passion: "There was a soldier who knew what war meant; he strove to make peace. There is another man who strolled among his orchids, 6,000 miles away from the deadly bark of the Mauser rifle. He stopped Kitchener's peace." Unconditional surrender was the cry of the diehards.

When another propitious occasion for reconciliation was let go, L. G. thundered: "We have an electioneer, and not a statesman at the head of affairs; a man who had his eye not on the destiny of Africa, but on the polling booths of Britain."

The personal loyalty of the people of Birmingham to Joe Chamberlain was something not only intense but unique. They were not concerned with the merits of any question. They were not anti-this or pro-that but only pro-Joe. Because of his opposition to Joseph Chamberlain Lloyd George was very unpopular in Birmingham. Once when a lecture by L. G. was announced under the auspices of the Birmingham Liberal Association all the doors, windows and furniture of the Town Hall were reduced to smithereens on the day of the lecture. L. G. had to escape for his life under the disguise of a constable. "Rather lively for a peace

meeting," said a genial but cynical M.P. addressing Joe in the lobby of the House a day or two later. "What is the matter with Birmingham? Everyone expected you would kill Lloyd George. Why did you let him escape?" Joe eyed him coldly through his monocle. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Two died and forty were badly injured at the Birmingham riot.

For fifteen years Lloyd George had been in opposition in the Parliament. Then in December 1905 he joined the Cabinet in his 45th year as President of the Board of Trade under Campbell Bannerman. About this time young Winston Churchill, crossed the floor to the Liberal ranks on the question of free trade. L. G. welcomed him as a good exchange for Chamberlain who had left the Liberals earlier. A foundation for a life-long friendship between Churchill and Lloyd George whom Churchill considered the best fighting General in the Liberal army" was then laid. In 1908 Campbell Bannerman resigned and Asquith became Prime Minister with L. G. as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Churchill as President of the Board of Trade.

King Edward VII, who was very much annoyed with L. G. for many of his fiery speeches, became in later life friendly towards him. On the Finance Bill being thrown out by the Lords in 1910, Parliament was dissolved, and Lloyd George started his election campaign with the slogan "Four spectres haunt the poor. Old age, accidents, sickness and unemployment. We are going to exorcise them." Though the election was won, the party had only a precarious majority in the Parliament. The Irish Party was riven with feuds between the pro-Parnellite John Redmond and the Anti-Parnellite Tim Healy. L. G. was optimistic and confident that the Labour Party and the Irish would side them as the Liberals' policy met their demands, though Crew and Asquith were nervous. On

6th May 1910 Edward VII died. As it was proposed not to harass the new king with controversial politics, the idea of a parlay truce became very popular and appealed to L. G., though some read in it a device to overthrow the leadership of Asquith. On the other side, the Tory buccaneering barrister, the debonair, devil-may-care F. E. Smith was also in favour of it hoping probably to get into office thereby. Censuring Asquith who kissed hands with King Edward while in Biarritz on his appointment as P.M., Tim Healy asked F. E. "Would you kiss hands on foreign soil, F. E.?" F. E. retorted: "I would kiss hands in hell." F. E. possessed a dangerous and lively wit which he did not confine to his table talk, but allowed to spill over and spice his political and legal opinions. Bonar Law recalled the Arab proverb 'Easier to keep a live coal in the mouth than a witty saying' as appropriate to F. E.

Sir Robert Houston, a wealthy Lancashire shipowner M. P. had once intended to make F. E. one of his heirs. He had a fine red beard. As years advanced, he went to some trouble to preserve its fiery colour. "Well, of course, he is the original Dyehard" said F. E. at a dinner table. He got a great laugh but lost a large inheritance.

Brilliant, eloquent, and insolent F. E. often delivered his speeches without any preparation. He was particularly fond of deflating the pomposity of the pompous. He loved cakes and ale, but he also loved real comradeship, and whatever changes politics might bring, F. E. stayed loyal to his friends. If he gave you his hand, he gave you his heart. He had ample enemies. There was a deep personal liking between L. G. and F. E. When L. G. was once blamed for a little hold-up in correspondence, he remarked "I am not like F. E. who has an army of valets and secretaries to attend on him hand and foot? F. E. was able to

turn out an incredible amount of work during the day. One moment he would discuss legal problems, the next minute a political problem and the third minute a social question. As Lord Chancellor he had at one time the audacity to perpetrate the sacrilege of resting his foot on the Wool-sack. Those pourparlers came to nothing.

Ditchers and Hedgers

L. G. caused a split in the Tory Party when he attempted to clip the wings of the House of Lords that had become very obstructive. Some uncompromising extremists taking up King William III's famous motto "We will die in the last ditch before we surrender" were called the Ditchers and those who were not so extremist or uncompromising were called Hedgers. Lord Curzon, an original Ditcher, was one of the biggest snobs of the last century and was endowed with a double dose of pomposity. He once pronounced that the best work in this world had always been done by the aristocracy. L. G. mocked "He evidently does not think much of the Christian religion. No doubt he would have rated it higher, had it been propagated not by twelve Galilean fishermen but by a dozen

NEW BOOKS

Inside Africa by John Gunther

Rs. 22- 8 as

Good Behaviour: being a study of certain types of civility by Harold Nicholson

Rs. 17- 1 as

The Republic of Indonesia by Dorothy Woodman. Full description of Indonesia and its people

Rs. 22- 8 as

The Constitution and Fundamental Rights by Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar

Rs. 5- 0 as

The Living Faith by Lloyd C. Douglas

Rs. 11- 4 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

dukes." In 1920, on his first visit to the Foreign office after his appointment as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Curzon sniffed at the ink stand on the table and ordered, "Remove this! The Secretary of State must have crystal and silver, not glass and brass." Such a person, seeing the irresistible march of events, had become a Hedger.

On the retirement of Balfour, though Austin Chamberlain was in the running for the succession, Bonar Law succeeded to the leadership of the party. Here is a pen-picture of Austin Chamberlain: "He resembled his famous sire in appearance, in his rather frigid formal manner, in his warm personal feelings, in his devotion to what he held to be his duty. But he had none of Joe's flair or fire in political battle." Churchill once said of him: "He always played the game and never won it."

Of Bonar Law, his close friend Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook has left this description: "The son of a Canadian Scot Presbyterian minister, he had made a successful business career in Glasgow before entering politics. He had a cool logical brain, a clear retentive memory, and a simple direct style of speech. When he had thought out a problem

he would dictate a speech to his secretary, read it over once for accuracy and never again look at it before delivering it. His language dealt in commonplaces and he spoke with such an earnest simplicity that the words seemed exactly fitting to the occasion; and men walked away from his meetings murmuring, 'That is exactly what I would have said'." Asquith said once, not unfairly, that Bonar Law was meekly ambitious. Bonar Law who came to be associated very intimately with Lloyd George said of him: "I like Lloyd George. He is a nice man. But he is the most dangerous little man that ever lived." A simple, kindly and honest soul Bonar Law knew what he wanted and get it in a kindly way.

The extraordinary mutual antipathy between Churchill and Bonar Law was very curious. In March 1914, at the time of the Home Rule Bill, Churchill castigated Bonar Law as "a public danger . . . seeking to terrorise the Government to wreck the Home Rule Bill and to force his way into the councils of the Sovereign." Subsequently when invited to attend a dinner where it was proposed to explore the possibilities of forming a coalition Government, he refused to attend it because Churchill was one of the prime movers.

THE PHILIPPINES' ROLE IN ASIA

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

NO student of world political trends can regard the Philippines any longer as the Little Brother of Big Brother America. With the establishment of the Republic it negotiated a treaty with the United States providing for military aid and the use of bases in the Philippines by America. But after July 4th 1946 the Philippines have acted as a sovereign republic. Philippine participation in the U. N., in the Trusteeship Council, UNESCO, FAO, the Committee on Non-Self-Governing Territories, the Commission on Human Rights, the Sub-commission on Freedom of Information and the Press, ECAFE, ILO, the Korean and Palestine Commissions, and in other international commissions have given the world real proof of Philippines independence. The Philippines have entered into treaties also with China, France, Italy and Spain, and maintain diplomatic relations with many countries.

In the present world tension the Great Powers have to think of defense beyond their natural boundaries and considering the relations that have existed between the United States and the Philippines—though counted in years it was barely half a century—it was natural that the Philippines should have granted the United States naval and military bases. The second World War revealed the strategic importance of the Philippines. Hainan Island, and Saigon are a matter of a thousand miles from the Philippine bases. It was from Davao that the Japanese attacked Indonesia. That is, looking at possible contingencies.

But viewed in the context of S.E.-

Asia, and Asia as whole, the Philippines form an international hub whose future commercial importance is incalculable. Manila, which has the best airport in the Far East, is 1600 miles from Guam, 1500 miles from Singapore, and 1900 miles from Tokyo. Manila port is today one of the busiest. The natural resources of the Philippines are almost infinite and are only being utilised now. The transformation of the Philippines from the primitive economy which existed half a century back to the present position is one of the marvels of the century. An American doctor describing conditions at the close of the last century draws a very unflattering picture. " . . . Throughout the Islands, save for the antiquated and polluted Spanish water system, there was not a reservoir, not a pipeline, and not an artesian well. Plague was in every alley, the morgue was filled with victims of cholera, smallpox, or tuberculosis, and the Philippines had the highest infant mortality rate anywhere in the world." But this was not the fault of the Filipinos. This was Spain's legacy.

More than three centuries of Spanish rule had done little to improve the standard of living among the Philippine people. Until the Spanish conquest the Filipinos had a fairly well-organised, decentralised form of self-government in which the *barangay* (a group of fifty to a hundred families) was the unit. There were three classes, nobles, freemen, and serfs. The Spaniards retained the classes but centralised the government and imposed a bureaucracy of inspectors, magistrates,

INDO COMMERCIAL BANK LTD.

(Estd.: 1932)

Sir A. RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR, K.C.S.I., D.C.L. (Oxon)
(Chairman)

Offices in Madras City:
Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose Road: Triplicane;
Mylapore & Theagarayanagar.

Branches:

Ambasamudram, Ambur (N. A. Dt.), Chidambaram, Cuddalore, Erode, Kancheepuram, Karaikudi, Kumbakonam, Mathurai, Mayuram, Palghat, Pudukottah, Ramnad, Sirkali, Tanjore, Tenkasi, Tirunelveli Town, Tiruchirapalli, Vellore, Vijayapuram, Villupuram and Virudhunagar.

S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

police, and militia. The King of Spain was free with the land which he distributed lavishly to the nobility and the church. Thus came into existence the Landlord, lording it over estates sometimes 25,000 acres in extent, and having power of life and death over a thousand families of his serfs. Between the landlord and the church, which insisted on its tithe, the inhabitants were reduced to poverty and became indolent. The army, the administration, and the church—at no time were there more than five thousand Spaniards in the Islands—drained away the wealth of the country. Until 1842 when China opened her doors to the West, Manila was the mart of the Far East and Spanish galleons carried away the wealth of the Indies and the Far East from its warehouses.

With the decline of trade the condition of the Filipinos became worse and a few among them cried 'hal' to the exploitation. Repercussions of the French Revolution also partly helped the Filipino "revolutionaries." In 1847 Manila's first daily newspaper, *La Esperanza*, made its appearance, and forty years later *La Solidaridad*, published by Graciano Lopez Jaena in Barcelona, took up the Filipino cause. It was in the columns of *La Solidaridad* that Jose Rizal y Mercado, the Chinese mestizo, poured out his indignation at the condition of his countrymen. Rizal and some others formed the Young Filipino Party at the beginning of the century and agitated against priests and political bosses (*caciques*). Rizal wrote *The Social Cancer* and *Reign of Greed* and these books created wild resentment against Spanish exploitation of the Philippines. Rizal was arrested and shot. The night before his execution he wrote a poem, *My Last Farewell* which his sister smuggled out of his cell in Fort Santiago. It is considered one of the most rousing patriotic poems, and this poem, above everything else, made Rizal the greatest hero and martyr of Fili-

pino nationalism. Rizal's comrades, among them Aguinaldo, carried on the fight with greater determination and on 26th August 1896 they raised the banner of revolt. The Spanish offered a Pact and Aguinaldo and other leaders left the Philippines, some going to Hong Kong, others to Singapore. War between Spain and the United States broke out on 15th February 1898.

The Americans brought back the Filipino patriots from their exile on their promising support against Spain. In June 1898 the revolutionaries set up a republic at Malolos, forty miles north of Manila and Aguinaldo was elected President. On 6th February 1899 the American Senate ratified the Treaty of Paris ending the state of war against Spain. The Republic of Aguinaldo and his compatriots suffered an eclipse and on 6th April 1900 President McKinley appointed William H. Taft as Civil Governor of the Philippines with the declared aims of governing for the "happiness, peace and prosperity of the people of the Philippine Islands." A year later General Aguinaldo took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

Seven years later the Nacionalista Party campaigned for Independence. On 8th December 1941 the Japanese invaded the Philippines and bombarded by air Manila, Davao and other military bases.

But much happened during the intervening forty years. The country's natural resources hitherto unexplored, if not unknown, were exploited. Public health and education were improved. "The Philippines for the Filipinos" was the American slogan, even if it was not so frequently heard. From 1907 the Nacionalistas dominated the legislative assembly. With the election of Woodrow Wilson Nacionalistas renewed their demand for independence and the Jones Bill (1916) promised "independence as soon as a stable government can be established

therein." On the economic front there was not so much dissatisfaction. America controlled the import and export trade of the islands and many Filipinos became millionaires. Money-crops were the rage. Sugar, tobacco, and similar cash crops which enriched the landlords and the middlemen, but spelt poverty to the masses produced a surface prosperity. By 1940 the annual trade between the Philippines and the United States amounted to about half a billion dollars. Rice, the staple food of the people, which could easily have been grown in the islands accounted for a big proportion of the imports, as it was in Ceylon, until recently. In 1941 there was an economic crisis. The landless peasants' condition was deplorable. The top crust of society, American, Chinese, Spanish, Filipino-Spanish, was untouched. The small middle-section (not a middle class) of government officials, compradors, and others was also unaffected. But the masses were landless, jobless. President Quezon made an attempt to ameliorate conditions by introducing a "social justice programme." It was in the midst of these belated reforms—educational, social, and economic—that the Japanese invasion began.

From December 1941 till January 1945 the Philippines were under Japanese occupation. The Japanese set up a republic with Jose P. Laurel as President. President Quezon went first to Corregidor, thence to Washington. Quezon died in August 1944.

The Philippines became a Republic in the true sense on July 4, 1946. Despite acrimonious charges of collaboration with the Japanese Roxas and Quirino, both Liberals, were elected President and Vice-President in a bitterly contested election in which two and half million voters cast their votes. In his inaugural address President Roxas referring to the devastation caused by the War said "... There is hunger among us

... Prices race with wages ... The black market with all its attendant evils of disrespect for law and public morality thrives ... Plagues of rats and locusts gnaw at our food supplies. Public health and sanitation have been set back a quarter of a century ..."

It was from such devastation that the Philippine people have raised their republic during this short period to the position it occupies in international affairs today. There are rifts in the ruling Nacionalista Party. In recent elections for nine seats in the 24-man Senate there were riots and 37 people died and 112 were wounded. President Magsaysay's former colleague Senator Claro M. Recto, accused Magsaysay of being "an American puppet." Magsaysay turned Recto out of his Party and challenged him to contest the elections in 1957 as "Red China's candidate." Feelings run high among Filipinos over political issues. But party controversies apart, the Filipinos today are a united nation, able to take their place with dignity among the nations of the world, and they have earned the right to contribute to the solving of the world's problems by virtue of their own long subjection and their hard-won freedom.

KESARI KUTEERAM LTD.

A meeting of the Staff and workers was held at the premises of the Company, and the Members assembled expressed their deep sorrow at the sad and unexpected demise of their Managing Director Srimathi Komattil Madhavi Amma (Mrs. K. N. Kesari) on 16-12-1955. Touching references were made to her genial temper, kind-heartedness and charitable attitude. Resolutions were passed to place on record their deep sense of sorrow and conveying same to Sri. K. Sarada Devi and other members of the family.

New Books

COROMANDEL! BY JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph, London. 12s 6d.*

IN *Bhowani Junction*, John Masters held the balance steadily between the recounting of his gripping tale and the probing of character. The result, as we know, was a minor masterpiece. Earlier in *The Deceivers*, he had concentrated on narrative, and bothering little with characterization (most of the actors in *The Deceivers* are but types), had taken infinite pains to show us what no one had showed before, and what very likely few had even suspected of obtaining: the fundamentally religious aspect of thuggery, as distinct from its obvious and received aspect of dacoity with murder. In *Coromandel!*, while he outstrips the nearly pure storytelling of *The Deceivers*, Mr. Masters falls short of the perfection of workmanship which he achieved in *Bhowani Junction*. This is chiefly because he has to take his hero, Jason Savage, from his father's farm in Wiltshire to Coromandel in India and therefore upto Tibet through the dangerous Himalayas before he makes Jason come to the end of his double quest. Jason's quest is double because he is an Elizabethan and vitally in need of ultimate physical daring, and as much in need to answer—shall we say it?—the call of poetry. There is no poet anywhere in the book, and the only 'poem' that the illiterate Jason sings is this one:

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves?

But we hope that we have understood Mr. Masters aright when we

say that Jason, in leaving England for his dream-country of Coromandel, was answering the call of poetry. Isn't it true, moreover, that the perfect Elizabethan, as Shakespeare conceived him, was nearer to Othello than to Hamlet?

So, of the five chapters in the book, one is taken up with Jason fleeing for his life from his Plain in Shrewford Pennel, and the next with Jason fleeing for his life again from London, this time over the seas, with the music of the name of Coromandel playing steadily in his heart with its beats for tala. There are only three more chapters for him to escape from his ship and Master Drayton; to be treated as an Ambassador from England by the King of Manairuppu; to outwit the Portuguese representative at his court; to be betrayed and outwitted in his turn by the Manairuppu King; to spend church-going nights with the most accomplished *devdassi* in Coromandel, Parvati ("Lying with her had been like some mad kind of church-going. He no longer felt it strange that the temple should be her place of prostitution"); to be wooed and wed by Catherine d'Alvarez, who understands him and loves him as much as Parvati does, but who is not as helpless as Parvati; to be rescued from the deadly fascination of the *Deceivers'* vocation and the fatal temptation to be at the head of a dozen thousand Tibetan monks—only three more chapters for these and a hundred other things to happen; and one would think that Mr. Masters has little time to turn from his tale to philosophical subtleties or precise delineations of character.

Therefore we are happily surprised and grateful when Mr. Masters attends to these as much as his storytelling would allow him to. For it is not the comparatively superficial mind of a mere storyteller that we see at work in the novels of Mr. Masters. The frequent comparison which critics make between Mr. Masters and Mr. C. S. Forester is definitely and thoughtlessly unfair to Mr. Masters. Forester is a brilliant spinner of yarns, nothing more; Mr. Masters has in him all the makings of a major novelist. He is not yet one, but he can be, if we wait, and what is more necessary,—if he waits. He seems to be in something of a hurry (we suppose the thirty-two Savage novels he has planned disturb the peace of his sleep), and we wish he were more patient. Even as it is, there is no doubt that his grasp of the craft of fiction is as masterful as Somerset Maugham's, and his grasp of life certainly more philosophical, more daring and deeper.

Mr. Masters looks at India of the present or of the past with a subtle, unafraid, comprehending and relentless mind, and Indians, especially of the post-Independence period, should be grateful. For we are at the present time lulled by ourselves, and exult in our self-complacency, if not our pride. On the moral plane, our gravest national peril seems to be the universal feeling that everything is right with us. That is what is wrong with us now—that we think everything is right with us. It would be better for us if we recognized that we, more than other people, are the theatre where the struggle between utmost good and utmost evil is ever being fought. Mr. Masters sees us in India as Milton saw the universe with the earth at its centre in *Paradise Lost*. This is a moving compliment; and therefore, to a sensitive Indian mind, the lash of Mr. Masters is as welcome as his bouquets.

THE MOONFLOWER. By Beverley Nichols *Hutchinson, London. 12s 6d.*

THIS is the second detective novel of Mr. Nichols. Some of the compliments that his first venture into this genre (*No Man's Street*) drew from critics were pointedly left-handed. It was written that Mr. Nichols had for too long neglected his true vocation, which of course is turning out detective fiction; it was also urged upon him to go on pursuing his new adventure. We cannot agree too heartily with these soft-gloved suggestions, since we have endured for long Mr. Nichols' versatile journalistic talents, about many men and many matters. Not fearing to tread anywhere, he even wrote on religion (the famous *The Fool Hath Said*), and coming to India, passed a verdict on us. The book, you will remember, was more a verdict on Mr. Nichols than on us, a verdict that he was obviously literate, and equally obviously, that he was without culture or understanding. So let us join the others in the hope that Mr. Nichols will go on writing detective novels, so that he might be too busy to write anything else.

For culture or understanding is not required to write a detective story; all that is necessary is cleverness. Not even his worst critic would deny that Mr. Nichols is a clever man. *The Moonflower*, like its predecessor, is very smart. Except at one place, the construction is flawless. This time, Mr. Nichols' detective, Horatio Green, has to find out who murdered Mrs. Faversham, and the story is told with the storyteller constantly at Mr. Green's elbow, recording his thoughts, his looks, his very important sniffs, his walks, his luck, his gentle tackling of people, and even his hours of slumber. But once this rigidity is broken, the storyteller has to leave Mr. Green for a chapter or two and rush upto London with Superintendent Waller of Scotland Yard to follow up some investi-

gations. The only jerk, as we said, in an otherwise very smooth journey.

Anyone of the six or seven persons in the house could have murdered the old lady, since all of them are beneficiaries under her will. But it is all so difficult because there are two murderers, or one murderer and one pseudo-murderer; after Mrs. Faversham was murdered, somebody who did not know that she was thoroughly dead by then, climbs up her window and strangles the corpse. The first murder, or the only murder, is nearly the perfect murder, and

but for the supersensitive nose of Horatio Green, would never have been unravelled. There is also a lawyer who collects butterflies, an Indian boy, a dying adventurer and ladies' man, Mr. Faversham's past with her gardener, a man who has committed bigamy, an Anglo-Indian woman passing off as an English nurse; and above all, there is Horatio Green himself, an attractive version of Hercule Poirot. In *The Moonflower*, Mr. Nichols offers everything that a reader of detective fiction would ask for.

M. P. BHASKARAN

MARUNGAPURI GOPALAKRISHNA AIYAR

By RASIKAPRIYA

FEW violinists of our epoch possess the rich experience, musical background and traditional training,



Marungapuri Gopalakrishna Aiyar.

—By courtesy, *The Music Academy*

of Marungapuri Gopalakrishna Aiyar, who has been chosen to preside over the Music Academy Conference this

year. He is the fourth violinist to be honoured by the Academy, the other three being Dwaram Venkataswami Naidu, Kumbakonam Rajamanikkam Pillai and Karur Chinnaswami Aiyar. A doyen among violinists, Gopalakrishna Aiyar is a fine representative of the classical tradition. Though in his seventies, he handles the violin with great ease and confidence.

Born in Madurai in a musical family, he had his initial training under his grandfather, Vidwan Gopu Aiyar, a reputed scholar and a Bharatha Natya expert, who could count among his disciples, Kandaswami and Chinnaswami, two leading nattuvanars of the time. Young Gopalakrishnan used to recite the kritis sung by his mother during the Puja, and thus learnt several pieces. Noticing his aptitude, his grandfather took him to Karur Venkatrama Aiyar, a violinist who began to teach the boy music. After three years of training under him in vocal music, he learnt some varnas and kritis and was given an opportunity to sing before Swami Vivekananda in Mana Madurai to the violin accompaniment of his guru. Two years

after this event, he began to lose gradually the melodic quality of his voice and had to take to the violin on the advice of his guru. He began to practise seriously on the violin, when he came under the spell of Ettayapuram Ramachandra Bhagavathar, an erudite scholar and musician who had as his disciple the famous nagaswaram player Madurai Ponnuswami Pillai. During this period, he enriched his repertoire with several rare compositions of Thyagaraja and other great masters.

At his stage, he had to migrate to Madras where, with the help of Dewan Bahadur Kommireddi Suryanarayanamurthi Naidu, he came under the tutelage of Tachur Singarachariar, a great *lakshana-lakshya* vidwan and author of several works on music. He was also considerably helped by Ganapathi Aiyar of Mylapore who aided him in his musical education. At a well-attended concert given by Poochi Srinivasa Iyengar under the auspices of the Mylapore Sangeetha Sabha, at which young Gopalakrishnan provided violin accompaniment, he was awarded a gold medal for his proficiency. Some of the leading musicians of the time like Palghat Anantharama Bagavathar, Ettayapuram Ramachandra Bagavathar, Fiddle Govindaswami Pillai, Mamundiya Pillai and Keeswara Aiyar, who were then present, congratulated the young artiste on his brilliant effort.

Fiddle Govindaswami Pillai who

was deeply impressed with the violin play of Gopalakrishnan requested him to play along with him for solo concerts. They were then an inimitable violin pair, drawing large audiences to their concerts. Their first violin duet was held under the auspices of the Sangeetha Samajam, at which the great genius, Thirukkodikaval Krishna Aiyar was present. At the conclusion of the concert, Krishna Aiyar made kind enquiries of the young artiste and paid a tribute to his skill and technique. Thereafter, Gopalakrishna Aiyar gave several concerts along with Govindaswami Pillai and earned a name for himself. He also became a solo violinist and was much sought after by the leading vocalists of the time like Poochi Srinivasa Iyengar, Koneri Vaithi, Pushpavanam and others. Later, he achieved remarkable proficiency on the American phone violin, a gift from Saraswathi Bai, and recorded some songs in the Odeon company. He has been honoured by several samasthanams and is the recipient of numerous presents and medals including a silver box by the Jagannatha Baktha Sabha, Egmore.

Gopalakrishna Aiyar is a great devotee of Thyagaraja and regularly conducts an annual festival at Srirangam (where he now resides) in honour of the great saint, in which all the leading musicians take part. He is a man of simple tastes and delights in good company.

MARTHA GRAHAM—EXPONENT OF MODERN DANCE

MARTHA Graham is a renowned American dancer now on a tour of the East. She is visiting India in January. Her presentations in India are sponsored by the American National Theatre and Academy in collaboration with the Theatre Centre (India).

Reputed as she is to represent the focal point of 'Modern Dance,' connoisseurs of art will certainly await her arrival with excitement, not unmingled perhaps with the apprehensive curiosity evoked by all things new. We in India have not yet gone past the stage of revival of

our ancient art forms. In painting and sculpture, we have some artists who are trying out new approaches. But they have somehow produced the impression that in their case it is not an inner urge that has been prompting new ways of expression but the desire to be in the *avant garde* of the art movement, an extremism for the sake of extremism. Fortunately this tendency is not widespread.

Dance too has seen changes but it is only in the expression of the old content in new forms. For example, we tried to adopt certain western modes to depict our ancient epics. Lack of experience, a certain resistance to change, and a preference for the old may all be equally responsible for this state of affairs.

Europe has seen two wars within a generation, has witnessed violent social upheavals, the crumbling of old values, and changes the like of which we are not likely to experience now or ever. This crisis in the structure of their society has been reflected in their arts. In painting, poetry and sculpture the transformation in Europe has been most profound. The break with tradition that these represent was taken up in the field of dance only much later and it was given to an American to lead his movement.

Martha Graham feels that to reveal the impact of the contemporary world on the spirit of modern man through the art form of dance, makes it necessary to devise new ways of dance expression. Mr. Craig Barton who represents Martha Graham and her troupe met newsmen last Tuesday and gave them an idea of her technique. She strives, he said, through external gestures to express an inner rhythm. From his talk it could be easily gathered that she was trying out daring new experiments in the field of dance.

A break with tradition in dance is not as easy as it is in the other

arts. The medium being the movement of the human body which needs extraordinary discipline and training to execute complicated movements. It is not likely that all and sundry will attempt new innovations in dance. It requires both effort and imagination to achieve something new and worthwhile in choreography. The point, where you are likely to be confronted with a blank page and asked to imagine the poem taking shape in the poet's mind or see a blank canvas and visualise the painting for yourself, is not so easy of attainment in dance. Hence it may be safely assumed that any break with tradition will be one which has been pondered over and thought about and is not the figment of a frivolous imagination.

Mr. Craig Barton in the course of his talk brought out the important details of the transformation wrought by Miss Graham in modern dance. He illustrated his point with the help of particular theatre-pieces of hers. He laid emphasis on the attention amounting almost to an obsession that she placed on detail. And this attention to detail we can consider a hopeful sign. Because anyone who does not neglect technique and who has a thorough grounding in tradition will sustain with sense and realism the break with tradition which he attempts.

The music of Miss Graham's pieces is composed specially for the occasion. The most revolutionary and interesting experiment she seems to have adopted is in the settings. They consist of designs by the abstract sculptor Isamu Noguchi. Noguchi's work has been described as being 'occidental in form but oriental in feeling'. This innovation adds a new dimension to her dance. It is fraught with immense potentialities; at the same time it will demand a far greater response from the spectators than perhaps they are trained to bestow.

—V.V.S.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE cryptic reports on the State awards published in the daily Press and the conspicuous lack of comment in film sections of the local newspapers indicate the general indifference of the film journalists as well as the film trade towards this belated move of the Government. For, by now both the industry and the public have lost all interest in the pictures produced during 1954 and the awards have purely academic interest.

Moreover, the choice of "Mirza Ghalib" for the President's award, the choice of "Mahatma Phule" for the regional award and the very fact that the selection committee could not find any picture worth even a certificate of merit among the children's films have been rather coldly received by the trade. For the trade feels that pictures like "Jagriti" and "Shashi" were qualified to receive awards as children's films.

The film people are also a little surprised at the choice of "Mirza Ghalib" as the year's best picture. They feel that there were other pictures which were artistically and technically superior to it; and it is felt that their claim was rejected only because of the subject of "Mirza Ghalib." The choice of both "Mirza Ghalib" and "Mahatma Phule" has created the impression that these films got prizes not as works of art but just because they happened to be the biographies of a great poet and a social reformer respectively. Otherwise, the choice of "Mahatma Phule" in preference to "Om Pans" is very difficult to understand.

So also in the case of "Shyamchi Aai" it is the subject matter and the theme rather than the acting, photo-

graphy and other merits that seem to have mainly guided the selection committee.

In any case the recipients of the awards fully deserve the bouquets though both Sohrab Modi and Acharya Atre would have preferred cash emoluments to just gold and silver medals.

Picture of the week

While the selection committee for State awards has not found a single children's film worthy of award, the Indian producers continue to make films about children for adult entertainment. Satyen Bose who made "Jagriti" has produced and directed another child story entitled "Bandidish" released last week in Bombay.

Like "Jagriti" it is a remake of a Bengalee film entitled "Chhele Kor" written by Jyotirmoy Roy. But the accent of the story is on the lighter side and it provides a series of very entertaining sequences which keep the audience delighted.

The story revolves round a young child Tombato, an orphan child whose poor ailing guardian finds out a 'father' for him after scanning several men in a public park and asks

(Continued from page 8)

the harassment of having to wait indefinitely for getting even very little things done, and nothing moves with reasonable speed unless there is influence to grease the movement. Swaraj has made no difference to the helpless agony of people unable to make Government offices respond quickly to their urgent needs. It took me five minutes to obtain in the concerned office in Washington a sailing permit from a brisk and businesslike and sweetly courteous girl at the desk. It took me two hours to obtain possession from the Madras Customs of a suitcase that had come by air, after a clerk of the office had spent earlier two hours in the attempt vainly.

SAKA

the child to go to his father and sick to him. The embarrassed father who is a bachelor does not know what to do with the child. When he refuses to accept him, a crowd gathers near his car and rebukes him.

Thenceforward the story mainly concerns the vain efforts of the 'adopted' father to get rid of the child who foils them and they provide many hilarious complications, handled in a manner reminiscent more of the Mukerjee school than Satyen Bose's old style. They involve the girl whom the bachelor father loves and who agrees to give refuge to the child only to find herself forced to play the role of 'bachelor mother'. Though Tombato causes much embarrassment, gradually all those who come in contact with him start loving him including the enraged parents of his adopted father. In fact, he helps to bring about the union of two lovers.

Highly entertaining and amusing, this comedy is enlivened considerably by the superb performance of Daisy Irani, the smart, lovely child who carries the picture on her shoulders by her sweet and unaffected portrayals. Ashok Kumar shares the acting honors with Daisy giving another consummate performance as the harassed father whom nobody believes because of his old habit of lying and concocting false yarns. Meena Kumari has comparatively a less important role, but she plays it with her usual grace. Among others Bipin Gupta and Pramadadevi are impressive.

The story is partly inspired by some old foreign films, but the screenplay is very smooth though the objection by Bipin Gupta against the marriage between Meena, a school teacher and Ashok appears to be far-fetched and unreal. For a school teacher the flat of Meena Kumari appears to be too opulent and luxurious. And the entire stage sequence is too coincidental and

contrived to fit in the main story.

The production values are average. The music by Hemant Kumar and lyrics by different poets fail to come upto the expectations. From the box office viewpoint, this constitutes the greatest handicap for "Bandish" which has otherwise all the ingredients of a hit. To a discerning picturegoer it is to be commended for its clear and wholesome fun and human story.

Personality of the week

Sohrab Modi whose "Mirza Ghalib" has won the President's gold medal is not only the man of the week, but the man of the year. For after twenty years of film-making during which he has brought many glorious chapters of his story on the screen this is the first time that his efforts have won State recognition.

Sohrab Modi has made big hits as well as flops; but he has never pandered to cheapness and vulgarity to win the box office. The creator of "Pukar", "Sikandar", "Parakh", "Sheesh Mahal" and other distinguished films faced the greatest crisis of his life when he made "Jhansi Ki Rani", the first technicolor picture, at a fabulous cost. He almost faced bankruptcy. But undaunted by the crisis, he resumed working and the very first subject he chose for his own directorial vehicle was "Mirza Ghalib"—the subject which he has been thinking of filming for over a decade.

He made the picture with the same zeal and regard for historic authenticity and Indian culture which characterized his earlier works. But thanks to his critical financial position he could not make the picture as lavishly as he would have done in his hey day. Yet, the picture has won laurels and admiration. A year ago receptions were held in his honour for making the film biography of Ghalib; to-day he is being honoured again with the richly merited President's award.

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. December 31, 1955 No. 48

CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
SOTTO VOCE	4
SIDELIGHTS	6
INDIAN AFFAIRS	8
ONE STEP FORWARD TWO STEPS BACK IN JORDAN	11
MURUGA STOOPS TO CONQUER	14
THE MUSIC FESTIVAL	16
THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC IN U. S. A.	17
ZONAL COUNCILS	21
INDONESIA—THE BIGGEST MUSLIM REPUBLIC	23
RECKONING WITH JAPAN	26
FALLACIES OF FAMILY PLANNING	29
SHORT STORY: THE DEBUT	31
NEW BOOKS	35
PAUL DELTOMBE: A PAINTER OF PASTORAL LIFE	37
SPORTS: AKBAR AND HALDANE	39
PAKHTOONISTAN—HOMELAND FOR THE PATHANS	41
INDIA—HUNGRIEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD	44
FILMS	46
Vighneswara	
Saka	
Saranga	
Andrew Roth	
S. Parthasarathy	
Rasikapriya	
Khasa Subba Rau	
P. M.	
J. Vijayatunga	
A Special Correspondent	
Syed A. Sattar	
K. Chandrasekharan	
Barnett D. Conlan	
N. S. Ramaswami	
Rajiv	
Dr. N. R. Dhar	
V. P. Sathe	

ON THE COVER:

Marungapuri Gopalakrishna Aiyar, President of the Music Academy, 1955.

All communications should be addressed to the Editor, SWATANTRA, 2 Brodies Road, Mylapore, Madras 4. Manuscripts for publication should be typewritten on one side of the paper only and must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. The editor cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage.

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

Advertisement rates can be obtained on application to the Manager.

Out along this line

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Make certain that you get your copy of SWATANTRA regularly by completing this form and posting it to the address boxed to the right

To:
The Manager,
SWATANTRA,
2, Brodies Road,
MYLAPORE : MADRAS 4.

I enclose remittance of Rs. 20; £1-16sh; \$8 for one year's subscription (or) Rs. 10; 18sh; \$4 for a half-year, including postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

SREEVATSA PRODUCTS

Now being used regularly by

EVERYBODY!
EVERYDAY!!
EVERYWHERE!!!



SKINDEX

An excellent healing
Ointment for all
SKIN DISEASES

WITODENT

An effective Antiseptic
& Anti-pyorrhoeic
TOOTH POWDER

SREEKAF

An effective Expectorant Cough Syrup.

Also Manufacturers of :

VITAMIN TONICS, DISINFECTANTS,
TINCTURES, B. P. PRODUCTS,
ETC. ETC.

For further particulars, please contact :

SREEVATSA CHEMICALS & DRUGS LIMITED

Manufacturing Chemists and Pharmacists,
166/169, NYNIAPPA NAICK STREET,
MADRAS-3.

SWATANTRA

Vol. X. DECEMBER 31 SATURDAY 1955 No. 48

NEW IDEAS BUT SAME ACTION

PANDIT NEHRU has changed his views on States reorganisation. He has told us that he used to be in favour of small States, but he is no longer of that opinion now, he is impressed now with the desirability of large States. The Prime Minister's new ideas bear a singular resemblance to an original scheme of States reorganisation propounded a little earlier by Sri H. D. Rajah in the Rajya Sabha. But while Sri Rajah's scheme was greeted by the legislators to whom it was addressed with cold indifference, more or less the same ideas, when presented by the Prime Minister in a different guise to both the Houses of Parliament a little later, were received with immense satisfaction and cordial welcome. This is an indication that many of the members of our legislature judge issues not on their merits but from the standpoint of the individuals fathering particular ideas. As one capable of getting the legislature to accept schemes and proposals just because they emanate from him, Pandit Nehru is in a class by himself, unapproachable by others. This state of affairs is not very desirable as an expression of democratic discipline under the parliamentary system. But it casts on the Prime Minister duties corresponding to power and influence, and it should be his endeavour, as one thinking for the whole legislature and guiding it, to make his schemes rational, consistent and in every way conformative with the highest reaches of wisdom in the contemporary world.

Having studied Pandit Nehru's speeches in Parliament, the obvious reflection that occurs to us is that he has not reconciled his convictions of the moment with the actual measures by way of States reorganisation for which he has let himself in. If he is not in favour of small States, he should make an effort to get the S. R. C. scheme of small States annulled, and get it replaced by another scheme reflecting his present ideas, providing for large States. Keeping the small States intact as recommended by the S. R. C., merely supplementing them with zonal advisory councils, does no justice at all to the change in outlook which Pandit Nehru confessed to in Parliament. Advisory zonal councils can certainly not be equated with the large States which the Prime Minister now considers it desirable to constitute. We are led to believe that, having assessed recent experience rightly and arrived at some excellent conclusions, Pandit Nehru has failed to proceed further to place them in action, he is merely throwing a veneer of change over things that have not changed at all. An advocate of large States has given his sanction to a system of small States. The advisory zonal councils of Pandit Nehru's conception will certainly make no State any bigger than it is, nor will they in any degree counteract the evils of excessive or unilingual fragmentation which have impelled the Prime Minister to his changed outlook on States reorganisation.

The present arrangements and the prospective changes recommended by the S. R. C. are in many respects unsuited to national development on democratic lines. The remarkable thing in American democracy is the elimination from every part of it of anything approximating to the parasitical. The whole structure is a model on the dignity of work. The President who symbolises in his person the highest distinction in the State, has no well-paid moments dedicated to honoured idleness. Without meaning any disrespect to the holder of the office, we have to say that the President in India fulfils no dynamic function—he is an

enormously expensive spectacular symbol. The State Governors live in palatial mansions, waited on by a gilded retinue, discharging no vital or administrative functions, and trying to fill their time pathetically with pomposities in a desperate attempt to provide their office with an importance which it is far from possessing. In a democratic republic, the basis of worth, wages, honour and distinction should be work. But our Governorships are more decorative than substantially useful, and their expensiveness is out of all proportion to their social or administrative value.

(Continued on page 7)

Sotto Voce

★
THE SOUND'S THE THING



THE current fashion of importing under Government auspices exponents of this or that national culture in droves is apt to make the average citizen, conscientious but limited, ignore the occasional bird of paradise that strays in unheralded by official trumpets. Sir Steuart Wilson, the remarkable musician, musicologist and musical administrator whom we have had with us in Madras for nearly a fortnight now, addressed a couple of small audiences under the auspices of the Music Academy. He made a profound impression on his listeners. The public may have received some hints on his quality from the newspaper reports. But I must say that we do

not make as much out of such visits as we could.

Sir Steuart is one of the most finished speakers I have heard these past many years, witty, suave, with just that touch of persiflage that helps one carry one's learning lightly and skate gracefully over thin ice. Above all he has, not merely a tidy mind and a rare power of expression, but a style of delivery which is arresting by the very deliberation with which it eschews extraneous aids. I am not referring to his discarding of the mechanical aid of the microphone which can be more often a distressing handicap. Though he did tell an anecdote or two in the style of the

post-prandial raconteur, he had no use for cheap effects. It was his voice, the trained voice of the musician, unhurried, beautifully articulated, and falling pleasantly on the ear that did the trick.

But, on one listener at least, he did not make quite that impression of openness which Mr. Nabakov, with whom he invites comparison, did. He is too much the wary diplomat. Asked at the earlier of the two meetings whether State aid to the arts anywhere could possibly be without strings attached to it, he skilfully rambled off into delightful anecdotalage to illustrate the British Parliament's routine okaying of the Arts budget. But the point of the question was, not whether Parliament tries to dictate to artists in return for doles. It was whether official bias in the use of public funds for such a purpose may not subtly undermine the freedom of the artist.

In Britain, at least, you have a public opinion which is very much alive to this danger, as the recent controversy over the purchase policy of the Tate Gallery showed. Here in India the State is everyday branching out breezily into activities for which it has no particular qualifications. But our Ministers unfortunately have a weakness for omniscience, while our artistes are a cowed down deferential lot. It is not therefore wholly surprising that the mushrooming Akadamis are fast breeding a new and prosperous race of middlemen. But that is another story.

Sir Steuart Wilson's lecture on "Voice Production" emphasised the fact that our problems are different from those of the Western musician. There the singer no longer occupies the centre of the stage. He has been pushed to the periphery. He has to fight a perpetually losing battle with

the orchestra, that formidable "sound barrier" as Sir Steuart punningly dubbed it. His problem is the physical one of making himself heard above the almighty din of scores of instruments. Audibility and expressiveness are the primary virtues he must cultivate if he is to win the applause of an audience of two thousand critical listeners.

It is unfortunate that our vocalists, and executants for that matter, are more and more dependant on the mike. But Sir Steuart was not right in concluding from this that Indian music depends, not on the quality of musical sounds, but on the subject-matter of the song for conveying emotions. On the contrary the wordless music of the raga is for us music *par excellence*. And the grace-notes, the *gamakas*, which have no meaning, are the very soul of the raga. The words of the song do convey a literary emotion, *artha-bhava*. But that is subordinate to the complex, rich and vital *raga-bhava*, the pure emotion bordering on illumination, which the mode induces.

The true artist will of course not render any composition woodenly with a dish-pan face. But, he must not seek to eke out the emotional pull of the song with the resources of facial gesture, intonation and other aids which are appropriate to the dance. While he has an obligation not to make faces at his audience—which unfortunately too many singers forget!—it is an impression of serene repose that he must create. For exaggerated physical emphasis might merely interfere with the gentle influence that the raga rains on the heart of the receptive listener. Musical emotion, the perfect offspring of the divine parents, Sruti and Laya, is the very acme of intellectual beauty.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

PANDIT NEHRU made the amazing statement at Mangalore that both the Congress and Parliament deliberately used vague language in saying that "we want a Socialistic pattern of society." "We have done so," he said, "because we do not want to commit ourselves to any rigid formula." Disinclination to commit oneself to a rigid formula is no doubt excellent, but if it is made an excuse for vagueness of language, the result is much worse than the state sought to be avoided. It is better to be rigid, knowing definitely what is to be done, than to be vague, not knowing what to do. The Socialism of the Congress seems indeed to have no other merit today than that it is vague and that therefore nothing can be pinned to it.

Socialists should rethink their ideas, avoiding on the one hand the emptiness of vague language, and on the other, rigid slogans in defiance of experience gained by the world at large, in the pursuit of the objectives of Socialism. These objectives may be put in one sentence: the elimination of poverty, the removal of inequalities, the prevention of the exploitation of man by man, and the provision of good wages and employment for all people in a country. The traditional Socialistic method of achieving these ends is by transfer of ownership and control over means of production from private individuals to the State. Such a transfer would concentrate in the hands of the State the entire power of providing employment to people. Economic activities would be fully gathered under State control and they would be operated under the direction of Government officials. The system could work with some equity if we had as Government officials angels in human disguise in-

capable of discriminating unfairly between man and man for selfish or personal reasons. But such a species of official exists nowhere on earth. We have only bureaucrats. These bureaucrats have made the administration of Socialism oppressive to its supposed beneficiaries wherever it has come to be given a trial.

The crusade against private property of the Socialists has given rise to a lot of hypocritical verbiage. Private property is the solidified outcome of profit. All rantings against it by campaigners amply provided with an abundance of it may be ignored. So also the idealistic flourishes of prosperous people endowed with large estates who insist that none but the State should own property. The universal urge for work is profit, and property in large or small measure is relied on by everybody as a guarantee of security. Sardar Panikkar said the other day that the Indian practice of idealising austerity and poverty should be abandoned for the sake of social welfare and the strengthening of the national economy. It is a healthy change from the common practice of the rich of preaching the spiritual beauties of poverty to the poor, but actually life is too complicated to be forced into any pattern of aspiration at the bidding of any economic philosopher. Nowadays nobody cherishes poverty voluntarily as an ardently desired positive blessing. The quest of wealth is as widespread as humanity. Millions start on the quest but only some succeed. Those who have failed to grasp money and other forms of wealth save themselves from self-pity and other forms of collapse by investing their condition with virtue and attributing

to their more successful competitors certain supposed moral depravities. If they did not do this, they could not survive. By doing it, they are able to take it out of the rich, and in the process they have created the concept of the Welfare State.

The problems for Socialism are mainly two. First, it has to create more wealth in order that there may be more to go round. It has to devise methods that will ensure that too much wealth is not concentrated in any quarter. The American experiment in democracy has proceeded on the basis that free enterprise provides the strongest impetus for maximum production. Americans resent State invasion into any occupational sphere as an unwarranted encroachment on the individual's right to economic freedom. At the same time very heavy taxation of the rich is resorted to for preventing excessive accumulations of property under individual ownership. With free enterprise and tax-manipulation, all the economic and social objectives of Socialism have been achieved in

the United States in a larger measure than anywhere else in the world.

In that country, there is no poverty, no unemployment. The wages are the highest in the world. So also the scale of living, the beauty of housing, and ever so many facilities, comforts and amenities that contribute to the satisfaction of the individual in the midst of the community in which he resides. Capitalism of the Marxian conception for which death through its own internal contradictions was predicted as an inevitable historical process, does not exist today either in Britain or in the United States. Workers have become part owners in industrial enterprises. Instead of being centrally owned by a Moloch-like bureaucratic State, the means of production have passed into the distributed possession of millions of wage-earners. The slogans of Socialism are not heard of, but capitalism itself has been socialised. Most of what Socialism endeavours to accomplish for human happiness, has been brought to practice more successfully than in any Socialist State. SAKA

(Continued from page 4)

Sri H. D. Rajah has broken valuable ground with the suggestion that we have no need for a President and a Prime Minister, we have no need at all for a decorative symbol of Statehood, that both the offices could be combined into one, and as in the United States, the summit of the administrative system should be held by an active working executive and not a spectacular figurehead surrounded by a court atmosphere as in Moghul times.

We have far too many high courts, legislatures, public service commissions, chaprasis, mounted guards for ministers, and much too elaborate a paraphernalia. In the second decade of our independence, it would be advisable to cut out the red tape impeding promptness and efficiency in administration and remove the

relics of the British imperial system that are no longer appropriate to these democratic times. No State would be any the worse if it had no Governor paid fabulously to live sumptuously. Instead of multiplying the expense of separate machinery for far too many separate States, with all the adjuncts of the democratic set-up with their prohibitive costs thrown in, the next phase in our constitutional evolution might well lie in the direction of making the three branches of the State government—the executive, the judiciary and the legislature,—serve as large an area (and not as small an area) as possible. Simultaneously with this, every ruinous bequest of the old imperial splendour that has no social or administrative purpose to serve and no relevance under modern up-to-date conceptions of democratic and republican rule, should be cast out.

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—A DIPLOMATIC LULL AHEAD?

—THE SOCIALIST PATTERN

—A PROGRAMME FOR AUSTERITY

—A MAJOR PROBLEM TACKLED

AS the year ends, the professional political analysts will get ready for the customary stock-taking and as usual they may feel too puzzled to declare that, on balance, the year has ended with mentionable profit. The rash ones have never been slow to see an *annus mirabilis* every year, and there are always some developments which make it sound plausible. In 1955, it may be said that India's successful intervention in favour of the admission of 16 members to the United Nations was the equivalent to the diplomatic initiative on Indo-China, taken in the previous year. Similarly, by making the Russian leaders subscribe to the Pancha Shila, India appears to have neatly rounded off the process of sales promotion of the Five Principles which started early in 1954. There are no more worlds for the Pancha Shila to conquer, except the Western world, which will not let itself be swept off its feet by salesmanship of Eastern origin. This, in essence, is the position of India in international affairs at the present time. The gain is counterbalanced by some losses, in terms of greater misunderstanding in the West, with those whom it was not our desire to antagonise. But there is hope that time would heal and bring about an understanding. To those who would take an optimistic view of the future, Indian diplomatic activity abroad can even appear clever in some ways. India seems to have been taking three

steps forward each time, and after creating controversy and opposition, eventually retraced one or two steps backwards, as a good gesture. The result has been some net progress towards the objective of promoting co-existence, even amidst increasing misunderstanding abroad.

This is where the situation rests at the present time, with the West greatly displeased and distressed and the Communist bloc of Powers happy over their strengthening alliance with friendly Asian non-Communist countries. In material terms, this process of friendliness has been a loss to India since she is now running the risk of losing Western foreign aid for her Second Five Year Plan without any prospect of its being compensated by help from other countries which now approve of India's foreign policy. This price has been consciously paid and the Western world is not unaware of this deliberate choice. None but the opinionated expect that Soviet foreign aid to India will be a major substitute for what the West can afford and can, in the last resort, be made to yield. Even for China, Russian aid has been modest, though given in an effective and strategic manner and utilised by the Chinese authorities purposefully. Since it is unrealistic to assume that India would either be offered large sums of Soviet aid, or even if offered, would be willing to accept it all, it would be reasonable

to expect a lull in India's diplomatic activity at the present time. It will be a period of explanation, justification and expression of intentions.

The Prime Minister has lost no time in seeking to recover his former position and his recent sojourn in South India has, as usual, provided the occasion. It has been his old complaint against the Western countries that they tend to feel whoever is not with them is against them. Similarly, it is a familiar device that he adopted against Communism, of blaming Indian Communists for their narrow outlook. Such statements make some foreign commentators argue that Mr. Nehru will use the Russian leaders' visit mainly as a finishing stroke to do away with Indian Communists. In Parliament, he recently defended the position of the Commonwealth in relation to India and it is not possible to say whether it gladdened or intrigued Westerners. On Goa, at least, the West has been put clearly in the wrong. While India has restrained her hand, the West has blundered horribly on Goa and even the Pope's message and some of the more recent comments noticed in Europe appear to recognise the untenable Western approach to this question. It will take far more time for the United States and Britain to manoeuvre themselves out of their Portuguese mesalliance than for India to regain her independent neutrality in original form.

The Avadi Congress, the flutter over the Mahalanobis Plan and the end of the parliamentary debate on the S. R. C. report last week represent the three main developments on the domestic front for which this year may claim mention in history. The "Socialistic pattern" still remains the convenient slogan that it was when the Congress adopted it at Avadi. It has proved flexible enough not only to interpret all subsequent action in terms of this slogan but

also to disarm those who once thought they had a prescriptive right to the use of the Socialist doctrine. The pompous tone of the P. S. P.'s political manifesto issued this week speaks for the bankruptcy of judgment avowedly among the Socialist parties. They have become confused and incapable of finding alternative approaches to the Socialist society. Their dilemma is real. Moderation would not pay in the face of the "Socialistic pattern" claimed by the Congress; but extremism of the Lohia brand would not pay either, in a country which, by all accounts, seems to be going ahead and maintaining a high level of economic activity. There is yet no danger of agricultural surpluses depressing prices to an extent to which it can throw discontented farmers on the hands of the P. S. P. and make them agents for demanding large-scale price-supports. The P. S. P. has no hold on trade unions and thus its Socialism, divorced from labour and the peasantry, seems at the moment destined to make no mark. The Congress has shown in the Company Law the first visible manifestation of the Socialistic pattern and the Fourth Constitutional Amendment has given advance indications of the courses that it may take in future. That seems sufficient proof for the present mood of the country.

This is the last year of the First Five Year Plan but its deficiencies in fulfilment have been obscured by the discussions over the Second Five Year Plan which started early in April. Eight months have passed by without making substantial progress in planning and it is now realised that the mandate for "physical" planning has created an awkward problem of reconciling priorities. At least, the financial pruning knife will have to be applied; but even so, there may not emerge a well-integrated plan because of the danger of a propor-

tionate reduction being applied to all the sectors, to avoid unpleasant decisions as to what should come first and which should be scrapped. The Finance Minister has now become an advocate of austerity of a kind which will enable the country to invest 11 per cent of its income. This may not be a high percentage for a country desiring to raise itself through its own efforts but it is questionable whether "austerity" in its politically palatable form of "soaking the rich" would be the answer.

In the absence of new forms of taxation and of mobilising savings, the chances of stretching the old taxes to the utmost are high. The Finance Minister has already indicated that he regarded the cloth excise as a substitute for the salt tax, and considering the prospective cloth shortage and the Congress sentiment in favour of handloom and khadi, steep rise in the taxes on mill cloth seems probable. It can be justified as a measure of protection to the cottage industry and also as the means of making the common man pay for development; in any case, there has been a wide margin between the prices of raw cotton and cloth prices which favours all but the uneconomic textile mills. The country will be moving towards higher taxation in other ways also and the Second Five Year Plan will be finalised on the basis of burdens imposed directly by taxes and indirectly through deficit financing. It is not indeed a happy thought on New Year Eve.

The debate on the S. R. C. Report in both Houses of Parliament has ended without bitterness, justifying the belief that free discussion in the democratic tradition is a much better antidote to the fever of provincialism than suppression of debate

through party whip and an imposed award. The leaders have shown sagacity in realising that if they bound any section of the country to the S. R. C. decisions, there would be frustration and bitterness. In welcoming agreed alternative solutions, the difficulties were transferred to those who have agitated. After three months no agreed solution for Bombay has emerged and the Home Minister was perfectly right when he remarked that the S. R. C. proposal for Bombay was a good idea presented in the wrong way. It may still be advantageous to Maharashtrians to have Bombay City rather than bring in an unwilling Vidarbha, by sacrificing it. They are justified however in demanding that those who champion large bilingual States should show proof of their faith by merging Vidarbha also in Bombay State. This is still likely to come off; the Congress High Command must try to persuade Gujeratis, who have acquired a reputation for being reasonable, to accept this solution. The alternative seems to be to keep Bombay as a centrally administered area, and not as a separate State with its own paraphernalia.

There is promise of early decision. The debate has thrown up a new suggestion for zonal councils, in economic affairs particularly. This is only a concession to those who have regretted the proposed fragmentation of States, causing uneven units and disparities in political influence arising out of it. Those who gave a welcome to this suggestion were also those who followed it with some claim over a small boundary here or there, concerning a village or taluk. It is indeed a queer world. The only matter for satisfaction is that States Reorganisation will not be one of the harder problems to hand over to the New Year. The Second Five Year Plan will be hard enough to tackle.

ONE STEP FORWARD, TWO STEPS BACK IN JORDAN

By ANDREW ROTH

EVERY British public school boy knows that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. But Britain will lose whatever influence it still retains if Etonians spend all their time playing cricket and learning the virtues of teamwork and loyalty. They shall have to spend some more time in the library reading Hegel, if not Marx, to learn the simple law of dialectics: that every action creates a reaction.

Had this been part of the curriculum that Old Etonian Sir Anthony Eden supported by that other Etonian, former Foreign Secretary Macmillan might not have sent General Templer to Jordan to try to persuade that traditional British satellite to join the Baghdad Pact.

The British Foreign Office might have understood that sometimes it is better to leave well enough alone. As it is, in trying to encourage Jordan to take steps to join the Baghdad Pact, a reaction has been set up which may mean the ousting of British influence from Jordan and its adherence to the Egyptian camp.

Certainly Sir Anthony Eden showed no indication he understood this possibility during the December 12 debate on the Middle East, when General Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was already in Jordan. He prescribed schoolboy sentiments as the solution for the Middle East: "abuse of our friends only strengthen our loyalties and abuse of ourselves only strengthens our determination . . ."

Incredible as it may seem, he was optimistic about Jordan, winding up the debate: "I often think of what the death of the late King Abdullah (of Jordan) meant and of what

might have happened had he still been alive. Chances may recur again. I believe this is one such period . . ." While he spoke General Templer was offering military and financial inducements for Jordan to join the Baghdad Pact and revise its treaty with Britain along Iraqi lines.

Nobody should accuse Britain of ignorance or lack of influence in Jordan. Established as a British sphere in the secret Anglo-French carve-up of Arab lands in 1916, this highly artificial state occupied the desert side of the Jordan beyond the British mandate of Palestine with its pro-British ruler Abdullah supported by British Advisors, a British-created Arab Legion and British subsidies.

Even today three-quarters of Jordan's state revenue comes from Britain. The largest portion is the annual £7,500,000 for the crack, 18,000-strong Arab Legion, banked in London where Britain can supervise its expenditure. Another £2,000,000 is spent mainly on importing wheat to support this state which imports eight times its exports.

The desert sheikhs, headed by young King Hussein, understand this high-class bribery and are loyal to their British patron. These traditional feudalists favour joining the Baghdad Pact.

It is amazing that the British Government should have dared to try to bring Jordan into the Baghdad Pact because over half of Jordan's 1,500,000 population consists of some 800,000 Palestinian Arabs, some inhabiting the remnants of Arab Palestine which have been affixed to Jordan, but over 450,000 of whom have been rotting in refugee camps since 1949, barely existing on a subsistence diet.

The frightening thing about these ex-Palestinians is the fervour with which they have maintained their hatred of the Israelis who dispossessed them of what they considered an Arab country. These Arab refugees feel even more intensely about getting their own back than, say, the Bengali Hindus driven out of East Bengal in 1947-8, than do the Pakistanis about Kashmir, the Afghans about Pushtunistan or the Indonesians about Irian (West New Guinea).

The antagonism of the ex-Palestinian Arabs toward Britain is not only that Britain walked out on them and left them to fight it out (with the support of the whole Arab world) against the Israelis. But they feel that Britain's present intervention is meant to divert Jordan's enmity from the Israelis toward the Russians.

The Chief of Staff of Jordan's Arab Legion is Glubb Pasha, one of 60 British officers, and Jordanians complain it is a British, not a Jordanian instrument. "If the king wants 1,000 men to form a ceremonial guard for a distinguished visitor, why, he can order them. But if he wants 10 Arab Legion men to shoot on some Israelis up to no good, he cannot give the order."

Egypt the Savior

To these articulate ex-Palestinian Jordanians the emergence of Egypt, supported by Soviet arms, to challenge the organisation of the Middle East by the West has been a god-send. They feel they can get their own back if Egypt and Israel go to war.

"Egypt is our great hope," an educated Jordanian told a British correspondent recently. "We are waiting for the battle to start. If a big battle does open between Israel and Egypt, our people will infiltrate into Israel and fight on commando lines."

There is a good deal of what the Arabs call *fantasia* in this. But what

large refugee group has not indulged in it? And what nation, apart from Israel itself, has ever had such a large proportion of refugees?

By the end of November a "Jordanian Officers' League of Struggle" had been organised and within a few days astounded the British by the range of its influence and financing. The money apparently came not only from Egyptian sources but also from Saudi Arabia's bountiful supply of oil dollars. The extent of its influence was demonstrated during the visit to Jordan of the Egyptian Commander-in-Chief General Hakim Amer. The spokesman for the Jordanian Officers' Junta turned out to be none other than the highest ranking Arab officer in the Arab Legion, Major General Ahmed Sidki el Jundi. General Jundi had long been considered pro-British but clearly had tired of playing second fiddle to Glubb Pasha, or had decided that Glubb Pasha's continued presence in Jordan was an anachronism and an insult to Arab nationalism.

A crisis resulted in which General Jundi, who urged that Jordan link its destiny with Egypt, was compelled to resign. General Templer flew to Jordan and offered considerable inducements in additional tanks and planes and finances if Jordan joined the Baghdad Pact and accepted a treaty like that recently negotiated with Iraq. The ex-Palestinians in the Cabinet demanded that Britain's offer be communicated to Egypt to see what counter-offer could be obtained. When this was refused they resigned. When the pro-British King and his supporters tried to form a Cabinet friendly to Britain's interests, the ex-Palestinians took the argument to the streets and riotous demonstrations brought the Government's downfall.

It became necessary to announce new elections to restore even a limited amount of calm. But even the promise of elections is not enough:

because the 1954 elections were arranged by the Government to ensure a pro-British (or rather pro-King) majority. After it was over J. B. Slade-Baker, the well-informed Middle Eastern correspondent of the Conservative *Sunday Times* disclosed on December 16, 1954:

"The results so far as the Prime Minister's nominees were concerned were uniformly successful. In Amman, where five Government nominees stood for election, it is stated that each polled the staggering total of 17,000 army votes." No wonder they acclaim the Arab Legion as a well-disciplined force!

Slade-Baker warned that "a considerable proportion of the electorate now believe that these alleged malpractices, which have deprived the Opposition of all but a minute representation in the Chamber of Depu-

ties, not only took place but that we (the British) connived at them to ensure the continuance in office of the present (pro-British) Prime Minister, and that we, who have given parliamentary democracy to the world, are responsible for the suppression of the liberties of the people in Jordan."

The result is that if genuinely free elections are now permitted the more articulate ex-Palestinian Jordanian majority are likely to vote in an anti-British, pro-Egyptian and perhaps pro-Communist majority. This will be one of the most incredible historical developments in a state created and maintained by Britain.

But if it does happen, it will be in part a result of Britain's insensitive determination to turn Arab rifles in a direction in which few Arabs want to shoot.



Dr. Rajendra Prasad at the presentation of the President's awards for films last week in New Delhi. The Prime Minister and Sri S. S. Vasan are also seen in the picture.

MURUGA STOOPS TO CONQUER

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"SWAMIJI, I am afraid I am going to be a nuisance to you" I remarked when I met him again this week-end. "If my peace is going to be so easily disturbed, then it is not worth these twelve years of purchase" the Swamiji replied referring to his retirement from worldly life twelve years ago. "Anyway, I will not worry you next week-end" I persisted unnecessarily. "So you are going to Tiruttani?" questioned the Swamiji reading my mind. "Yes" I admitted. "It is a very good thing to do." The Swamiji complimented me and added, "I wonder if you are aware of the pilgrimage to Tiruttani on these two days, which are not Hindu festival days?" I nodded my head in negation.

"It is a long and beautiful story" began the Swamiji, "There was a swami familiarly known to his devotees as Vallimalai Swami. He was a contemporary of Seshadri Swami and Ramana Maharishi and was intimate with both. He was a great bhaktha of Lord Muruga. I am not putting him in the same category of the present lazy bhaktas of whom you hear so much. In truth he was Arunagirinatha come to life again. A bad student in school, without much thought of God in his youth and possessing little familiarity with Tamil language or music, he yet mastered the difficult songs of Tiruppugazh of Arunagiri, set it to music and conducted bhajanas which even devas loved to hear. The hills of Vallimalai where he sang, echoed to his music and the people of the countryside soon gathered round him and sang in chorus."

"Where is this Vallimalai hills?" I asked. "A few miles from Tiruvalam on the Madras-Bangalore road." The

Swamiji continued. "It is at Vallimalai hills that Muruga according to tradition wooed and won Valli, the daughter of a Korava chieftain. It was not so much Valli's beauty of person that attracted Muruga. It was Valli's mind beautified by its single-pointed devotion to Him that brought Him to her door. But though He won her, He himself was lost to her. Hear how Arunagiri sang about this incident:

Her wondrous and animated beauty
Was like that of a dancing peacock
Dark were her eyes and lively
Like those of a frightened deer.
She wore a thing of bark
A rare piece of hunters' art.
Was it fancy? She reflected tender
green.

Young in years, her loveliness beyond
compare,

This hunter's daughter stood on the
loft

In her hands a sling to frighten birds.
Muruga caught hold of her feet and
swore

That on Mount Meru's rocky face
It shall be writ, witnessed by all;
The learned, the devas and the
quarters four

"I am sold to you

Your slave for all times."

"What a beautiful thought!" the Swamiji exclaimed. "The Lord Himself becoming the willing captive of a loving devotee. Vallimalai Swami's narration of Valli's wedding, partly Arunagiri's and partly his own composition, is a rare epitome on Divine Love."

"What is this? It sounds like heresy, God becoming the slave of the devotee" I again interrupted.

"Do not talk like that" came the sharp admonition from the Swami. "You talk without understanding. God and you are apart only so long as you do not know Him. In the Gita

it is said that He is to be found in them who worship Him with true devotion." I apologised and the Swami continued, "When Muruga came into this world to destroy the asura, He first pitched his camp in Tiruchendur. He won over the asura and destroyed him. At Tiruttani, He won Valli not by prowess but by love and instead of destroying her, He eternalised her. The word Tiruttani in Tamil connotes that it was there that Muruga stooped to conquer.

"In the city of Madras, which Vallimalai Swami used to frequent, he found many devout Hindus going about on the first of January every year, carrying fruits and flowers as offerings to their official superiors, Englishmen and Indians. 'What a tragedy?' thought Vallimalai Swami to himself. 'Why stoop to conquer these man-made Gods who are transient? Why should not these men worship the imperishable Almighty?' So on the first of January 1918, Vallimalai marched up the steps of the Tiruttani hill with six of his devotees singing the Tiruppugazh. Tiruppugazh means in Tamil 'in praise of the Lord.' When a great saint like Vallimalai Swami begins to sing you do not listen with your ears and intellect. Something begins to stir within you, you feel it moving, it struggles to come up, it chokes your throat and brings on tears into your eyes. The listener is redelivered as a child of devotion. And Tiruppugazh itself is a rare piece of literature; for there is something unique about its metre. The songs of Tiruppugazh are best interpreted not by their meanings apparent or allusive but by their sound and rhythm as interpreted by the heart. Seshadri Swami therefore called Tiruppugazh 'mahamantram'. Is it any wonder therefore that the party of six grew up rapidly into thousands and from thousands into hundreds of thousand. Before Vallimalai passed away in 1950, he had witnessed every year the veritable forest of devotees gaining in size and

height from out of the six seeds that he had planted. And when he marched up the hill singing Tiruppugazh, his devotees keeping chorus, there was hardly a pair of eyes which were dry among the thousands who listened and followed him. Distinctions of caste, creed, language and even of religion were swept away from people's minds. All hearts beat at one for these were all centred on God. On that day, you could see the unity of the human race—every man, woman and child strung like beads on the string of Divine Love. "Some other time, I shall speak to you about the greatness of Arunagiri. Unfortunately few have understood his true stature. Before Vallimalai Swami began to conduct bhajans, Tiruppugazh received scant notice." "There are many in India and in the rest of the world, who think that religion has a tendency to divide man from man. What a travesty of truth—the idea itself. As I said religion is the one thing that holds humanity together. When I mean 'religion'—I do not refer to the pseudo-religion of formalism and rituals—I mean by religion the true worship of God in men's minds. In South India particularly, we can witness people forgetting their religious denominations in the presence of God. Muslims have sung praises on the Lord of Palni Hills. Hindus worship at Nagore and at the tombs of some Muslim saints. The most bigoted of the Hindus worship the memory of the Muslim saint Sai Baba. Why then should our rulers fight shy of religion? Are they so foolish as to think that by segregating men according to language and political isms a will can be forged to hold men together? The African European thinks that by segregating the Indian and the native African, he can preserve the unity of his own social structure. Similarly we think that by grouping people speaking the same language, we can achieve social unity. We forget the real and are attempting to create substance out of

shadows. To the Hindu, Christian and Muslim true religion must be taught in every home, school and college. The purity of religious instruction can be propagated only by organised bodies. Unfortunately our mutts have become strongholds of orthodoxy and secularism. The followers of Sankara have forgotten Sankara's own experiences narrated in Manesha Panchagam. The followers of Rama-

nua have forgotten his attempts to break the barriers of caste. It is time that the State stepped in and formulated with the assistance of spiritual persons who are beyond caste or creed, the tenets of each religion that should be taught in our schools and colleges.

* Right of reproduction in whole or in part reserved with the author.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

BY RASIKAPRIYA

THE Music Festival this year is an exceptionally crowded one. While pride of place should be given to the Music Academy, the discerning *rasika* could taste some of the rich and succulent dishes of the menus offered by other musical institutions. If he is denied the benefit of hearing some of the top-rankers in one, he could adequately be compensated for it by hearing them during the week in some other quarter.

The 29th Conference of the Music Academy was inaugurated by Sri Chintaman Deshmukh, Union Finance Minister and was presided over by the veteran violinist, Marungapuri Gopalakrishna Aiyar. The President in his thoughtful address emphasised the importance of tradition in music and appealed to the vidwans and vidyarthi to maintain high standards. He added that constant practice coupled with zeal and earnestness could carry them a long way in their chosen vocation.

The huge pandal in which the Academy's concerts are being held wears a festive appearance with a big platform for the artistes, subdued lighting and excellent accommodation for the listeners. The A.I.R. relay is an innovation this year. Credit for this should go to Dr. Narayana Menon, who is a musician among Station Directors.

The Tamil Isai Festival inaugurated by Sri Kunnakudi Adigal was held in Annamalai Manram and was pre-

sided over by Sri C. Subramaniam, Finance Minister. Both these speakers stressed the value of Bhakti in music and pleaded for the popularisation of the songs of famous Tamil composers like Gopalakrishna Bharathi, Muthuthandavar, Papavinasu Mudaliar, Kavi-Kunjara Bharathi, Papanasam Sivan, Ramaswami Sivan and others.

The Fine Arts Society Conference at Gokhale Hall was declared open by Srimathi Mrinalini Sarabhai and presided over by Sri Dandapani Desigar. The Art Festival at Kalakshetra was inaugurated by Sri C. Rajagopalachari, and Vidwan Vasudevacharya of Mysore welcomed the guests who witnessed a fine dance recital by Kumari Sarada.

The Natyakala Conference which was inaugurated by Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, Governor of Madhya Pradesh, was held in the Museum Theatre. Sri K. V. Ramachandra, who presided, delivered a profound and thought-provoking address on the origin, history and development of Natya, illustrating it with the traditional mudras, karas and bhavas. Throughout, it was interspersed with spicy anecdotes about the great masters in the field of music and dance nearly three decades ago.

All these conferences have demonstrations in music in the morning where experts take part and concerts from 3 p.m. upto 12 in the night. There are several juniors who are making their first appearance in this year's conference as well as some middle category vidwans.

THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC IN U. S. A.

By KHASA SUBBA RAO

THERE are not many daily newspapers with a national circulation in the United States. Of this class of papers the *New York Times* is the most important. It claims that everything that is fit to print is published by it. It suffers from no lack of resources for substantiating this claim. The nationally circulating American dailies are in fact stupendously wealthy. Their budgets are of the size of our State Governments. They are fitted with the latest equipment in printing and the most up-to-date devices for quick collection and transmission of news. They depend less on the news agencies that serve all papers in common, than on their own correspondents. These are stationed in practically every country not excluding those within the Iron Curtain. As expense is no consideration, the correspondents of these newspapers roam over the whole world collecting information at first hand, and on account of their skill, enterprise and capacity to gain access to the real sources of news, they are able to supply the papers employing them with first class news stories of great interest and variety. I have occasionally read in American newspapers about developments in India which the entire Indian Press somehow managed to miss.

Served as they are by exclusive correspondents, the national newspapers of the United States do not repeat each other's stories. This point will become clear when we turn to Indian newspapers. Indian newspapers depend very largely on a common news-collecting agency. The reports of this agency are published by them almost word for word.

The result is that they carry a lot of common material, and to that extent they are just replicas of each other with no distinctive individuality. American newspapers also subscribe for common news agencies but they do not publish their reports verbatim, and they do not depend on them entirely. The contents of the newspapers therefore vary greatly. They do not collectively produce an impression of sameness.

News-collection is only a part of the activity of a newspaper. Side by side with it, it is interested in the study of outstanding public questions. Every national newspaper in America is served by a large army of experts, authorities in their respective fields, proficient in conveying to the lay understanding the most recondite technical and economic knowledge and the latest facts of the scientific world. This sort of newspaper is democracy's university. But in one sense its editorial direction is mainly business management, the planning of expense according to its own scheme of priorities, for ever so many skills and specialities contributing to the attractiveness of its pages. There is a point, however, at which competitive spending does not ensure superiority, just as there is an optimum size beyond which newspaper expansion will not achieve increased efficiency. The really exciting experiments in American journalism are to be found today not in the mammoth newspapers with vast national circulations steeped in prosperity, but in the comparatively smaller regional dailies.

that have not yet outlived the struggles of uncertain competition.

In every American town we find one or two daily newspapers. Sometimes they are very small towns with a population of 10,000 or so, but still they are able to sustain their daily newspaper. This is because of two factors. The first is that most American towns have a high level of affluence and are centres of brisk trade. It is their local newspapers that keep the customers going to the shops where the goods are offered for sale, and the dependence of the traders on the local newspaper is enormous and continuous. The advertisement revenue of the regional newspaper from local sources is therefore large and unfailing. Secondly, there is a sort of dynamic relation between the local newspaper and the local population. It chronicles local social events, publicises local achievements, campaigns against local injustices, and it is the spearhead of local patriotism in ever so many forms having an intimate bearing on local community life. Local people regard the local newspaper as in a special way a community enterprise, and there is scarcely a family that fails to take a copy. Regional newspapers are thus well provided with both subscribers and advertisements, with as much indeed of these sources of revenue as their immediate neighbourhoods can bear.

The smaller the town the greater the importance of the newspaper in it, and in many a small American town the local newspaper is a terrific dynamo radiating fervour for sales, fairs, festivals, and for collective enterprises in relief of suffering and promotion of social good. The regional American newspaper is the greatest mobiliser of countryside public spirit, and the community projects that have built up the American way of life with its widely distributed prosperity owe their inspiration not a little to the zeal and social devotion of its leading personnel. It is in

this sector that journalism still continues to be a mission to its practitioners, a fraternal adventure full of idealistic social purpose.

In a small town in Minnesota visited by me a weekly had worked itself into the position of publishing five issues a week. It did not come out on Saturdays and Sundays. On Sunday, because it was the weekly holiday, and on Saturday because on that day it felt diffident about sustaining competition with a larger paper from a neighbouring town which came out with specially attractive features. But it was working hard towards the day when it would realise its dreams of becoming a full fledged daily newspaper. The premises of this five-day-week newspaper were very modest—a hall for composing, another for printing and two more rooms for the editorial and business departments. The father was the proprietor and managing director. The son was the editor. He was also the photographer and the reporter. He had a small two-seater airplane in which he flew here and there now and again for scoops. Another son worked as manager. The daughter-in-law of the house took a hand as additional help on busy days. There were half a dozen other members of the staff too, but they seemed to be mere extensions of the family running the paper with no sense of separateness from it, probably because proprietorship had not yet begun to assert itself as privilege and entailed only extra burdens. For example, the proprietor himself, acting as driver, delivered bundles of copies—he took me also along one day—covering some twenty places extending over twenty miles. On the way he was greeted by his son-in-law, who was a sales agent for the paper, with the exciting news that he had booked two subscribers that day.

The United States is full of small size newspapers of limited means and soaring ambitions that have not yet

scaled the heights of prosperity. These are the training grounds of talent, the spring-boards on which all sorts of daring feats and co-operative adventures are tried out. They are full of hope and intrepidity because they work in a receptive atmosphere with abundance of credit facilities. It is from these small beginnings that gigantic newspaper fortunes are sometimes built.

Whereas the big newspapers have distinctive individualities of their own, the smaller newspapers go in for a lot of syndicated material, and it is estimated that 15 million dollars' worth of syndicated material is consumed annually in the United States. The syndicated columnist is a peculiar American institution. Some of these columnists have a colossal readership. A readership of 25 millions is attributed to Walter Winchell and of 10 millions to Walter Lippmann. The vogue of the columnist has not been a very desirable development in American journalism, since obviously the number of ideas circulating when one writer is read by millions every day would be quite a fraction of what it would be if many writers applied their minds to the same issues.

American weeklies have overtaken even the big daily newspapers in prosperity. In the United Kingdom the weekly Press has grown into a powerful institution in the single day gap on Sundays which the daily newspapers have left free to it for its development. In the United States the weekly Press flourishes since it is placed on a par with the dailies if not indeed in a superior position by advertisers in search of publicity media. In India the weeklies have a hard time of it as they are relegated to a very unimportant place in the allocation of funds for publicity; also there is no free Sunday they could fit into with news, in a vacancy left for their benefit by daily newspapers. American weeklies have both these advantages, and the result is seen in

the very large number of exceedingly prosperous and eminently readable weekly publications studding the whole country. I have said before that only a small number of American daily newspapers have national circulations, the vast majority having only regional circulations. A comparatively larger number of the weeklies seem to have national circulations. Also, the weeklies appear as a rule to be studied with greater care and more concentrated attention than the generality of the daily newspapers.

At a newspaper office visited by me in the United States, I was asked about the impression made on me by their newspapers. I hesitated to speak out my mind, but on the insistence of my questioners who said they would make all allowances and take no offence, I answered that in the case of the daily newspapers of the more flourishing sort at any rate, the elementary task of securing the readers' attention seems not to have been achieved. These dailies are so enormous in size that nobody can have the time for a complete reading of their contents. The utmost that any reader can do is to limit his attention to just that portion that specially interests him and ignore the rest. This is quite in contrast to the position in India. Here, newspapers are not very bulky and the limited size of the daily papers secures for them from our comparatively more leisured public not only full attention but also concentrated study. Every line of an Indian newspaper is scanned carefully and pondered over thoroughly as though it were a text-book prescribed for an examination. This distinction, however, our papers have been steadily losing latterly, what with the recurrence of supplements running into fantastic sizes. Vastness of bulk in daily newspapers, whose span of life is limited after all to 24 hours, makes for perfunctoriness of attention on the part of readers, and oversize

**EMPLOYMENT:**

The tea gardens of India alone employ well over one million workers—thus our Tea Industry is the largest single employer of labour in India. Besides, with the tea trade it provides additional employment for a very large number of persons.



No other drink refreshes
you so much, yet costs
so little as **TEA**

PST 135

and excess volume defeats the very objective of a newspaper, which is, first and foremost, the securing of the attention of the reader, not fractionally for stray parts of it, but integrally for the whole issue. In the case of American daily newspapers, the advertisement often consume the lion's share of the space, and the news and articles appear to come in incidentally as though they were a minor element in the production. The imbalance of too voluminous quantity, overweighted by excessive usurpation of space by advertisements, inflicts on daily journalism in the United States a casualness and a secondariness that detract from its dignity, significance and effectiveness. These defects are not shared by the weeklies. The best expositions on the topics of the day are to be found in the weeklies, and they contribute substantially to public enlightenment.

A characteristic visible symbol of American democracy is worth noting. Once a week the President meets representative Pressmen who are at liberty to shoot at him any kind of questions. In this way, through the regular voluntary subjection of the President to unhampered catechism by the Press, the responsibility of the Government to the public is demonstrated. The use made of this facility is skilful, vigilant, adroitly sagacious. It has established the Press in the United States as democracy's safeguard, an unfailing guardian of the public liberties and of the nation's welfare.—A. I. R. broadcast, Madras

In the prevailing popular culture all philosophies are the instruments of some man's purpose, all truths are self-centred and self-regarding, and all principles are the rationalizations of some special interest. There is no public criterion of the true and the false, of the right and the wrong, beyond that which the preponderant mass of voters, consumers, readers, and listeners happen at the moment to be supposed to want.—Walter Lippmann in "The Public Philosophy."

ZONAL COUNCILS

By P. M.

WHEN sometime ago, Sri H. D. Rajah unfolded a plan for the setting up of four regional parliaments for the whole of India with cabinets responsible to the concerned legislatures while the Centre was remodelled on the American pattern with a President and Secretaries of State to deal with Foreign Affairs, Finance, Defence and Communications, it was cold-shouldered by our free, independent, progressive national press! But when the Prime Minister made his 'dramatic intervention' in the Lok Sabha debate on the S. R. C. report to suggest the setting up of four or five zonal councils for the whole country in an advisory capacity, he was greeted with cheers. He made it appear as if he had evolved the idea from his own inner consciousness, when in point of fact, Mr. Rajah was the only true begetter of it. But in politics such chivalrous acknowledgements are more the exception than the rule.

Now that the Prime Minister has sponsored an idea of regional or zonal councils, it is necessary to draw attention to the points of similarity and difference between the two proposals now made public. A cursory examination of the two schemes would suggest that both are pretty much the same, and both are devised with the same laudable end in view. But in reality, the differences between the two are as basic and fundamental as those between chalk and cheese.

It may be quite properly urged that the Prime Minister's ideas still needs to be properly embodied. True; but he has given a clear enough indication of what in his opinion might be deemed the limiting factors of the proposals which he has adumbrated. In the first place, he wants his zonal councils to be advisory in character.

When some members interjected—a common Governor and a common High Court—he blandly accepted the amendments, hardly stopping to think of the absurdity of an advisory body sporting such august limbs of a written constitution. How can a High Court fit in easily or naturally with an advisory organisation? Are its decisions to be optional, or treated like *obiter dicta* binding none? And then this continuing craze for Governors and Rajpramukhs is a curious relic of reaction. The depths of banality to which our Governors have had to sink to justify their existence are fit matter for comic treatment; they are costing the State exchequer quite a good penny; and they have proved to the hilt their own superfluity for all time to come.

Secondly, the Prime Minister declared that he was totally opposed to any whittling down of the power of the Centre. If this means anything at all, these zonal councils will be glorified and costly debating societies without any sanctions behind them or objectives before them. When people come to see through the camouflage as nothing more than a device to keep a troublesome child quiet with a toy to distract its attention, the recoil of anger and frustration would be very unpleasant indeed. So a new kind of conflict might well develop—not between the States and the Centre, but between regional or zonal bodies and the Centre. But if the zonal councils should acquire status and constitutional importance in course of time, the Centre may find itself dissipated in the parts to the manifest detriment of the unity and solidarity of the country itself.

It may be, to begin with, that only problems of planning may be refer-

red to these zonal councils; far from being secondary or ancillary to the political frame-up of the zones or States, it has already usurped first place, and almost all the smouldering discontents of States *inter se*, and *vis a vis* the Centre derive their virulence from economic factors. There is thus more chance of zonal councils promoting the disruption of the Centre than even unbridled linguistic States! Incidentally, it is not a little amusing to find the Centre itself coming into the picture as part of one of the zones—the fifth zone.

Almost all these defects and dangers to our country are obviated in Mr. Rajah's scheme. He has declared in emphatic terms that he is second to none in desirability a strong and compact progressive Centre. To the regional parliaments, he desires the devolution of complete autonomy amounting to near sovereignty. He provides an ample enough stage for the play of linguistic forces but curbed by regional requirements and the realities of our economic interdependence. Above all, he leaves a strong Centre which will continue to speak for India and pull its full weight in international councils, even more effectively than now.

The objections to his scheme are of a purely constitutional kind. He wants an indirectly elected Council of States which will be a sort of mother of regional parliaments; and a constitutionally initiating and functionally effective President analogous to the President of the U. S. A. Both these features are double-edged devices. They may tend either to govern too much or to drift too much with *cross-currents* instead of with the main current. There is also scope for the break-away of this region or that on specific issues leading to constitutional or legislative imbalance. It is true that in America the States form museum pieces in many respects; but they have been the result of historical

growth. Our attempt is of a synthetic kind and has the further disadvantage of being a meditated imposition from above.

But even more than these technical and theoretical objections, there is one formidable factor which is actively working against these proposals. To establish zonal councils or regional parliaments, we will have to put all the trends and tendencies which have been in operation at State levels *in reverse gear*. It is at once a delicate and tremendous task. Linguistic acerbities seem and indeed are more dangerous only to the extent that they are sought to be thwarted after having been exploited for more than a generation. It is not an accident that only those groups are most clamant for linguistic States which still nurse memories of their forgotten expansionist or imperialist adventures. The Tamilian, the Andhra, the Maharashtrian as well as the Sikh have all sported empires in the past; it is the longing to repeat the triumph in a modern setting that is the unspoken urge behind the linguistic demand of these groups. It is too late in the day to deny them their 'birth-right.'

But nothing prevents a vigilant watch being kept over the aberrations of linguism or sub-nationalism by all those progressive elements which are now so gratifyingly numerous, wide-spread and vocal. Let contiguous States be encouraged to come together on their own initiative, with the Centre remaining benevolently neutral. In course of time, we may hope to develop a regional consciousness transcending linguistic boundaries. This would pave the way for the revitalisation in a modern setting of our all-India oneness in the emotional, religious, artistic and cultural spheres. To endeavour to achieve more is impossible; to be content with anything less might well prove suicidal.

INDONESIA—THE BIGGEST MUSLIM REPUBLIC

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

THE most galling thing for an Asian to have to admit is that but for European conquest and annexation the countries of Asia would have remained divided into a number of warring little States. So that the moment we condemn European powers for their lust for wealth and raw materials and territory we have to admit in the same breath, "Yes, but that very greed of theirs united us." Unfortunately this is a lesson that is soon forgotten. A case in point is the intense regionalism that has manifested itself in India after independence. Let us hope that Indonesia, where regionalism and separatism are to be expected because of the vastness of the area over which her numerous islands (besides the half a dozen or so larger islands) sprawl will not revert to the pattern of tiny sultanates which at the beginning facilitated Dutch conquest. So far, her progress after independence indicates that though nominally a Muslim republic, Indonesia is in spirit as much secular (if not more) than India. The Nationalist Party approximates to the Indian National Congress and during the last six years it has been defeated only by the Masjumi Party. The Right Wing *Nahdet* Party (Muslim) has only a meagre backing. Next to the Nationalists the Communists are firmly in the saddle and they have allied themselves with the Nationalists on a number of issues. The Army in Indonesia is worth watching and if a political *coup* occurs (like that on 27th June 1946 when Sjahrir and other ministers were kidnapped and held captive for two days by Trotskyites) it will be this time with the backing of the Army. These uncertainties, however,

are growing pains and fear of them must not make us hark back to the death-like security Asian colonies experienced (I would not say "enjoyed") under Western dominion.

Against the subjection of the Philippines by Spain for three centuries must be contrasted Dutch dominion over the East Indies for three and a half centuries (1596-1946). For nearly a century before that the Portuguese had settlements on coastal strips of the archipelago, but they melted away at the coming of the Dutch. The Dutch did in the East Indies exactly what the British did in India. They set one Sultan against another, one petty principality against his rival. Politically, this is the oldest profession in the world, but curiously enough it is as effective today as in the days of Machiavelli or Kautilya, his Indian counterpart. Today it is arms-aid; then it was ceremonial gifts and the conferring of high-sounding titles.

There were 278 "States" in the Indies out of which 223 had no more than 50,000 subjects each. The only two big States were in Java, and their population was just over a million in each. As the British did in India the Dutch took recourse to indirect rule. Java and Madura had regents. There were in Java about seventy regencies.

Indonesia's land area is only 730,000 square miles, but the archipelago itself is four times the actual land area. It is by no means over-populated, though as with other Asian countries, whose land mass is sufficient to maintain the population, the bogey of over-population is being held up to it by outsiders. In 1930

Indonesia's population was a little over sixty million; in 1950 a little over seventy-five million. Ninety-seven and half per cent of these were Indonesians, two per cent Chinese, and less than one half per cent Europeans (250,000 in the 1930 census), among whom were counted the Eurasians. (The 1930 census counted 116,000 Arabs, Indians and other Asians.) Nine-tenths of the population is Muslims. As in India, there are a number of ethnic groups, which was an excuse, under the terms of protection, for the Dutch to impose racial differentiation. (It is amusing to see how we in India still adhere to the divisions which the British created by terming certain groups as "Backward Classes," others as "Criminal Tribes" and so on.) While the Dutch married freely with the Indonesians and have shown less colour prejudice than the British in India, they found it expedient to retain racial differentiation and as such to maintain separate schools for the different "races." Elementary schools were classified into European, Chinese, and Indonesian.

We Asians have been too ready to accept these ethnic classifications bestowed on us by Europeans seemingly under the pretence of scholarship but subtly aimed at our national fragmentation. It makes some of us feel superior to our kith and kin not only in our respective countries but in Asia as a whole. Since their independence India, Burma, Vietnam, the Philippines and Indonesia have adopted measures to counteract this virus but not, I must say, with a strong enough anti-virus. This, from my own knowledge, is true of India.

Typical of these Western insinuations is this by Raymond Kennedy, an American:

"The Javanese had a rudimentary sense of unity among themselves, and so did the Sumatran Malays; but between the two groups there was hardly a trace of a command bond. Even

within Java itself, the Sundanese of the Western districts considered themselves quite separate from the true Javanese of the centre and east. The Indonesian population was split up by a great number of these divisions, with a wide variety of mutually unintelligible languages and an extensive range of cultural differences. . . . There was no sentiment of Indonesian nationality."

One of these days somebody might claim that because there were so many distinct Cherokee and Iroquois and other tribes in America the white people exterminated them for their own good!

The Dutch exploited these ethnic differences in Indonesia. That done they proceeded to bleed the country. The Napoleonic wars had emptied the Dutch treasury and so they turned to Indonesia to refill their coffers. In saying this I do not mean to say that the British, or the French, or the Americans in Asia, were more altruistic when it came to our economic exploitation. The Dutch introduced the "Culture System." Until then the Indonesians had to pay a part of their crops to the Dutch as land rent and taxes—their land. According to "Culture" they had to allot a part of their land and work on them under officials appointed by the Dutch and grow crops for export. Till 1870 when the Agrarian Law following acute economic distress among the peasants was passed, the Culture system helped to fill Holland's coffers at the expense of the sweat of the Indonesian peasant. The system was so infamous that a Dutch official published a novel *Max Havelaar* under the pseudonym of "Mul'auli" exposing its iniquities. The conscience of the Dutch was a long time in being roused. Finally in 1901 when the coalition ministry of Abraham Kuyper was in office the Speech from the Throne that year declared that "as a Christian power, the Netherlands is obligated in the East Indian Archipelago to imbue the whole conduct of the

Government with the consciousness that the Netherlands has a moral duty to fulfil with respect to the people of these regions." So the "Culture System" was replaced by the "Ethical Policy." As a gesture the Netherlands cancelled in 1905 a loan of forty million guilders which it had lent to the Indonesian Government!

On the Government level the Dutch had centralised the administration and a strong bureaucracy functioned. Not until 1918 was there any kind of representation allowed to the Indonesians in their government. And then it was only in an advisory capacity. It took a world war and the Japanese invasion to make the Dutch admit, reluctantly, that the Indonesians were capable of looking after themselves.

Indonesian nationalism coincided almost with the rise of the national consciousness in India. In 1908 an organization known as *Budi Utomo* (High Endeavour) came into being. As with the Indian National Congress in the beginning it was concerned with social, cultural and economic problems but soon realised that political emancipation was the first requisite to every other reform. About this time another organisation, *Sarekat Islam*, also entered the field. At first religious in character but later its more radical members took to trade union activity. The nationalists started what were known as "Wild Schools," schools which did not receive government grants. Their object was to train the young in the culture, history and traditions of the land and to raise the cultural consciousness of the peasantry. "Study clubs" arose all over the country. It was the Bandung Study Club which in 1927 evolved into the *Partai Nasional Indonesia*. Soekarno who was the main inspirer of it became President of Indonesia in 1947. (The Dutch had persisted in refusing military training to the Indonesians and it was only the threat of Japanese invasion which made them admit

Indonesians to the army. On 4th July 1941 the *Volksraad*, the Indonesian legislature passed a bill authorising an Indonesian militia but the number of recruits was limited and the method of recruiting was to be decided by the Home Government. As far back as 1913 *Budi Utomo* had pleaded for military training and representation on the legislature.)

Except for lower government posts all the higher posts were held by Dutch and Eurasians. Europeans held 92.2 per cent of the higher posts; Indonesians 6.9, Chinese 0.8. In the executive only the Education department was under an Indonesian director.

The Dutch sent into imprisonment in New Guinea and other remote places the Nationalist leaders like Sulan Sjahrir, Mohammed Hatta and others. It was to be expected that Sultan Sjahrir should have written in his diary on 16th November 1936 "Japan is quite popular among us." Sjahrir's "My Struggle" is a commentary on Dutch rule. It was easy for the Dutch to accuse Indonesians like Soekarno and Hatta of collaboration. They had no other alternative. True enough in November 1943 Soekarno, Hatta and a third member of the Central Advisory Council went to Japan and expressed the gratitude of fifty million Indonesians for the right to participate in their government which the Japanese had accorded them. The Government of Holland was in exile. The Dutch in Indonesia having persistently prevented the Indonesians from military training had to surrender to the Japanese.

But the Dutch had not learnt anything. For four years after the Japanese surrender they continued to embitter and antagonise the Indonesians.

Indonesia's struggle against European domination and her final emergence as the Republic of Indonesia is one of the most glorious chapters of Asian history.—Copyright

RECKONING WITH JAPAN

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

JAPAN has given the world a good guess before and it will do so again. Europe, not to mention Australia and New Zealand, has a good guess what it will be like. We in Asia are not taking as much interest in Japanese trends as we ought to. We have not only to study Japan and watch her but we must understand her. Japan is very much Asia; and, indeed, but for Japan's precipitate actions in South-East Asia during the second World War many of these countries could not have bargained with their late rulers so profitably as they did. We must remember this against whatever memories of Japanese ruthlessness we might recall.

Japan has struck against the West from the time of the Russo-Japanese war less as Japan and more as an Asian country standing up to the arrogant West. Of course, if one were to start listing Japan's actions in Korea, in Manchuria and elsewhere one could pile up a very uncomplimentary record. But would that serve any purpose? The world has agreed to forget Germany's black record under Hitler so that the German people might again go forward and contribute their scientific and technical knowledge to the world's progress while themselves reconstructing their war-ravaged country. There could not have been any other alternative. Japan's conduct in the Philippines, in Thailand, Malaya, Burma and in South-East Asia generally during the last war was not half as bad as that of certain other dictator-ruled countries. Apart from this Japan demands understanding for the sake of world peace. The Japanese, the proudest race on earth, would be the last to say so, but Japan is a misunderstood country. I do not think that the West will want to understand

Japan. It is sufficient for the West if it watches Japan's policies and keeps an eye on the changing pattern of her politics. This the West does far more keenly than we imagine. We in Asia, particularly in India, do not do even this; much less do we try to understand Japan.

Before we can understand Japan we must unlearn a great deal of what we have learnt about Japan at second-hand from the West. The Japanese, more than any other Asian race, lend themselves as a subject for jest at the hands of the West. It is, for example, easy enough to dismiss their inability to pronounce a word with a consonant ending. The fact is that many Japanese speak perfect English and perfect French. At least they speak these languages as perfectly as any Indian. The average Japanese may have difficulties with consonants as some of us have our own linguistic peculiarities. The substitution of Z for J and vice-versa all over India, the interchange of B and V among the Bengali people, the interchange of G and K among South Indians—these are well-known linguistic peculiarities, but nobody has made fun of us for it. But the Westerner writing about Japan or the Japanese would harp on such trivialities as if they were crimes. Or he repeats that hackneyed caricature of the Japanese sucking in their breath. Though I have met many Japanese without having visited Japan I have yet to meet a Japanese who hisses or sucks in his breath.

In themselves these are minor things; but they have a major influence in distorting the picture of a nation. Perhaps they serve a purpose as far as the West is concerned; but, we in Asia, must refuse to adopt Western prejudices in judging an Asian race.

We must remember that the Japanese are most sensitive to criticism, to ridicule or jests at the expense of their national traits. It would not serve any purpose to explain why they are so. The fact is they are; and it behoves us Asians to remember this at all times.

The Japanese also feel that the rest of Asia has not accorded Japan that meed of praise she deserves by virtue of having challenged the armed supremacy of the West and by virtue of having rivalled the West in all fields of enterprise. There is nothing that the West achieves in the technical, scientific or industrial field that Japan cannot achieve with equal ease. Japan is the only Asian country which can make this proud claim. But none of this achievement has changed the Japanese character. No matter what outward demeanour they may adopt as an expediency the Japanese remain essentially untouched by the West. When the Japanese emulate Westerners in various fields of activity they seem to be saying all the time. "This is just to show you; our heart is not in it." In matters of individual bravery and courage the Japanese have time and again proved their superiority. This may arise from their stoicism and from their traditions; but whatever the argument the fact is indisputable.

An understanding of the Japanese character is a first requisite to an understanding of post-War Japan. Let us remember that of all those countries which came out the worse for having embarked upon conquest during World War II Japan has squawked the least. What we have heard of Hiroshima, the more gruesome part of it, we have heard from Westerners. It is not only due to stoicism, not only due to a sense of shame at defeat that the Japanese have made so little noise about it. It is because the Japanese want to remember, and they remember best when they are silent.

America thinks that she has pulled Japan out of her despair and her despondency and that the schooling the Japanese received under the Occupation is sufficient to contain Communism in Japan. They would only be kidding themselves if they seriously believe so. Yes, Japan is America's friend. Japan would like to be friends with others. This is a necessity. Japan has shouted from the housetops for decades that she wants friendship and sympathy for the simple fact that hers is an over-populated land with the urgent need for expansion. Can any system of world peace or unity reconcile itself to the existence of so much uninhabited, unexploited, land so close to Japan but which Japan must not covet?

Japan is contained, yes. Japan contains herself, but the limit will soon be reached. Then?

Some hint of the shape of events to come was given by the resignation of the Yoshida cabinet on December 7, 1954 and the coming into power of the Democratic party under Ichiro Hatoyama. Shigeru Yoshida was known as "the friend of the West" and his eclipse indicates grave political uncertainties. The result of the general elections held in February 1955 gave the Democratic Party 185 seats against the 125 seats it had before, 112 seats to the Liberals against the 170 they had before, while Leftists Socialists got 89 seats against their former strength of 72 and Rightist Socialists 67, an increase of seven seats. Previously there was only one Communist seat. The February elections gave them two.

But these figures in themselves tell nothing. For example, Communist strength in Japan is not to be gauged by the fact that its representation in the Diet is so insignificant. In fact there is no saying when Nationalism and Communism in Japan will merge into a single hue for the Japanese version of Communism will be in terms of Japanese traditions. As for the Democratic

party there are splits among them.

These dissensions are not to be taken as an indication of political chaos. Rather they are an indication of a stronger nationalism. America is arming Japan expecting her to be an outpost against America's anti-Communist crusade. U. S. Far East Commander-in-Chief General Hull is not satisfied about the anti-Communist potentialities of Japan and said sometime ago that Japan's defense plans have not been carried out "as rapidly as I would like to see it done." More recently Japan asked the U. S. for a cut in the expenses borne by Japan for the support of U. S. Garrison forces stationed in Japan. The reply was No.

These are only straws in the wind. Japan will settle her international problems by her own effort. But we in Asia, if we are to assure ourselves of Asian solidarity must reckon with Japan in a more understanding spirit. It is not enough to say that Japan is the Germany of the East. Japan is something more. By understanding that "more" we shall be able to contain Japan in Asia within the sphere of co-existence that is now shaping itself.

A THIRD SEX—THE NEUTER GENDER

A St. Louis physician has said he is completely convinced that a third sex—the neutral gender—is rapidly increasing in numbers.

Dr. William H. Masters said members of the third sex are "former males and females" whose sex glands fail to secrete adequate hormones during the ageing process.

Although there is marked variation among individuals he said some women reach the stage before they are 50 and some men not until after 70. Women average 15 years ahead of men, he said.

Dr. Masters said members of the neutral gender have passed the reproductive age and suffer from senile physical and mental symptoms.

Other investigators have described them as persons developing a distinct lack of the usual characteristics of their sex. They suffer from a loss of interest in their appearance and in cleanliness.

Dr. Masters said the injection of a combination of the male and female hormones, testosterone and estrogen brought significant improvement among 75 per cent of a group treated.

Dr. Masters, of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology of the Washington University school of Medicine described the therapy in a prepared paper at the annual clinical meeting of the American Academy of Obstetrics and Gynecology.

He said a controversy exists among doctor whether the artificial administration of sex hormones is desirable as a general thing. He added, however the constantly increasing life span is placing more men and women into the third sex category.

He made these points:

Investigators have demonstrated that the sex glands are "Achilles Heels" in the endocrine system's continual battle against the aging process. The pituitary, thyroid and adrenal glands and the pancreas have reserve functions in many elderly individuals.

He said no assertion is made that the treatment will increase the life span by a single day or protect the patient against mental and physical disability. But he added:

"The results of experiments now in operation will need at least another 10 years for adequate clinical evaluation. It is certainly true, however, that in the marked majority of such patients there is a significant physical and mental resurgence in the power potential.

"Many patients have demonstrated conclusively that they are better adjusted and equipped to face the exigencies of the physiological aging process and are infinitely better oriented psychologically."

—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

FALLACIES OF FAMILY PLANNING

By SYED A. SATTAR

HUMAN beings are supposed to double every 25 years, so that if Adam and Eve were to start it all over again in an uninhabited plane, they would equal the present population in 1,750 years. Again, if all the descendants of a single butterfly, estimates Huxley, survived and multiplied they would at the end of one summer exceed the Chinese population.

Happily Indians in this respect are not lagging behind: every year we increase by 5 millions. And yet this, to my mind, is far from sufficient. India still is a country underpopulated.

Malthus, were he alive, would have called this a monstrous childish prattle. But who was Malthus himself?

He was a classical economist who made a fetish of a trivial thing—population—and became in consequence a famous man. Seeing that population in his country, England, was increasing at an enormous pace, he set about warning his countrymen of the disaster (as he conceived it) they were heading towards. "By nature," he declared, "human food increases in a slow arithmetical ratio; man himself increases in a quick geometrical ratio unless want and vice prevent him." And this being so, population would sooner or later, outstrip the food production; chaos would then follow: and men would perish.

This in short is the Malthusian theory which has come in for serious criticism. For one thing, his forebodings have been falsified by recent history. Population, it is true, has increased enormously, but it hasn't

outstripped the food supply. Science with its revolutionary method of cultivation has come to our aid, with the result that food production has increased more than the population. So that, in the atomic age, which is to follow, food production, we might say, will increase infinitely, and the problem will then naturally be: how to consume the excessive food?

Obviously, over-population is more a source of strength than of weakness. The strength of the empires in the past depended mainly on the population they possessed. Take any empire and you will find that when it started on its downward trend, it had invariably a declining population. We may say that the empires crumbled because of the fall in their population.

Hence it is that the Malthusian theory is untenable, it being only a figment of one man's imagination. His fears were no more than hallucinations natural to a man living in the depressing surroundings of 18th century England.

"But whether the theory holds good with regard to the West or not, it is certainly true of India," the Malthusians would say. "Here are the teeming millions, grinding poverty, illiteracy, ever-recurring famines and epidemics, depressions and unemployment. And are not these", they ask, "the obvious signs of overpopulation?"

A pertinent question, but it is only superficially tenable. Over-population, to my mind, is the upshot more of poverty than the other way about. Besides, as has been pointed out by Dr. Sen, Economic Advisor to the Union Government, Indian economic

conditions have sufficient potentialities to support a population double and treble the present size, even if we take for granted no revolutionary development in the food production in future.

Again, at least in the case of India, to say that she is poor because she is overpopulated, is to betray one's ignorance of history. In some of the Western countries, since 1650, population has increased much more rapidly than in India; and yet they have been able not only to maintain but also to improve considerably their standard of living. Overpopulation they looked upon not as a curse of nature, but as something that could be put to definite use.

We, on the other hand, regard it as a serious problem, positively dangerous and harmful. Every Indian, we should remember, is a potential worker who, given proper employment, will be a boon to the nation. Further, if God has given us one mouth to take our food in, He has also provided us with two hands to earn our living with. This may sound a platitude; it is yet a fact that has been often ignored with painful results.

We are now striving to increase our prosperity by the easy method of curtailing our population. But to do so is to approach the problem from the wrong direction. India still is a land of unutilised resources, human and material. In case these resources are properly employed and large scale industries encouraged and established, our production will then rise to the highest pitch. Our prosperity will develop in leaps and bounds. Our problem of unemployment will be solved with ease and with its solution will disappear the bogey of over-population.

Hitler, in fact, mobilised public opinion in favour of an increase in population. He taxed bachelors. He showed special favour to the fathers of large families, not only by increasing their salaries, but also by

lightening their tax burden. They were, in addition, provided with interest-free loans one fourth of which was cancelled at the birth of each child. As a result of these measures German population shot up.

But there is no need for us to go to that extreme; we are having enough population. Besides, we are at present faced with problems of a more serious nature. Let our population therefore develop uncontrolled, unchecked, taking its own course. Let not our Government meddle with it, with its family planning, which apart from being a serious obstacle in its growth, is also defective in one respect.

Since its propaganda is carried on by means of lectures, books and pamphlets, it reaches only the higher strata of society which has no problem of excess birth. As a rule, wealth and birth go ill together. It is the poor, and unfortunately the beggars in the street who beget a child every year with alarming punctuality. "It is one of the troubles of our present civilisation," says Bernard Shaw, "that the inferior stocks are outbreeding the superior ones." It is doubtless an unfortunate thing, but it is an immutable law of nature all the same. And so long as we continue to be poor any attempt at family planning is bound to be a colossal failure.

If at all we should like to restrict our population, we can do so only by increasing our prosperity. Birth-control is a remedy worse than the disease. It is not only irreligious, it is also detrimental to health. To be physically fit, and religiously pure, one should have therefore no recourse to it.

Indeed, had our forefathers practised it, we might never have had some of the gems of all time. Napoleon and Tagore might never have been born. For both of them were the belated offspring of their parents, Napoleon being the 11th and Tagore the 14th!

Short Story

K. Chandrasekharan

THE DEBUT

Sumitra's face fell. Did she require her husband to tell her about her own brother.

"THIS Vijayadasami day, we can certainly have Sobhana's Arangetral . . . What do you say, dear?" asked Sumitra of her husband, Jayaram, who was reading the morning daily, while his morning coffee was steaming in a tumbler of stainless steel by his side on a teapoy.

He lifted his face above the folded newspaper which he held by both his hands and sent a beaming look of satisfaction at her. "How long is it from now?" queried Jayaram, after taking a sip or two from the coffee.

"Why, hardly a month and half—about forty days in all—and yet we may have to do so many things. I have a mind to start the arrangements one by one. The tailor will be here early today to stitch a few more costumes and jackets for Sobhana."

Jayaram, who was not ready for the last information, received a mild shock on being reminded of the items of expenditure if an Arangetral were to be arranged. All the same he added gently, "But do you really need new clothings? Hasn't Sobi already a wardrobe full of nice sarees?"

Sumitra was surprised that Jayaram could be so totally ignorant of the special types of costumes and personal apparel a dance recital would normally require. But she was willing to excuse him for it because of his general habit of acquiescence in any proposal she might seriously make. Her domestic life had received no rude disturbance on the score of want of any comfort or social amenity she might go in for. The smooth-

ness with which the household was run was the general talk of their friends, who were never averse to a tributing it to her capacity for managing things splendidly. But many forgot—why, she herself was unaware of—the quiet nature of her husband which alone was mainly responsible for all that made the domestic scene a paradise. Whenever a heavy monthly budget had to be met by Jayaram, he showed no alarming disgust or disinclination to such a demand on his coffers, his family concerns having little complications, fortunate as he was with a single daughter Sobhana, who was just entering college.

Sobhana's school-going no doubt cost him a bit more than usual, for she was addicted to spending a lot on her extra-curricular activities in school. Still, he never worried much over any expenses his wife or his daughter incurred by the purchase of up-to-date fashionable sarees and cosmetics. He never even grumbled on finding both Sumitra and Sobhana in inch-deep face-painting as well as glistening cutex-decorated finger nails, as they emerged out in the car for evening parties and entertainments. Himself a lover of fine suits in silks and tweeds and bush-coats of all possible colours, he could understand how much more women with their fancy for bright hues would require modernity in all their accoutrements. He was certain about one thing in life and that was, he should never preach moderation to others while himself breaking every one of his own commandments.

All these helped Sumitra to regard herself a very lucky person. She never tired of citing her husband as a model in her chats with her friends. Sobhana got everything she asked for the mere asking. Petted and fondled for being an only child, her tastes were of an extraordinary kind. She liked thin georgettes and bobbed her hair.

Nature had endowed Sobhana with beauty. She had a transparent complexion with an attractive oval face wherein two almond eyes, a well-shaped mouth and strikingly well-set teeth gave her all the advantage she needed in company. She was further not slow to impress herself on gazers at the many evening picture-shows and parties she attended. It was natural, therefore, that she prevailed on her father to give her training in Bharata Natya—the craze of all high society people.

Ponniah Pillai, the Nattuvanar, promised proficiency for Sobhana's inborn talent in six months' time at the most, to enable her to make her first appearance in public. She had gone through the first few steps in dance when she was acclaimed by her tutor as capable of enormous promise. The fee settled for such an arduous and rapid training to be imparted to her was not more than Rs. 3000—a sum which Jayaram considered paltry enough in relation to the wonderful job of preparing Sobhana for an *Arangetral* in six months. Jayaram was not only born well-to-do, he had the job of managing director in a thriving insurance company, which brought him a monthly salary of Rs. 2000. To him, therefore, any expense for making his dear daughter happy seemed not great. Further, he was looking forward to the great impression his daughter would make on social circles by her debut.

"Now, look, my dear, how many things have to be supervised by me, if Sobhana were to have her *Arangetral* this Vijayadasami? Kindly

give some more of your personal attention to details which we have to look into for making the occasion an unprecedented success. First, you must meet the secretary of the Suvasini Sabha and impress on him the need for his co-operation in all the many little details I may have to mention. Tell him that an important official, say a Minister of the Government or even the Governor himself, may be chosen to preside on the occasion. Hence everything must be tiptop in style. The lighting arrangements and the mike have to be perfect. Nothing should be wanting that day." Sumitra paused for collecting her ideas.

Jayaram noticed his opportunity to put in his suggestion. "Well, my dear, everything can be managed without me. If Somu makes up his mind, he will do wonders. He can use my name and carry to success whatever you wish him to do. Further, unlike me, he has knowledge of the art—I mean—he knows Bharata Natya and will be only too useful to you."

Sumitra's face fell. Did she require her husband to tell her about her own brother? On the other hand, if at all any person was to be avoided on this particular occasion, it was Somu, she knew. For Somu had viewed very critically the idea of Sobhana's learning dance. To be frank, he thought Sobhana did not possess either taste for music or sense of rhythm for dance. On the other hand he had felt that Sobhana's enthusiasm for wearing fineries and jewellery in order to look her best, was accountable for all the hubbub she made over Bharata Natyam as her one absorbing occupation in life. Somu had also a strong suspicion that Ponniah Pillai's readiness to teach her dance was more a method by which he fleeced the rich and the socially high-placed of the city. Left to himself, he had half a mind to meet him alone and admonish him on the severe penalty of public exposure of his trickeries.

if he should persist in his mad career of training more girls to acquit themselves on the stage in the shortest duration of six or three months training in Bharata Natyam.

Sumitra looked daggers at her husband, as she whispered in his ear, "Please, stop your queer notions. Somu's tastes are very crude. He has no conception of modern improved methods of dance-presentation. Nor has he any idea of costume-effects in dance. He has quite a poor stock of songs which he expects everyone to represent in *Abhinaya*. On the other hand there are a number of new and catchy songs in vogue. Let us not spoil Sobhana's zest for the art with Somu's confused ideas on these matters."

Jayaram agreed with his wife at once that Somu's interest in the coming event might not prove of any real aid to any one. He also felt that Somu's tastes required a lot of pruning to suit the modern way of elegant presentation of anything on a stage.

The tailor, in the meantime, entered the place with an obsequious manner of salaaming and waited for their orders. In an instant Sumitra disappeared inside to bring all the pieces of silk, satin and velvet for making jackets with. Sobhana was also by her mother's side in a trice blooming and blushing like a bride on the eve of her betrothal.

Jayaram had finished his coffee and was ready for his bath. But innate curiosity led him to watch his wife and daughter scheming together to make of the ensuing *Arangetral* an occasion for the best colour combinations of dress on the stage. He could also perceive with an increasing sense of intrigue in him, the glow of expectation they both shared in the coming event.

Somu, unusually at that early hour, stepped into the apartment where the tailor and the rest of the family were gathered in a sartorial

conference. He paused enquiringly at the pile of cloths in variegated colours spread before his eyes. Before Sumitra and Sobhana became aware of his intrusion, he had left the place with a smile of derision.

The Vijayadasami Day arrived. The weather was very kind. The Suvasini Sabha Hall was packed to the full with the elite of the town—Ministers of the Cabinet, judges, important merchants, clerks of the insurance office wherein Jayaram bossed and girl-friends of Sobhana.

The curtain was rolled up at the scheduled time and a vision of sparkling diamonds and elegant costume confronted the eyes of the audience. Two old tall *Kuttuvilakus* with burning wicks were standing on either side of the stage to add to the aesthetic excellence of the entire setting. The music choir was not particularly pleasant to the ear with a gruff manly voice frequently intruding upon the piping throats of a panel of three young girls. Sobhana was not disturbed at all by anything. She did her *Alarippu* without much effort to keep to the timing of cymbals in the hands of the Nattuvanar. Her freedom was visible in every movement and action. She scarcely tried to conform to the dictates of the Nattuvanar. She finished the first few items of the dance within half-an-hour, though the intervals were frequent for her to change her dress and jewellery every time she appeared before the glare of lights. Sumitra was all the time straining herself in the green room to robe her daughter afresh every time she came in after bowing to the audience which clapped and clapped till it could no more hear anything. Sumitra spent all her energies to see to Sobhana's hair being made into varied patterns every time her make-up received its finishing touches.

The last item was *Padams*. Sobhana showed the same unchanging expression every time she came before the crowd. No song of what-

ever conceit could make her countenance exhibit any expression save a bland smile. A song described how a Gopi complained to Yasoda of her mischievous boy Krishna. She was saying how the little sprat of a boy was really not so innocent as he appeared. He was a real rogue who could, like an adept in the art of seduction, press the blossom of his lips on those of the Gopis, who received the sweetest shock of their lives when unknowingly they pressed him to their hearts.

The figure of Sobhana was graceful and her face was indeed beautiful, and the audience, most of them, were satisfied with her looks and form and what passed as Bharata Natyam on the stage. Except colour flood-lighting on her varied colourful costumes and the general dazzling effect produced, nothing more was to the credit of Sobhana. But the chief guest said in his congratulatory speech that she had a mastery of the art which could bring envy in the hearts of the most finished artists existing, that her supple limbs bespoke rare attainments of dance-expression and that her expressiveness of face was a marvel of gestural accomplishment. Everyone of the friends separately felicitated Sobhana on her glorious success and wished for a repetition of it soon. Sobhana courtied to everyone with a flush of satisfaction and Sumitra apologised for the shortcomings which might not have escaped the connoisseurs.

On returning home Jayaram looked at his wife with pride and said, "My dear, all the credit of today's success goes to you. You possess an imagination for every detail. It was perfect and crowned the entire performance with wonderful effects. I don't think Sobhana could have rendered her art to such good account without all the aids you had arranged. Ponniah Pillai agrees with me that it is so."

Sumitra tried to conceal her exultation, but it broke all bounds when she said: "Don't hereafter glance at me the way you did when first I spoke of the new costumes to be stitched for the dance. Oh, what do you know of the attention required to the minutest detail in the dressing for a dance?" She paused as the colourful visions were recollected by her, when her brother Somu peeped in. On seeing him Jayaram asked: "Well, Somu, dear brother-in-law, where were you all the time in the audience? We searched for you everywhere. Have you any suggestion to give for a repetition of the same programme by Sobhana, which we are contemplating just now?"

Somu simply looked blank and nodded his head to the extreme merriment of Sobhana, who had by now removed her facial paints and draperies and got into her normal homely saree. Somu seemed, to have grown suddenly brave and eloquent, for he said "Sobi, dear, you have done well by the latest change of dress. I congratulate you on it." Sobhana cast a look of scorn at him, and said "Uncle, do you know it is not so easy as you imagine to change costumes at quick intervals. You require first imitation in these matters. But leave it. What are your suggestions for my second performance?"

"Yes dear, I have some suggestions. Listen to them for what they are worth. Next time when you have your performance, first, try to wear on your face expressions as varied and as rapidly changing as your costumes. Secondly, substitute armed guards in the place of the two *Kuttuvilakkus* as a measure of safety in case of any attempt at robbing of your person."

Sumitra became speechless with anger, Jayaram breathless with surprise and Sobhana thoughtless in her laughter at uncle Somu's remarks.

New Books

INTO BATTLE AND OUT OF IT

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. BY C. S. FORESTER. *Michael Joseph, London.* 12s. 6d.
DARE TO BE FREE. BY V. B. THOMAS. *Pan Books Ltd., London.* 2s.

FORESTER'S story occupies only forty-eight hours (from a Forenoon Watch—0800 to 1200—on a Wednesday to Forenoon Watch on Friday) in the passage of a convoy across the Atlantic during the second World War, only forty-eight hours in the life of Captain Krause of the United States Navy who was commanding the escort force protecting it. Captain Krause is the son of a Lutheran minister, and has had a severe Lutheran upbringing: eighteen years in the U. S. Navy have seen him slowly promoted from lieutenant junior grade to lieutenant-commander, and (a bitter blow to Krause) passed over for promotion to commander. His personal life is dealt as severe a blow; his wife Evelyn, who is of a lighter, sunshine type, fails to understand (very naturally, we must say) how her dry husband tortures himself over his checkmated career, and turns to a lawyer in what must have been an instinctive struggle to survive! The war breaks out and Krause asks for assignment to the Atlantic seaboard so that he may avoid Southern California where Evelyn is happy with her second husband.

His very first task is the escorting of a convoy of 37 ships across the Atlantic to Britain, with only four destroyers to screen them from German submarines. These attack Krause's ships for 48 hours, without a minute's intermission and with German persistence and battle cunning. Krause has not only no chance to snatch a five-minute wink in those hours which stretch endurance beyond what men can bear, he has no time to sit nor eat. Cups of

coffee gulped during the heat of action are the only indulgence he permits himself, unless you call Krause's taking off his shoes when he cannot bear them on his burning feet anymore, an indulgence. (Krause himself is ashamed of being weak enough to have discarded his shoes!)

It is in three-dimension that Forester projects watch by watch these forty-eight hours in the middle of the indifferent Atlantic on to our mental screens. His technical mastery of ships and men in ships combines with his familiar power of making things happen right in front of your eyes to produce an extraordinarily good battle book.

Forester is at pains to make the point that it is the very sum of qualities and traits which has made his personal life and his peace-time official life failures that sustains Krause during this his supreme trial at sea. Krause is one of those men whose conception of duty is dry to morbidity; and Forester's emphasis on this trait in his hero's character is so heavy as to make us think that he wants us to believe that without such Lutheran dryness (and dryness is a kind word), exceptional heroism is not possible. This is, of course, not true; and factual evidence to the contrary can only be rarely as pleasant as in the Pan reprint of W. B. Thomas's self-deprecatory account of his exploits in wartime, *Dare To Be Free*. Thomas is not a Lutheran but a warm-blooded boy; a resourceful, never-say-die type; gifted with a sense of humour, a wide sympathy, wholesome fright and infinite daring. There is something not quite human about Forester's Krause;

Thomas is unfailingly the charming boy next door. His courage is the courage of splendid youth, and acquires poignancy because he is so young, so brave and so nervous. Krause exhibits machine-like, impersonal courage; Thomas's courage is the more admirable one of the organism pitting itself against environment.

In 1939, Thomas was a bank clerk in New Zealand; in 1940, he went to England with the 23rd N. Z. Battalion. In 1941, he was in Crete when the Germans launched an airborne invasion of the island and captured it and Second Lieutenant Thomas along with it. He was badly wounded, an explosive bullet shattering his left thigh, and the Germans sent him to a base hospital in Greece. This naturally puts Mr. Thomas out of battle-trim, but he is far from being *hors de combat*. Before his leg heals, and when he can only walk in severe pain, Thomas begins his series of attempts at escape—each one of them a gamble with death, for prisoners are shot on sight when attempting to escape. Once he tries to get carried out of the prison hospital by taking the place of the corpse in a coffin, but is foiled as he laughs out loud when a German doctor comes to certify him dead. Never give up, though; he tries again and again, like Bruce of Scotland. He becomes such a nuisance that he is transferred to a specially-guarded camp at Salonica, as a stage on the way to Germany. It is from this more carefully-guarded camp that Thomas makes his fantastic escape. His wound keeps bleeding, he makes by low, touch-and-go stages across Greece to Mount Athos. And what is Mount Athos?

Mount Athos . . . is the easternmost of the three fingers which jut south from Macedonia. It consists of a rugged razor-back of mountains, rising at its apex to Mount Athos itself at 5,800 ft. From this chain great ridges sweep into the Aegean, dropping so steeply that large ocean-going

liners and yachts in calm weather can come safely alongside its rocky base, although their anchors can never find bottom . . . The history of this gaunt and forbidding mountain can be traced back beyond biblical days, either as a haven for brigades or, after the second century, as a hermitage . . . for the Byzantine religious orders . . . In 845, during the reign of Theodore, the monks of Mount Athos took an active part in the restoration of their ruler, and accordingly in 855 Basil I, the Macedonian, assured liberties of the various orders and the autonomy of the peninsula for all time. At about that time the few converts disappeared, and from then on no woman, indeed no female creature, was to walk across the Isthmus for a thousand years . . . Now today there are twentyone large and small monasteries on the Holy Mountain and no fewer than eight thousand monks there have dedicated their lives to meditation and prayer . . .

In this strange, otherworldly community of 2,000 monks, Thomas stays for nearly a year, and is shuffled incessantly from monastery to monastery as the Germans come and go, looking for escaped prisoners in and around the monasteries. His final escape to Turkey across the Aegean Sea is only accomplished by the hand of God, as he acknowledges. An Aegean storm takes them beyond the power of human rescue.

Nor is the mind of Thomas as parochial and closed as Forester. Forester sees the Germans and Germany as the progeny and habitat of the Devil, and sadism as the only way in which a German can express himself. Whereas Thomas saw Germans for himself, and saw them individually, and while he does not turn away from the established strain of sadism in German character, he sees them like other peoples or races as regards the rest of their make-up. This wholesome and (on the part of a combatant) chivalrous attitude is the most pleasant thing in a pleasant and exciting book.

M. P. BHASKARAN

PAUL DELTOMBE: A PAINTER OF PASTORAL LIFE

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

PARIS. When I first saw an exhibition of landscape painting by Deltombe, I was at once impressed by the beauty of the trees. It was not so much the technical care that had gone to their making, which I found so satisfying, as that palpable, indefinable quality, in the work, that evoked the spirit of the tree. It is one of the mysteries of art that it can identify itself with the spirit of what it depicts and so come to express something that is really a part of the invisible.

It was only later, when I came to know the artist, that I realised he had lived the life of a modern patriarch, amidst his own trees, pasture land, geese, goats, cattle, fruit of all sorts and a numerous family.

The son of a factory owner in the north of France where industrial life at that time was even cruder than that of England, he would seem to have passed the first ten years of his life in the most depressing surroundings, in an 'industrial inferno' as he puts it. The whole life of the artist was destined to be a protest against the evil aspects of industrialism.

Deltombe after a period at College and in the School of Art at Lille came to Paris in 1901 where he joined the Beaux Arts and met other students of his own age—Matisse, Marquet, Dufy, Laprade, Signac—all of whom have since achieved fame. He helped to found the Salon des Independants and became its Vice-President. Well known, at that time, by his frequent exhibitions in the chief galleries in Paris, and presented to the public by well known poets like Verhaeren, he might easily have become one of the best known painters of his time. In



'Pastorale' By Paul Deltombe

1912 he married and left Paris for Nantes. For the next thirty years his existence appears to have been more or less of a pastoral nature, on the banks of the Loire, where he brought up a large family in idyllic surroundings.

France is 'par excellence' agricultural, and its people, for the most part, lead a healthier life than is the case with those of the more industrialised countries. It is this

exuberant, open-air existence which Deltombe depicts in his large compositions which he calls his 'Pastorales.' Many of the fruit trees are of his own planting, the cattle, geese and goats he reared himself and the figures that animate the picture are his own family and grandchildren. These early paintings which show the blue horizontal stretches of the Loire contrasted with the vertical shafts of dark cypresses are all rich in colour and painted in warm sunlight tones and are always well constructed.

One can trace here certain characteristics of Courbet and perhaps of the early Corot, qualities which one will almost always find in French painting that belongs to the main tradition. It is possible that such work is conditioned by the nature of the land itself, by the climate, by the attitude of the peasantry, and by much else. It is a thread that runs from Claude, Poussin, Corot, George Michel, Millet, Courbet, Cezanne, Segonzac and constitutes the essence of French landscape art. Deltombe comes by it naturally enough, through his way of life, and his pictorial training and associations—for twelve years he acted as Director of the Beaux Arts at Nantes. And yet he is never 'Beaux Art' in the academic sense of to-day. His art has evolved and gradually matured, very much like the slow growth of one of his own trees. It is deeply rooted in life and in nature, is in every way organic and has not followed the quick intellectual changes that compose the latest fashions of the capital.

Deltombe is now seventy eight years of age and still remarkably alive and active sparkling with wit and full of ideas. Knocked off his motor cycle a year ago, he quickly recovered in a hospital where his lively character revived many of the patients. He is in every sense of the term 'un bon vivant'.

Being a neighbour of mine, I have

often had occasion to visit his studio in an old picturesque quarter of Paris, overlooking the 'Jardin des Plantes'. Here he will spend a whole afternoon showing one canvas after another—there are more than seven hundred, I believe, which are the result of half a century of activity. Among them are several large compositions, ten feet in height, which represent harvest festivals, young people dancing in a ring, the landscape being well watered with streams and all in brilliant sunlight. These paintings give a richly coloured and attractive image of the "joie de vivre". He is never quite satisfied with these great canvases, on some of which he has worked for forty years. In them we find fruit, flowers and figures like the goddess Ceres standing in a furnace of colour and brilliant sunlight and painted with the solid technique of the old masters.

His art is the outcome of years of practice during which he has gradually built up his own science of light and colour so that every canvas is rich in texture and something more than a graphic statement or mere decoration.

Deltombe once said to me: "I remember seeing Matisse at his first exhibition waiting anxiously for a client. At that time he was quite poor, to-day he is a multi-millionaire. When I came through Venice, last week, the roads were full of big cars with tourists from all over the world following the signboards marked 'This way to the Matisse chapel'."

Deltombe who has done little or nothing to push his own work evidently considers the whole thing as a big racket. A great deal of modern art has become little else, and Picasso is decidedly one of the leaders.

Deltombe however can be expected to claim his place later, when the world turns away from inflated values and looks towards the more genuine type of artist.

SPORTS

AKBAR AND HALDANE

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

"I NAUSEATE walking; 'tis a country diversion, I loathe the country." The sentence returned to my consciousness with a strange echo, for I last read it fifteen years ago when Congreve's *Way of the World* was one of the "detailed" texts on which aspirants to the degree of the B. A. Honours in English language and literature of the Madras University were rigorously examined. Since that distant date the mere recious brilliance of the great Restoration dramatist has been making less and less appeal, for it is difficult to conceive of another body of literature more remote and foreign from the problems and feelings of today. Blasphemous as it would have seemed then, the sparkle and the posturings of Millamant and Wit-would are glaringly irrelevant and puerile today.

But in nothing does it stand convicted so completely of barrenness as in this denunciation of walking. It argues a cast of mind which signifies something unhealthy and unnatural, for walking is among the simple pleasures of life, a pleasure which can be tasted at any time of one's life, though, of course, with modifications. It is difficult to forgive Congreve's character (who he or she is I have forgotten and my copy of Congreve reposes silently and obscurely in the library of a forgetful friend) that fatal remark.

For my part I am free to confess that walking holds great pleasures for me. In one sense, indeed, its delights are obligatory, for I am daily exposed to the vagaries of the city bus transport system. I have calculated that on a conservative estimate

I have spent at least one year in the past five waiting at the bus-stands. I have certainly watched the stream of humanity pass by on the broad highway, but there are occasions when philosophic contemplation appears out of place. Therefore, it has been necessary for me to walk to my office more often than I have found it possible to emerge successfully from the ferocious rugby tackle that forms itself when a bus does miraculously present itself at the stand. But, needless to say, these walks are scarcely to one's taste. The coolth of the evening, an unfettered mind, the long shadows falling across the road, green fields on either side; these are essential for a pleasant walk.

I have had the curiosity to look in the annals of history for men of eminence and saints who have been great walkers. It is satisfactory to record that Lord Buddha was pre-eminently one of them. His is an astonishing "record," if so soiled a word may be employed in His case. For no less than forty-five years, from the day in his thirty-fifth year when, seated under the bo tree, the great Truth flashed upon him, to another in his eightieth when, at Rajgriha, under the *malla* trees and in a "lion" posture, He attained *nirvana*. He walked twenty miles per day. It was thus that he perambulated up and down the land of Magadha and other parts of the holy land of Buddhism. The magnitude of the achievement is easily realised. It puts to shame much of the performances of today of which great noise is made.

Another eminent walker was the Emperor Akbar. One of his earliest

exploits was to traverse in a single day the road "from beyond" Mathura to Delhi, a distance of thirty-six miles. Many other achievements of his have also been recorded by history, some of them performed under curious circumstances. Before laying siege to Chitor the Padshah had vowed that in the event of success he would go on foot to a well-known shrine in Ajmer, a distance of nearly one hundred and twenty miles from Chitor. As soon as the fortress had fallen, he set out to accomplish his vow on February 28, 1568, with a large retinue. But difficulties hampered the pilgrims, for the summer set in. However, when the Emperor had reached a town about forty miles from Chitor he met messengers from Ajmer who told him that a holy man had appeared to them in their dreams and said that Akbar and his retinue should ride the distance. This opportune revelation was no doubt welcome to the courtiers, but it must have been distasteful to the athletic sovereign, who was genuinely fond of walking, and who, according to V. A. Smith, "sometimes would start on a long walk merely for fun." As it was, the Emperor insisted on walking the final stage of the pilgrimage.

Two years later the Emperor accomplished a similar vow. He set out for Ajmer on January 20, 1570 and according to the historian "honestly walked the sixteen stages, covering an average distance of about fourteen miles a day."

Connoisseurs of the delicate art of walking (for an art it undoubtedly is) may look down upon this record of fourteen miles a day. It must be admitted that it is not a great achievement, but allowance should be made for the persons and the time. An emperor must always be followed by a retinue and the roads of that epoch could not have been perfect. Both these factors militate against very speedy walking. As it is it must be confessed that Akbar is entitled

to praise. Of no other emperor or king has it been recorded that he walked even fourteen miles a day. Many of them have been great shots, one has played tennis consistently, though without much success. But pedestrianism, to reduce walking to its lowest terms, has not made much appeal to them.

As far as I am aware, the mightiest walker of them all has been Lord Haldane. He thought little of walking sixty miles at a stretch. There is a fascinating story in Gardiner of how he, then an aged man, and a clergyman who was to offer prayers for his health, set out on a long walk to the church. The apparently infirm old man, for whom prayers were considered necessary, arrived at the destination in good order; but the clergyman had collapsed on the road. It is significant that Lord Haldane was a philosopher.

For, walking is mainly the sport of the philosopher. It does not and cannot appeal to those who are not introspective, who do not turn their mind inwards. It possesses little attraction for those who live on the passions and feelings of the moment. Though it is customary to say so, the fascination of nature, the green trees, the wide sky, the little animal which flashes across the road like lightning, has little share in the appeal it makes. It suffices to be merely walking, gently agitating the limbs. The rhythm sets the body in peace. There is perhaps no better cure for the little ills of life.

The environs of Madras city offer excellent opportunities for the gratification of the desire for walking. The city is not so brutally urbanised, such, for example, as Bombay has been, that a walk of a few minutes does not take the citizen out of its bounds. The great trunk road stretches southwards to Chingleput, the highway I know best. But there are also prospects to the north and the west. The pity is that these opportunities are not realised.

PAKHTOONISTAN—HOMELAND FOR THE PATHANS

By RAJIV

THE clamour for a homeland for eight million Pathans, inhabiting an area of 190,000 square miles in the North-Western mountainous

freedom against the British and their own co-religionists, the Moghuls.

Extending from Chitral in the northern edge of the sub-continent to Baluchistan in the south, and bounded in by the Indus in the east, Pakhtoonistan is yet a dream.

Pakhtoons as a race are said to have sprung up from the early Bactrian tribes. They still retain many of the warlike, fierce qualities of the Bactrians.

Economic compulsions forced them to move down south, where they established their homes, west of the Indus. They called the Indus the *Seendh* (river in their tongue).

Today, Pakhtoonistan covers Chitral, Swat, Peshawar (North-West Frontier Province), Tirah, Kotah, Dera Ismail Khan, Waziristan, the Khyber, Gomal and the Bolan Passes and Baluchistan.

The Afghans, as brother Pathans, are interested in the claim of the Pakhtoons for a homeland. As the demand for the recognition of a separate State for the Pathans is mainly directed against Pakistan, Afghanistan has had to clash with the latter—sometimes very violently. Last year, this resulted in Pakistan bombarding some of the towns and villages adjacent to the borders of Afghanistan, which very nearly touched off a war between the two nations.

Pakhtoons are divided into two main clans—the Ghilzais and the Durranis, with numerous smaller clans. The Afridis have been one of the most vociferous of the clans fighting for a separate State for Pakhtoons.



terrain, between Afghanistan and the Indus river, has been insistent.

With the recent declaration by Marshal Bulganin, the Soviet Prime Minister, that the Pushtu people had a right to be heard on the issues of the formation of a State for them, the demand has now attained the status of an international issue.

Pathans all over the area have clamoured that their homeland, Pakhtoonistan or Pushtoonistan, be recognised as a distinct sovereign State.

Their demand stemmed from the fact that the sturdy hilly tribes of the area have never compromised on the issue of their independence—whether it be to the Moghul, Hindu or Sikh invaders—who have times without number tried to subjugate them. They have defended their

The Afridis were the first to clash with the British. They had earlier fought and warded off the invasion of their lands by Aurangzeb. They had also made Babar realise the fact that he could not have a homogenous unit capable of being administered efficiently, if he did not limit his empire to the Indus river, in the north, on the fringe of the land of the Pathans.

Even though over-run by the Moghuls, Pakhtoonistan remained a hot-bed of revolt against Delhi and the Moghul suzerainty. Even efforts to play upon the religious sentiments of the Pathans by Aurangzeb had no effect on them. They derisively gave it a name—"Moghul Wali" (trying to deprive one of something he holds dear, by means of deceit or under-hand methods.) Neither were Akbar's efforts to subjugate them by means of the sword successful.

Aurangzeb, however, succeeded where the other failed—by means of deceit. He invited Khushhal, King of Kabul to Delhi, promising him safe conduct. Aurangzeb conveniently forgot his plighted word, once Khushhal was in Peshawar. Khushhal was imprisoned. He died a disillusioned man, and was buried at a place, "where the dust from the hoofs of the Moghul horses may not fall on my grave."

The brave Afridis resisted the incursions of the white man in a series of encounters from 1836 to 1903. Other clans too rallied round the brave fighters for freedom. But British cunning won over sturdy patriotism in the end—as in other parts of India. Even then the spirit of the subjugated warriors of Pakhtoonistan was never conquered.

Britain never had any peace in the whole of the rugged mountain area all the time she held the people of the territory in subjection.

The British, however, made use of diplomacy and double-talk to win over the Pathans. They placed Shah

Shuja, an exile from Afghanistan, on the throne of the country, against the wishes of the Afghans. He was propped up by British arms and machine-guns. His grant of garrisons at Kabul, Kandahar and Ghazni to the British led the people to revolt in 1841. Shuja lost his life.

After a long-drawn out series of encounters between the Afghans and the British, the former signed a treaty of friendship with Britain in 1885. Following the treaty, a frontier line was demarcated in 1894, which kept out Afghanistan, Khyber, Kurram, and Waziristan. The boundary later came to be known as the "Durrand Lane," in honour of the man who negotiated the treaty—Sir Mortimer Durrand. This created a tribal area between Afghanistan and India, later to be known as the North-West Frontier Province.

According to the Cambridge History of India: "The new boundary line was not based on sound topographical data, for, during the process of demarcation, it was discovered that certain places marked on the map did not exist on the actual ground."

British diplomacy had scored another victory.

The inauguration of the N.-W.F.P. was, however, a signal for fresh revolts against the government of the day. Till 1901, the province formed part of the Punjab. After that period, it was constituted as a separate province under a Chief Commissioner, to be elevated in 1932 to the status of a Governor's province. By 1937 it had an assembly of its own and a ministry under Mr. Qayum Khan. In September that year, the ministry was ousted on a motion of no-confidence sponsored by Dr. Khan Saheb, who then assumed charge as the Prime Minister of the province.

With the partition of India, it was expected that the Pakhtoons would cry halt to their campaign for a

separate State. They did not. The agitation only gained in volume.

Pakhtoons even went to the extent of opposing the creation of Pakistan—on the plea that no people could have a homeland of their own on the basis of their religion.

In 1948, they warned Pakistan that "In Islam we are brothers, with those who are followers of Islam, but to be a brother does not mean that the one who is granted brotherhood should have the right of possession of another brother's house and honour."

At the time of the partition, the fate of the N.-W.F.P. was to be decided by a referendum. Pakhtoons demanded that the referendum be on the issue of Pakistan versus Pakhtoonistan. The final issue at stake turned out to be Pakistan versus India. The Khudai Khidmatgars, the largest organised political party in Pakhtoonistan, decided to boycott the referendum. Fifty percent of the population did not take part in the poll.

But Britain achieved what she wanted. Baluchistan and the N.-W.F.P. went to Pakistan. The popular leaders of the land—Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, Dr. Khan

Saheb, Pir Saheb of Zakori and others were imprisoned.

Pakistan had to bombard Miran-shah, Mirali, Matha Khan, Pathek Khan and parts of Wana district, before she could quell the revolt against her government.

The bitterness that was generated between Pakistan and Afghanistan still persists. Afghanistan still claims that the dispute should be settled peacefully, even though she staunchly supports the Pakhtoon claim.

She attempted to raise the issue in the Social Committee of the United Nations General Assembly last year. In a resolution she called on the U. N. Commission on Human Rights to "prepare recommendations concerning international responsibility for the right of the peoples and nations to self-determination." The recommendations are intended to be submitted to the General Assembly next year for adoption.

The open support for the cause extended by the Soviet leaders, in the course of their tour of Afghanistan, however, lends it an importance and status it had lacked so far. Pakhtoons everywhere are jubilant—and with good reason.

PATRUDU'S

"BALASANJEEVINI" R
E
G
D.
Best Remedy for Infantile LIVER & SPLEEN Disorders

For free advice consult:

DR. PILLA PAPIAH PATRUDU & BROS.,
19, South Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS-4. Phone: 71354.

Branch:

7, Sarangapani Koll East St., KUMBAKONAM.
(Enclose 2 Annas Stamps for Free Advice)

INDIA—THE HUNGRIEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

By Dr. N. R. DHAR

HUNGER, being the oldest enemy of man, has to be fought ruthlessly by every nation, especially by the Eastern people who are definitely underfed and suffer from malnutrition. Hence, improvement of land fertility is of supreme importance to mankind because the food situation is still unsatisfactory in the majority of countries of the world.

In order to improve the world food situation the western nations utilize artificial nitrogenous fertilizers. In the East where majority of human beings of the world subsist, artificial fertilizers are practically unknown. Even before the last World War the amounts of artificial nitrogen used per acre in lbs. were small.

The chief reason for this inadequate supply of artificial nitrogen seems to be the high costs of nitrogenous fertilizers in comparison with fertilizers such as superphosphate or potash. As the efficiency of the existing industrial methods of fixing atmospheric nitrogen is low, the cost of production has been high. The arc method of fixing atmospheric nitrogen by passing electric discharge has an efficiency of 1-2% i.e. 98 or 99% of electric energy put in this process is wasted. Hence this method has been completely abandoned all over the world. The Haber-Bosch method, which has been adopted in most countries today including the Sindri Plant in India, has an efficiency of about 8%, i.e. 92% of the energy put in the manufacture of ammonia or urea is wasted. The third method, known as the Cyanamide Method, was largely used in Germany. But the cyanamide, when added to soil, kills the bacterial population present

in the soil. Moreover, the efficiency of this method is not high and is of the same order as that of the Haber-Bosch process. In 1938 the amount of nitrogen fixed industrially in the whole world was approximately 3.54 million tons of nitrogen. Even in 1950 the increase of fixed nitrogen has been only 3% over the 1938 figure showing that the expansion of the nitrogen fixation industry has been very small during a period of 12 important years in world history. This is certainly due to inherent difficulties in the nitrogen fixation industry and the high cost of production.

The world production of cereals today is approximately 600 million tons. The good food materials are produced to the extent of 400 million tons. For obtaining these food materials 100-150 million tons of nitrogen in the form of nitrogenous compounds are needed. But the industrial production of fixed nitrogen is only approximately 4 million tons per year. Hence, chemical technology has failed completely to cope with the world food situation by an adequate supply of nitrogenous compounds.

In order to improve the land fertility, therefore, specially in poor countries, we have carried on systematic and extensive research work on the problem of nitrogen fixation and nitrogen loss and reclamation of alkali soils in the Chemistry Department and in the Sheila Dhar Institute of Soil Science, University of Allahabad, since 1930.

From our researches carried out on the problem of atmospheric nitrogen fixation in soils on the addition of various types of organic substances

for over 25 years, we have concluded that these compounds do not only add colloidal substances to the soil and improve the tilth and crumb formation and water retention capacity of the soil but they undergo slow oxidation in the soil and liberate energy which is utilized in fixing atmospheric nitrogen and enriching the soil from the nitrogen point of view.

We have discovered the influence of light in nitrogen fixation and nitrogen loss in soils and also the relationship between the nitrogen fixation in soils by oxidation of organic matter. Light is actually utilized in land improvement because there is greater fixation of atmospheric nitrogen in the oxidation of organic matter than in the dark. Soils rich in phosphate have been found to be rich in nitrogen also.

By the use of organic matter mixed with basic slag, powdered phosphate rock, bone powder, dicalcium and tricalcium phosphates, the efficiency of nitrogen fixation, i.e. the amount of nitrogen fixed per gram of carbon oxidised, is greatly increased. We have used this mixture very successfully in the reclamation of alkali lands in different parts of India. Moreover, the efficiency of our method of fixing atmospheric nitrogen is about three times better than the industrial method and our method is almost as efficient as the nitrogen fixed under natural conditions by legumes. Moreover, our experiments and results have clearly explained why the recovery of nitrogen in crops from the addition of nitrogen fertilizers never exceeds 50% and also the marked loss of nitrogen when virgin soils are broken up for cultivation. And we have clearly established that a mixture of farmyard manure or straw and artificials is better than artificials alone.

Moreover, in composting plant materials for obtaining humus superphosphate, calcium phosphate, finely ground phosphate rocks and basic slag have been found beneficial

in fixing atmospheric nitrogen and stabilising the total nitrogen in such composts.

Hence, we have experimentally shown that the future of land improvement and alkali soil reclamation all over the world depends on greater utilization of all kinds of organic substances like dung, leaves, grass, legumes, straw, sawdust, lignite, etc. mixed with basic slag or soft phosphate rock. For permanent agriculture, organic substances aided by phosphates seem to be the soul of soils and must be intensively utilized as they supply nitrogenous compounds and potash and make phosphates readily available to crops.

As the world population is increasing fast, the future of humanity certainly depends on an adequate and cheap supply of nitrogenous compounds for soil improvement and crop production and this has been made possible by our researches which have drawn the attention of soil scientists and farmers all over the world.

Many Indians may be expecting that a new era of plenty from the utilization of atomic energy is likely to be ushered in for the benefit of the poor man. But, as atomic energy is still quite costly, this is not going to happen. Moreover, as the North-west European countries have followed the difficult path of experimentation for 500 years in obtaining knowledge, Russia for 300 years and India for only 50 years, the benefits from the atomic researches as well as from other scientific investigations should be directly proportional to the periods of time spent in the pursuit of knowledge. In other words, India can have only 1/10th of the benefit obtainable in North-west Europe and 1/16th of that in the U.S.S.R.

Moreover, a scientific or a technical discovery made by a clever man working in isolation can only be utilized for the common man when the community as a whole is advanced enough to take up the matter seriously.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IT is a great pity that the State Awards function though it was organised by the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting was not adequately covered by the daily press. The reports of the speeches of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the President and Dr. Keskar were very scant; while the symposium held next day was reported only in one Bombay paper.

While on the one hand the film is acknowledged as the most important medium, the function of State awards for films of merit in Hindi as well as other languages should have been reported in great detail. Instead, we find that almost all the newspapers—at least in Bombay—ignored the most important annual event in the annals of motion pictures. Whatever the reason for this indifferent attitude there is no gainsaying that, thanks to poor reporting, the importance of the State awards has not been realized by the public. It is by publicizing the awards and the producers who earned them that the cause of better pictures could be best served.

The discussion on biographical and historical films also should have been given wider publicity. This year, two biographical pictures have won the awards, viz., *Mirza Ghalib* and *Mahatma Phule*. And Sohrab Modi has earned distinction as the producer of not only spectacular historical films but authentic and successful historic films. Vishram Bedekar who participated in the discussion is the author of two film biographies, viz., *Bhagat Singh* and *Tilak*; for lack of finance, he had to abandon the production of both. Bedekar has been

associated with such historical films as *Ramshastri* and *Vasudeo Balwant*. Both the pictures were distinctly good.

There is no dearth of subjects for historical and biographical films. Sohrab Modi, for instance, had a number of them ready for filming; but it is not easy to make them. And one fails to comprehend why Shri Lad should fail to see the point made by Shri Vasan in his complaint against taxation. At last Shri Lad could have assured the producers that concession in taxation would be given to the producers of authentic biographical and historical films.

In this connection, the comparison between historical novels and films drawn by Prof. Siddhanta was very apt. Even such films have to be entertaining films first and history has to be presented in the form of entertainment films. Film biographies produced with care and from the entertainment angle have always been popular. *Life Of Emile Zola* and *Pasteur* were great hits in India; and so were *Pukar*, *Sikandar*, *Ramshastri* and *Dr. Kotnis*. *Mirza Ghalib* owed its success to clever blending of fiction and history; a dry biography like *Mahatma Phule*, however authentic, does not appeal to the public. Hence, the historical film would have to be a blending of fact and fiction to catch the popular imagination.

Meanwhile, would it not be proper if the Films Division undertook to produce documentary biographies of the great men of India and set an example. These biographies would be of great value in educating the students.

Personality Of The Week

Shri V. Shantaram had a busy week in Bombay. On Sunday he was given a public reception at Shivaji Park, the venue of several pro-Samyukta Maharashtra meetings in the last two months. A crowd of about a lakh of people attended the

function which was arranged by the film people. Originally the idea of a reception was mooted in Poona by the Maharashtrian artists, writers and technicians; later the Bombay Maharashtrian film producers and workers joined hand with them. Shri Baburao Pai, the President of Satkar Committee, succeeded in securing co-operation from the non-Maharashtrian film people as well and the committee became more representative of the film people.

Originally only Maharashtrians were supposed to speak on the occasion; but later non-Maharashtrians like Shri S. S. Vasan, Shri Chandulal Shah joined the Satkar Committee in paying tributes to Shantaram's achievements. While Shri Vasan recalled the incident of several years ago when he went to Prabhat Studio to seek Shantaram's guidance for a production in Tamil, Shri Chandulal Shah compared Shantaram to the shining sun on a film firmament. David, Baburao Pai, G. D. Madgulkar, Mayor Pupula and Acarya Atre also made speeches eulogising Shantaram.

Acharya Atre who has been so closely associated with the Samyukta

Maharashtra movement prefaced his speech with an allusion to the present critical state of Bombay City and Maharashtra. But his speech itself was free from any provincial bias; yet his remarks about Samyukta Maharashtra have been severely criticized by Gujarati journalists. Lata Mangeshkar's singing of "Maharashtra Geet" instead of the National Anthem as announced in the programme has also evoked criticism. And so the reception has had its political and linguistic repercussions as well.

On Thursday evening the Maharashtra Chamber of Commerce gave a reception to Shri Shantaram in the presence of a select gathering. Shri Garware eulogised Shantaram's service to the film industry for the past thirty years. At the public reception Shantaram had stressed the fact that all through his career he had produced pictures with a certain ideal and purpose. And he pointed out that he had been successful in his efforts mainly due to the staunch support of the picturegoers. So he considered that the reception to him was in reality a reception to the picturegoers without whose support he

INDO COMMERCIAL BANK LTD.

(Estd.: 1932)

Sir A. RAMASWAMI MUDALIAR, K.C.S.I., D.C.L. (Oxon)
(Chairman)

Offices in Madras City:

Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose Road: Triplicane;
Mylapore & Theagarayanagar.

Branches:

Ambasamudram, Ambur (N. A. Dt.), Chidambaram, Cuddalore, Erode, Kancheepuram, Karaikudi, Kumbakonam, Mathurai, Mayuram, Palghat, Pudukottah, Ramnad, Sirkali, Tanjore, Tenkasi, Tirunelveli Town, Tiruchirappalli, Vellore, Vijayapuram, Villupuram and Virudhunagar.

S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

would not have been able to produce such pictures as *Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baahe*.

At the Maharashtra Chamber of Commerce reception Chantaram spoke in a different vein. Thinking aloud he said that while it was true that the Maharashtrian had started this business, it was also true that the Maharashtrian businessmen and capitalists have not helped the Maharashtrian producers to progress. As a result most of the studios in Poona and Kolhapur were almost extinct. He pointed out that for starting Prabhat he could raise a capital of only Rs. 3,000; and in Poona he had difficulty to raise a lakh of rupees against his studio. The Maharashtrian capitalists lacked courage and vision; as a result the industry had gone into non-Maharashtrian hands. He was the only Maharashtrian left; but he expressed doubts whether alone he would be able to safeguard the Maharashtrian interests. The speech was well received by a gathering composed mainly of Maharashtrian businessmen and industrialists.

Picture Of The Week

Though Madhubala and her father have been associated with some of Arora's productions, *Naata* is their first independent venture. And as several critics have pointed out it is a commendable venture. Providing clean, wholesome and neat fare devoid of any cheapness and vulgarity, it is a picture made in good taste with typical Indian approach and atmosphere and well produced.

The story set in an idyllic setting of a mountain village captures the poetic and romantic atmosphere of the hills. The story itself is simple yet unconventional and has a sort of poetic charm. It begins with the arrival of the new handsome eligible postmaster played by Abhi. His simple, kind gesture and interest in the welfare of three daughters of a post-

man is the cause of all trouble. For one of the sisters, played by Chanchal, interprets his every action as a gesture of love for her elder sister, played by Madhubala. Chanchal creates the illusion of love and Madhubala comes to believe it. The illusion grows and both the sisters are so rapt up in it that they lose sight of reality which dawns on them when Abhi goes on leave and comes back with his bride, played by Vijayalakmi.

Madhubala who has come to believe the illusion is so shocked that she is unable to recover from it and eventually dies while her sister becomes crazy and is unable to bear the sound of the shrieking whistle of the train.

There was no need to start the picture with a flash-back; it makes the proceedings unnecessarily confusing. Then the story is rather too thin for the length, revolving round as it does with one beautiful idea of clash between illusion and reality. As a result at places the tempo is unnecessarily slow though it is compensated to some extent by Gope's comic antics. Direction by Madhok has not succeeded in giving depth and intensity to the story he has so poetically presented; there is however great depth and intensity in the performances of Madhubala, Chanchal and Abhi. Madhubala has never before given such an excellent performance. Known for her charm and beauty this time she makes the grade as an actress of high calibre. Chanchal in her first major roles shows great promise. Abhi is dignified and restrained in an off-beat role. Music by S. Mohindera is soft and scintillating. Lata has sung exquisitely. The outdoor camera work of Surendra Pal adds to the beauty of *Naata*.

Whatever the commercial success of the picture, there is no gainsaying that *Naata* is a refreshingly good addition to the list of our quality motion pictures.